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JANUARY
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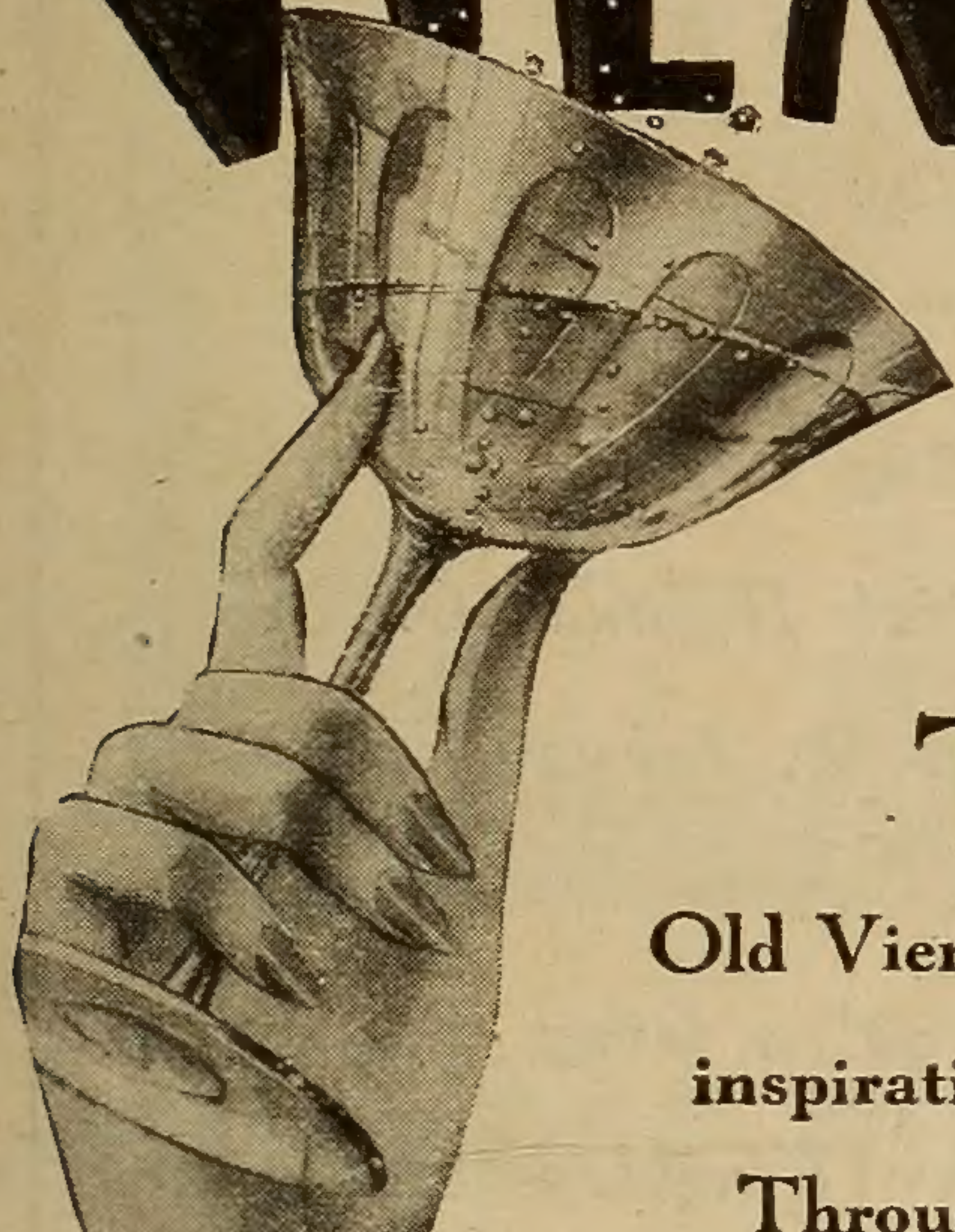
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The New Movie Magazine

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Hugh Weir—Editorial Director

Vol. III, No. 1

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January, 1931

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Dick Hyland—Western Editorial Representative

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GUIDE to the BEST FILMS



Constance Bennett gives a thrilling performance of the beautiful spy in the Warner Vitaphone war melodrama, "Three Faces East." Erich Von Stroheim also plays a master spy in this absorbing thriller.

Group A

Abraham Lincoln. Here is the Griffith who stirred pioneer movie audiences. The panorama of the Great Emancipator's life, superbly acted by Walter Huston and beautifully directed by Griffith. Poet Stephen Vincent Benét wrote this screen biography, which has stark beauty. You must see this film. *United Artists.*

Three Faces East. A thrilling spy melodrama of the World War. Von Stroheim, a German spy, plays a butler in a British household while Miss Bennett, a British spy, works her way into the good graces of the German Headquarters staff. Both give noteworthy performances in their respective rôles. *Warners.*

Common Clay. Sure to be one of the big box-office pictures of the year. The problem story of a beautiful girl, an illegitimate baby and the tribulations of true love. Has a powerful emotional tug at your heart, due to Constance Bennett's fine playing. Beryl Mercer does a splendid bit, too. *Fox.*

Monte Carlo. A sort of successor to "The Love Parade"—but minus Chevalier. Jack Buchanan is pretty good in a Chevalier rôle, but Jeanette MacDonald runs away with the film as a charming, penniless countess. Adroit Lubitsch direction. *Paramount.*

The Dawn Patrol. An absorbing story of the air forces

Brief Comments Upon the Leading Motion Pictures of the Last Six Months

in the World War. Like "Journey's End," it is a series of events showing the gallant youngsters going out one by one and failing to return. Richard Barthelmess does brilliant work. Neil Hamilton and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., too, are to be complimented. *First National.*

Romance. Here is Garbo as the heroine of Edward Sheldon's popular drama of New York in the '60's. The cast, especially Lewis Stone, is admirably chosen, but it is the vibrant Greta Garbo to whom the honors go. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Holiday. The screen version of Philip Barry's stage success. A great story, an able cast, including Ann Harding and Mary Astor. Admirable direction by Edward Griffith puts this picture in the "first-rate" class. *Pathé.*

Journey's End. One of the best war pictures yet produced. Splendidly acted by Colin Clive and Ian MacLaren. Plenty of emotional effectiveness, punch and action. *Tiffany Production.*

All Quiet on the Western Front. Here is a gruesome and bloody picturization of Remarque's detailed reaction to the World War. It is ghastly in its truth and is an everlasting sermon against war and its futility. *Universal.*

Sarah and Son. Ruth Chatterton in another "Madame X" of mother love. This will surely get your tears and hold your interest. *Paramount.*

Song O' My Heart. John McCormack makes his début in this charming drama, in which his glorious lyric tenor is superbly recorded.

He does eleven songs. The story is expertly contrived to fit the world-popular Mr. McCormack. *Fox.*

Street of Chance. The best melodrama of the year. The story of Natural Davis, kingpin of the underworld and Broadway's greatest gambler. Corking performance by William Powell, ably aided by Kay Francis and Regis Toomey. *Paramount.*

The Rogue Song. A great big hit for Lawrence Tibbett, character baritone of the Metropolitan Opera House. The tragic romance of a dashing brigand of the Caucasus, told principally in song. Based on a Lehar operetta. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

The Green Goddess. Another fine performance by George Arliss, this time as the suave and sinister Rajah of Rokh, who presides over a tiny empire in the lofty Himalayas. You'll like this. *Warners.*

Anna Christie. This is the unveiling of Greta Garbo's voice. Be sure to hear it. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Devil May Care. A musical romance of Napoleonic days, with Ramon Novarro at his best in a delightful light comedy performance. Novarro sings charmingly. This is well worth seeing. *Metro-Goldwyn.*

Lumox. Herbert Brenon's superb visualization of Fannie Hurst's novel. The character study of a kitchen drudge with Winifred Westover giving a remarkable characterization of the drab (*Continued on page 8*)

Baking Dishes to help you make many good things

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| $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped or crushed pineapple | $\frac{1}{3}$ cup bread crumbs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon baking powder |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup walnuts | Few grains salt |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar | 1 egg yoke, beaten light |
| | 1 egg white, beaten stiff |

Drain the pineapple and combine with dates, walnuts and sugar. Bread crumbs should be broken into small pieces but not ground and should be slightly browned in the oven. Mix them with baking powder and salt, and combine with fruit and nut mixture. Add egg yoke beaten light and last of all fold in stiffly beaten egg white. Fill crinkle cups $\frac{3}{4}$ full with mixture. Set cups on baking sheet or shallow pan and bake in moderate oven (350° F) for 50 minutes. Keep a small pan of water in the bottom of the oven for the first 45 minutes to keep puddings moist.

Serve hot with hard sauce or cold with whipped cream. If left in paper cups in closely covered tin box these puddings may be kept for some time. Simply freshen them by steaming in a covered sieve or collander placed over a pan of boiling water until they have been heated through.

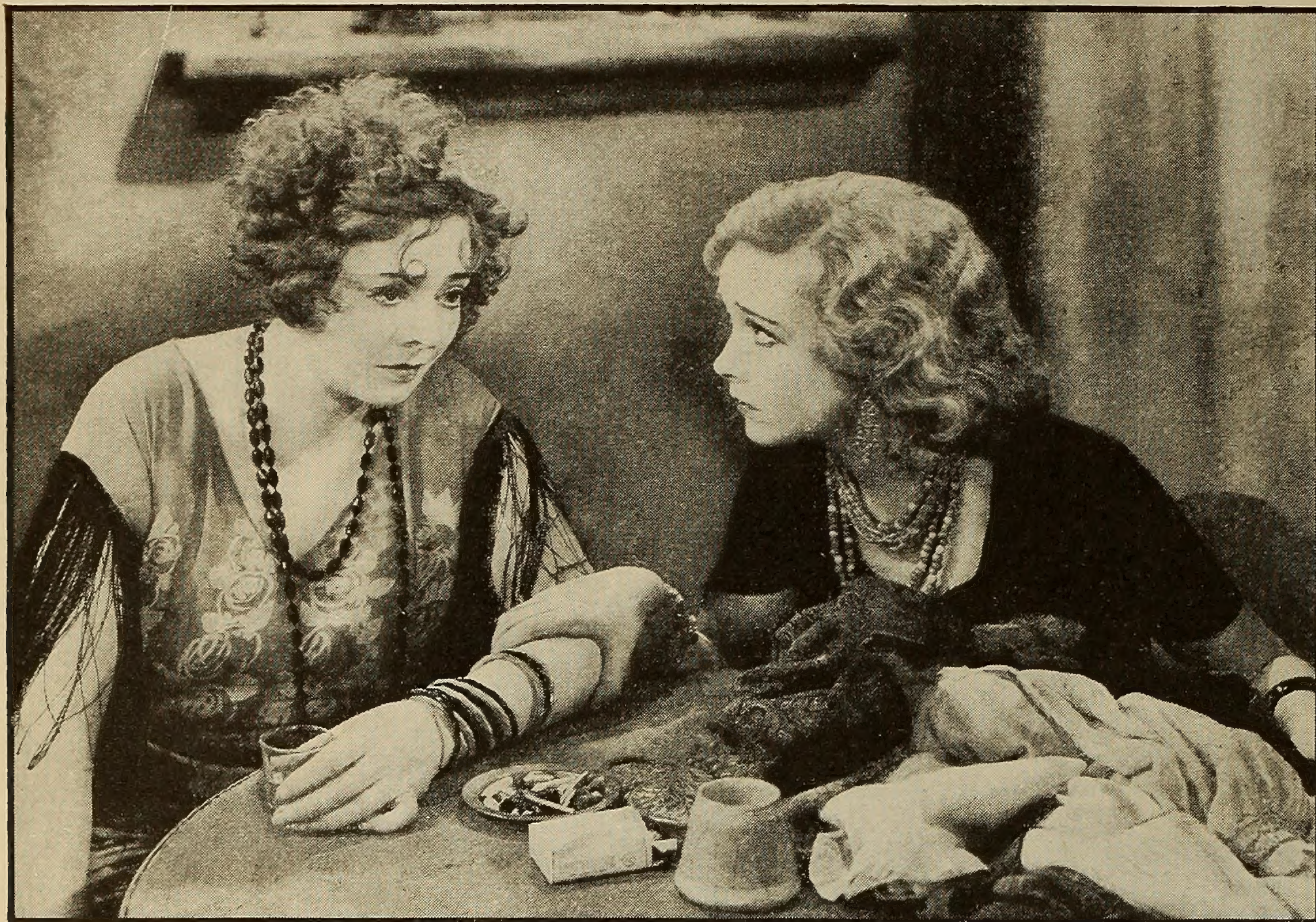
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CRINKLE CUPS

GUIDE to the BEST FILMS

(Continued from page 6)



"My Man" is an interest-holding melodrama based on the old song, "Frankie and Johnny," although the background has been shifted to Havana. Helen Twelvetrees gives an excellent performance and Marjorie Rambeau contributes a corking bit.

and stolid heroine. Heavy but well done. *United Artists.*

The Love Parade. Still the best musical film of the year. Maurice Chevalier at his best, given charming aid by Jeanette MacDonald. The fanciful romance of a young queen and a young (and naughty) diplomat in her service. Piquant and completely captivating. *Paramount.*

The Show of Shows. The biggest revue of them all—to date. Seventy-seven stars and an army of feature players. John Barrymore is prominently present and the song hit is "Singin' in the Bathtub." Crowded with features. *Warners.*

Sunny Side Up. Janet Gaynor sings and dances. So does Charles Farrell. The story of a little tenement Cinderella who wins a society youth. You must see the Southampton charity show. It's a wow and no mistake! *Fox.*

The Lady Lies. In which a lonely widower is forced to

Franz Molnar's fanciful study of a ne'er-do-well, "Liliom," has been translated into an imaginative drama by the Fox Studios. Rose Hobart (at the right) plays the little slavey who cares for Liliom and Estelle Taylor is a picturesque charmer.

choose between his two children and his mistress. Daring and sophisticated. Beautifully acted by Claudette Colbert as the charmer and by Walter Huston as the lonely widower. *Paramount.*

Group B

What a Widow. Gloria Swanson in a lively slapstick farce. She plays a young widow who is left five millions. Of course, she immediately starts out to see life—and Paris. The array of gorgeous clothes Miss Swanson wears will please the young girls and women. *United Artists.*

Liliom. The talkies have taken over Franz Molnar's drama and developed it into an absorbing and interesting picture. It is brilliantly photographed. Rose Hobart, a newcomer,

gives a sincere and sympathetic performance but Charles Farrell's work is rather dull. *Fox.*

Outward Bound. This is a strange but interesting drama, intelligently handled. A group of people find themselves on a vessel (Continued on page 107)





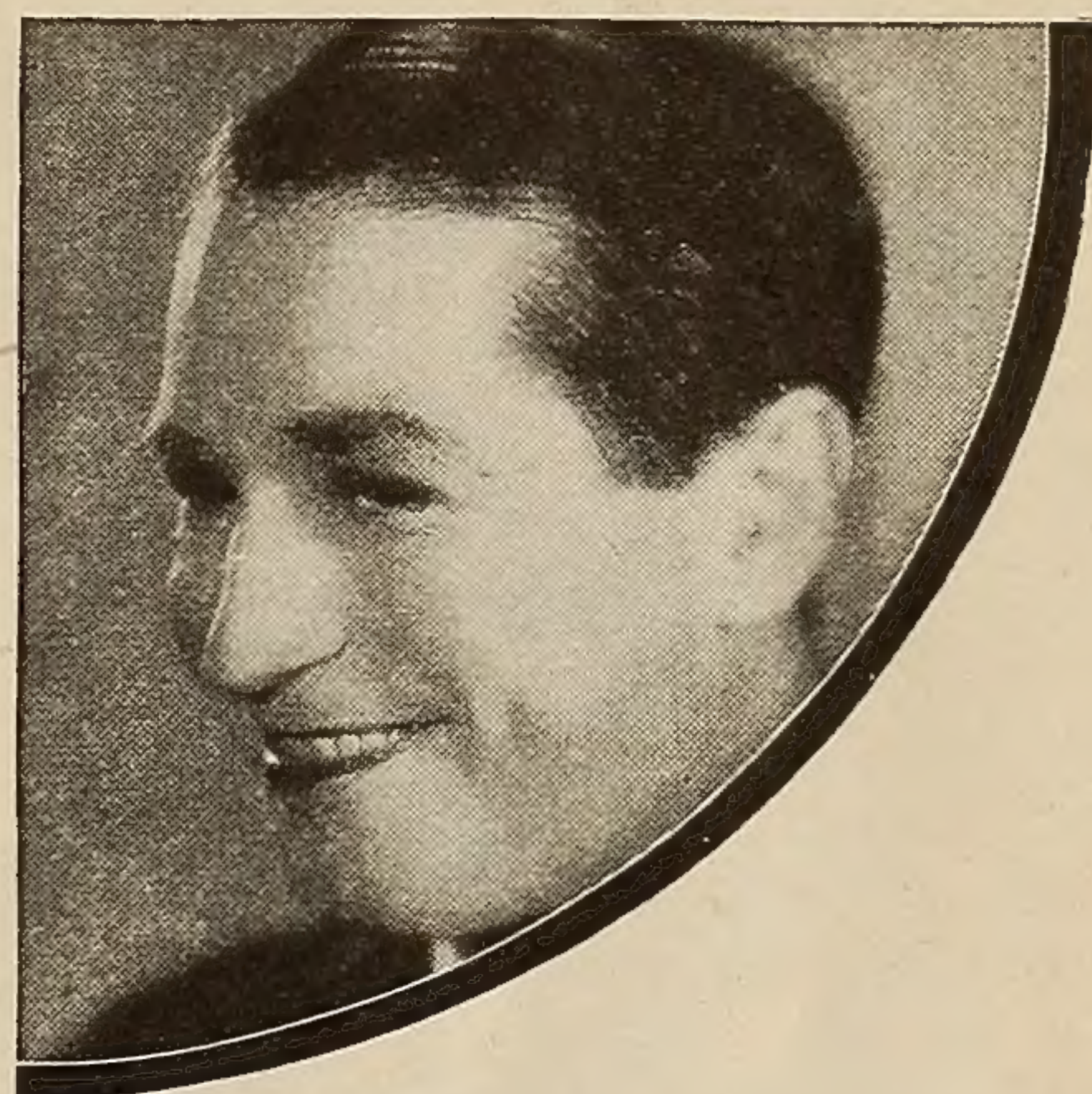
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The latest edition has the cover pictured above. It is a beautiful portrait of Joan Crawford.

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GRETA GARBO

The New Movie Magazine

VOL. III

JANUARY, 1931

No. 1



Gossip of the Studios

GRETA GARBO seems to be emerging somewhat from her mysterious seclusion. She gave Malibu quite a thrill lately when she came down and spent a whole afternoon on the beach with friends.



Norma Shearer: Has decided to film novel, "A Free Soul," written by our own star, Adela Rogers St. Johns.

She's been seen quite a lot recently at the theater and opera. And the other night she actually went to dine in public at the Hi-Hat Restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard. The customers stared so much that she got up and left in the middle of her dinner.

Greta has, you know, been almost as big a mystery to Hollywood as to the rest of the world. She even attended a party at the Barney Glazers one night not long ago. Perhaps she's getting a little lonely.

* * *

LILA LEE and John Farrow are going to be married. As soon as Lila is well again, there will be a Hollywood wedding.

When Lila went to Arizona for a six months' rest cure, she and John had, it appeared, come to the parting of the ways. John was seen about with Dolores Del Rio, Lila went to parties with Joel McCrae and Walter Byron and other nice young men, and everyone thought the end of a two-year romance had come.

But Johnny was so nice to her, made frequent trips to Arizona by plane, had special radios installed so that she could get Los Angeles programs, sent dinners down to her from the Montmartre, kept hot in electric ovens, saw that all the new books and magazines reached her and that her room was full of flowers—in fact, he was so nice that Lila decided she was in love with him after all, and their engagement has now been announced.



RENEE ADOREE has gone to Arizona for a year.

She came back home too soon, after a few months in a California hillside sanatorium—and a second and more serious collapse resulted. Now the doctors say that, if she will stay in Arizona and keep perfectly quiet for one year, she has a good chance of recovery. Otherwise—but we know Renee will be sensible this time and take care of herself. She's so vivacious and loves gaiety and people so much that it's difficult to resign herself to the rigid regime which is necessary for her delicate health.

* * *

A PRINT of "Just Imagine" has been sealed in an air-tight can and put in a vault in Fox's Movietone City—to be kept there for a half century. Then it will be opened, run on the screen, and the gents in the picture business will be able to see just how good De Sylva, Brown and Henderson were as guessors. "Just Imagine," you know, is laid in 1980—fifty years from now.

* * *

Louise Dresser tells a baby story, about the little boy who was trying to teach his pet rabbit to jump through a hoop. The rabbit refused, and the three-year-old "bawled him out" in language evidently overheard from papa, and slightly distorted:

"You're the by goddest rabbit I ever dam see. You're no more fitten to be a rabbit than a by hell," said he.

* * *

HOPE HAMPTON, who was a popular motion picture star, was one of the featured prima donnas of the Chicago Opera Company while it was in Los Angeles recently. Her lovely voice stood the test of "Manon" beautifully.

All the News of the Famous Motion Picture



Louise Fazenda: Takes her first vacation in years and tours the Continent.

With her was her husband, Jules Brulatour, and they entertained and were entertained extensively. Since the movie days (she was an exceptionally beautiful blonde) Hope Hampton has studied abroad and her development, both vocally and dramatically, is surprising.

* * *

THE Chicago Grand Opera Company brought out the film stars in vast numbers. Hope Hampton was the center

of interest. Jeritza is a great favorite here, as is John Charles Thomas.

We saw:

Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, Estelle very stunning all in white.

Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton. Ruth wore a very long evening wrap of emerald green velvet.

John Gilbert, with a party of friends.

All the de Milles. They are great opera-goers.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mrs. Gibson (Sally Eilers) in a new ermine coat.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd. Mildred was wearing white, with one of these very effective short ermine jackets.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett. Only two years ago Lawrence was singing with the company himself.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks at "Tannhauser."

William Powell and Ronald Colman, in full evening dress, top hats, white gloves and gardenias. What a thrill that pair gave the fluttering debutantes in the promenade between acts.

Eddie Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Lilyan wearing an evening wrap of white velvet that touched the floor and had a white fox collar.

Townsend Netcher and his wife, Constance Talmadge, Connie being in a really beautiful sable wrap.

Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Warner Baxter—Mrs. Baxter looking lovely in shimmering coral.

John Loder and Catherine Dale Owen, Miss Owen wearing black satin and pearls.

* * *

CHAPLIN and Lloyd had quite a battle at a recent dinner party concerning the talkies. Chaplin was scolding Harold like a father for having given up the silent films.

"You made a mistake, Harold," said Chaplin. "Our kind of comedy is based on situation, not

dialogue. Dialogue is never necessary to good comedy. Lines are only an additional touch. The voice detracts from the essential humor of a real comedy situation. You will see that."

Harold admitted that he'd seen some of it already and that he will talk as little as possible in his next pictures.

* * *

IT makes it nice when husband and wife are in the same picture and can go "on location" together. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, playing together in "Ex-Mistress," had a delightful week at Catalina recently, and, though they were working, managed to get in a lot of fun. Bill Haines, Mae Sunday and a number of other friends sailed across to spend the week-end with them. Everybody had a good time.

* * *

REPORTS from the Great God Box Office show that Robert Montgomery is climbing the fastest of any new man on the screen and that Buddy Rogers is slipping a bit. They say that Buddy seems to be taking himself and his laurels pretty seriously these days and losing a bit of his charming naturalness.

* * *

JUST before he left for New York to begin work as supervising director of the Paramount Long Island studio, Ernst Lubitsch gave a dinner dance to say farewell to many of his Hollywood friends. Since he first came West with Pola Negri, the little black-eyed German director has won himself a pretty big place in the hearts of the picture colony. They recognize his amazing artistry, and they like him for his kindly manners and his bubbling wit.

The pretty dining-room at the Beverly Wilshire was filled with pink roses, and the big tables had baskets of pink roses and pale blue delphiniums.

Among the guests were Lydell Peck and Janet Gaynor, who looked very sweet in a gauzy white frock with little gold stars embroidered on the skirt; Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, in a tight-fitting gown of metal cloth; Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Schulberg and Mr. and Mrs. Sam Jaffe; Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick (Irene Mayer); Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vajda; Mr. and Mrs. Ned Marin; Jeanette MacDonald, in very pale blue; Leatrice Joy, in a deeper shade of blue, with gold embroidery; Paul Bern, Lothar Mendes and Walter Wanger.

Everybody had a swell time and everybody was sorry to see Ernst go, which brings us to—

The little battle staged at the Embassy Club on a Saturday evening not long ago between Ernst Lubitsch and his best friend, one Hans Kraly.

The Embassy that night was the scene of a Benefit Dance given for the Motion Picture Relief Fund and sponsored by Douglas Fairbanks and the Fund's



Stars and Their Hollywood Activities

patron saint, who very naturally is Mary Pickford.

Almost everyone in pictures was there. The small tables about the beautiful room held dinner groups of friends in the colony. Everyone was very gay. Dancing was at its height.

When suddenly, Mr. Lubitsch and Mr. Kraly engaged in a bit of what Damon Runyon calls the gentle pastime of ear scrambling. Ernst popped Mr. Kraly, Mr. Kraly popped him back and it looked like at least a four-round go when it was ended by the intervention of Mrs. Helen Lubitsch. But she intervened not in behalf of her recently divorced husband Ernst, but Mr. Kraly. She socked Lubitsch. He couldn't hit her back, so the match ended.

Lubitsch declares that Kraly, who used to be his best friend, and his divorced wife, Mrs. Lubitsch, made fun of him, and laughed at his dancing. He says they spoke such words in German that he was obliged to at least attempt to shut Kraly's mouth.

The three had been friends long before coming to America. Upon their arrival here, all three lived together.

* * *

PAUL BERN had a housewarming at his new home in the foothills near Bel-Air. As guests of honor he presented Mr. and Mrs. Bernie Fineman (Margaret de Mille). Every one came in the afternoon, wandered about the lovely grounds, and then had a buffet dinner.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. David Selznick, Kenneth McKenna and Kay Francis, Willis Goldbeck and Mary Duncan, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Rosetta Duncan and Walter Wanger.

* * *

KENNETH McKENNA and Kay Francis are still "going together." So are Mary Duncan and Willis Goldbeck. We see that beautiful Virginia Cherrill about with young Tommy Lee, son of Don Lee, automobile millionaire and famous yachtsman. Charlie Chaplin still escorts Georgia Hale. Joan Marsh, the pretty new blonde at Metro-Goldwyn, is seen with young Russell Gleason, William Bakewell and young William Janney.

* * *

Mary Brian always eats vegetable salad for lunch.

* * *

THE most beautiful dinner dance given in Hollywood for many a long day was the "welcome home" party for William Randolph Hearst at which Mary Pickford was hostess.

In her invitations, Mrs. Fairbanks said: "I invite you to a dinner to be given for the purpose of welcoming back to Hollywood the great friend and patron of the motion picture industry, Mr. William Randolph Hearst."

Everyone responded and a remarkable group gathered.

The French room—we

wonder if Mary had a twinkle in her eye on that one—at the Ambassador was exquisitely decorated for the occasion. Across the upper end, was one long table. Surrounding the dance floor were smaller tables, with trellises of orchids, gardenias and roses looking as though they grew there. A raised platform held George Olsen and his orchestra—the first time in months the Olsen crowd has played at a private function.

Mary, in a gown of pure white chiffon with thousands of small iridescent beads covering it, and a great corsage of white orchids on her shoulder, sat at the long table, with Mr. Hearst on one side of her, and Douglas Fairbanks on the other. She was the only woman at that table. The heads of all the great studios occupied the other seats, including Louis B. Mayer, Winfield Sheehan, David Selznick, Joseph Schenck, Harry Cohn, Harry Warner, George Hearst and Al Kaufman.

A wonderful program had been arranged. Of course, everyone was delighted to make Mr. Hearst's homecoming a success. Eddie Cantor sang two new songs. The English songbird, Evelyn Laye, gowned in turquoise blue velvet, sang three songs amid much applause. Ethel Shutta, prima donna of "Whoopee" on the New York stage and now Mrs. George Olsen, did her "Come West, Little Girl."

The success of the evening was the entrance of Mr. Hearst's pet bulldog, who hadn't seen his master since his trip abroad.

Gloria Swanson wore a very simple gown of very deep, sapphire blue velvet, cut to the waist line in the back and with a long, flowing petal-like skirt. Over this, when she came in, she wore a short jacket of chinchilla. Her jewels were sapphires, a single drop, one bracelet and one ring. At her small table were

Marion Davies, in a frock of orchid chiffon with a little ruffle at the waist line; Charlie Chaplin, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Harry Crocker.

The belle of the ball was Marie Dressler. Gorgeously gowned in deep purple, with diamonds, and an ermine wrap, Miss Dressler was the center of a gay group all evening and she was the partner selected by Mr. Hearst with whom to "open the ball." As they danced, the guests formed a circle about them, and Marie carried it off with a great air.

Other guests included Mr. and Mrs. Ben Lyon (Bebe Daniels), the Marquis de la Falaise,



Lila Lee: Going to marry John Farrow, the writer, as soon as health permits.



The Hollywood Who's Who—and what the



Billie Dove: Returns from tour of Europe and opens her Toluca Lake house.

Constance Bennett, who wore beige lace, John Gilbert, William Haines, Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton, Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich (in white chiffon, with touches of red and a corsage of red roses), Laurence Gray, Mrs. Louis B. Mayer, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Z. Leonard (Gertrude Olmstead), Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice, Anita Page, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Joan Crawford), Irving Thalberg and his wife Norma

NORMA TALMADGE is back at her beach house, after spending the Summer abroad. She was in Paris and on the Riviera and had a grand time. At the moment she hasn't any picture plans.

* * *

Alice White is considering a vaudeville tour.

* * *

MILDRED HARRIS, who was the first wife of Charles Chaplin, is back in Hollywood. Expects to make pictures once more.

* * *

DOLORES DEL RIO has practically recovered from her long illness. She was able to go out and sit in the garden and to watch some guests playing tennis. The doctor still advises rest and quiet.

In the meantime, Dolores' contract with United Artists has lapsed. Plans for production of "The Dove" have been postponed indefinitely.

* * *

MARY DUNCAN opened her home in Bel-Air, after a hurried trip to New York, with a pretty dinner party, a buffet supper being served in the garden. Mary is one of those charming casual hostesses and looked very lovely in a white velvet frock, with a short peplum edged with ermine. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Lowe (Lilyan Tashman), Mr. and Mrs. Davis Selznick, Jeannette Loff, Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Jordan, Winnie Sheehan, Mack Sennett, Al Christie, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Paul Bern, Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy (Edna Murphy), Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm St. Clair, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow and Willis Goldbeck.

* * *

HELEN TWELVETREES gets the coveted rôle of "Millie" in Don Clark's new novel by that name. Her work in "My Man" earned her the chance at "Millie." Robert Ames is to play the reporter.

* * *

BELIEVE it or not, one building in Hollywood has 5,000 doors and 3,000 windows in it! It is only one hundred feet long and fifty feet wide. It is a storehouse where doors and windows are kept before and after they are used on sets.

* * *

GLORIA SWANSON has filed suit for divorce from Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudray. The complaint alleges desertion.

The separation of Gloria and her Marquis became known a short time ago. Gloria at that time declared she did not intend to sue for divorce.

* * *

HAL WALLIS has taken advantage of the shutdown at First National to

Shearer, June Collyer, Lew Cody, Virginia Cherrill, Polly Moran, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Lloyd, Edmund Goulding, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Eileen Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cantor, Mr. and Mrs. Hoot Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou, Sid Grauman and Mrs. Grauman, Marjorie Rambeau, Aileen Pringle and Matt Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Arthur, Catherine Dale Owen, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Wodehouse, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Brulatour (Hope Hampton), Gene Mackey and Sam Wood.

* * *

DOUG MacLEAN is coming back to pictures, but not in front of the camera. He will be an associate producer at RKO.

* * *

RKO has released all the show girls and dancers it had under contract for musical pictures—which is an indication of what is going on all over Hollywood. Musicals have their place and that place in the future will be one or two a year. The fans became tired of them when they were turned out by the dozen.

BILLIE DOVE is back in Hollywood after three months in Europe. Her Toluca Lake house has just been opened and Billie is moving in. It seems probable that she will be married to Howard Hughes, millionaire producer of "Hell's Angels," soon. She is divorced from Irvin Willat, while Hughes' wife recently obtained a decree in another state.

* * *

DORIS KENYON SILLS, widow of the late Milton Sills whose sudden death was such a blow to Hollywood, went to Lake Arrowhead for a few weeks, to rest. Her plans for the future are still indefinite, but it is possible that she will go through with plans for a nationwide concert tour, which will take her away from the painful memories of her Beverly Hills home.



film famous are doing in the Movie Capital

make a trip abroad. His wife, Louise Fazenda, has gone with him. It's Louise's first European venture and she left in a mood of wild excitement. They'll see Paris, Berlin, and London and spend a month in New York before coming back to Hollywood.

* * *

LOUIS WOLHEIM says there is one thing he will not do again—and that's try to direct a picture and act in it at the same time.

"Say," he says now that his first directorial attempt is over, "these director fellows don't get half enough credit. They have to have eyes in the back of their heads, six ears, fourteen hands, four pairs of feet, no nerves, get along without sleep, think of twenty-two things at once and talk about nine of them at the same time—and it's a tougher racket than this actor business. I didn't know when I was well off. But I know this much now, I'll never direct and try to act at the same time again."

* * *

THE Chaplin studio is the unique studio of Hollywood. It is strictly a one-man affair. Instead of the dozens of producers and assistants, heads of departments and writers, cameramen and props you find on all other lots, the Chaplin studio has an employee list of less than forty-five people, including the gateman. They show up every morning at nine o'clock and never know whether they are to work or not that day. Because Chaplin may show up and again he may not. No one knows. But they are always ready for the boss when and if he does come to the studio.

Charlie takes his time about working on a picture and spends a year, as he did on this last one, where other studios would rush the work through in two months. But when he gets it done—it's usually good.

* * *

Paul Lukas was born on a train near Budapest, Hungary.

* * *

DICK BARTHELMESS is one of the smartest actors in Hollywood. When other stars are saying, "I must have the only real rôle in the picture" and seeing to it that good bits of acting by lesser lights are left on the cutting-room floor, Dick merely says, "Gimme a picture with several good rôles and some good actors to fit into 'em."

Someone "steals" almost every one of Dick's pictures, according to critics, just as Lila Lee did in "Drag," and as young Doug Fairbanks did in "The Dawn Patrol." In the parlance of the game this means they had a great part, a part every bit the equal of the star's, and filled it adequately.

But Barthelmess doesn't care. He knows it helps make a better picture, he isn't a bit afraid of competition, and he gets a great,

if silent, kick out of helping someone up the ladder—as he did Doug, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol." Which, perhaps, is one reason Dick Barthelmess has remained on top of the heap for years, while other stars have come up—and gone down.

* * *

MANY of our readers have called our attention to the mistake we made in stating that Ralph Forbes gave Ronald Colman the Viking Funeral in "Beau Geste."

(This statement was made in Dick Hyland's article on "Big Moments of Screen History" in the October NEW MOVIE). It was Neil Hamilton who set fire to the body of his brother, Ronald Colman, and credit should be given Mr. Hamilton for his splendid acting in this particular scene.

* * *

THE University of Washington, in Seattle, is going to have a class for the study of the motion picture. If they run Garbo films the course will be a popular one.

* * *

HAROLD LLOYD is sold on the new wide film and will have a wide film camera on his next picture, which will be another football picture such as "The Freshman," if his plans are carried out. One kick against the new film is that it does away with close-ups, but Harold says that can be overcome with the development of an entirely new technique, just as the talkies have forced a new technique upon directors and stars.

* * *

Lawrence Carter is electrician in the Paramount studio. He tends to lights and things up among the rafters over the sets. And he has spent over 32,000 hours up among those rafters since 1915. He passed that number while working on Dick Arlen's "Social Errors."

* * *

LAURENCE TIBBETT, having finished "New Moon," is going on the road for a concert tour. Mrs. Tibbett and the boys go to Europe and join him in New York for Christmas.

* * *

SKEETS GALLAGHER and his pretty wife, Pauline Mason, have about the cutest baby on display (Continued on page 97)



Jack Gilbert: Decides to go abroad and to spend Christmas at St. Moritz.



The Toughest GAME

There Are 17,541 Extras Listed in Hollywood and for the Last Two Years They Have Averaged But \$2.94 a Week in Earnings



500 men, all hoping for a few days' work and possible movie fame, waiting at the studio gates of Paramount. The call had gone out that several hundred were needed to play miners in "The Spoilers."

IT'S a tough racket being a movie extra. And the better they are the less chance they have of winning a real chance.

They starve and they faint, they work and they sweat. They make less money per week than the average girl selling knickknacks over the counters of a department store.

They come, they last a short time, and they go. No one knows where. No one knows, exactly, how they stick and live while trying to storm the gates of Hollywood.

Because today there are SEVENTEEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE extra people listed at the Central Casting Bureau alone in Hollywood. For these thousands there is an average of but eight hundred jobs a day. Over sixteen thousand seven hundred of them go jobless daily.

Throughout a two-year period—1928 and 1929—records show that these people averaged the grand salary of TWO DOLLARS AND NINETY-FOUR CENTS A WEEK!

OF the 17,541 extras listed (girls and boys, men and women who proudly and hopefully signed registration applications under the fantastic impression that this opens the way to the movies) only 194 worked an average of two or more days a week for the last two years. One hundred and forty of these were men, fifty-four were women. The one hundred and fortieth man earned \$14.42 a week, the fifty-fourth woman earned \$14.25 a week. Are they startling figures?

There are just eight extras in Hollywood who stand out above the rest in the matter of days worked and money earned. They are the top eight men and women. This octette—they are at the top of their profession, mind you—earned the grand and princely average of \$43.94 a week for the last two-year period. Can you name any other profession in which the top eight average only that amount?

BEFORE they could earn that they had to be able to drive a car, dance, swim, ride a horse better than well, sing and be healthy enough to withstand hardships, the least of which was hanging around in sopping wet clothes for hours at a time on cold winter days. And own a wardrobe costing over two thousand dollars!

They'll never get rich, these boys and girls, as extras.

The most successful of them all, the queen of her people during the last two years, is a girl named Jane Arden (her real name Jane Slease). Jane worked 464 days during 1928 and 1929, an average of about four days a week. For this she made \$47.45 a week—a good salary.

But Miss Arden has what is called a "very complete" wardrobe. She has every kind of an outfit. It includes, among other things, fifteen hats, four evening wraps, three sport coats, four other coats, two fur coats, twenty-one pairs of shoes, twelve street dresses, seven evening dresses, bathing suits galore! They cost over \$2,500 and left Miss Arden just a

bit over twenty-one dollars a week upon which to live. And Jane Arden, I have told you, is the ace in this deck of cards. The others all earned far, far less than did Jane.

The man who worked most during this same two-year period is Myron Green, better known on the sets as "Babe" Green. He made \$46.95 a week. He is thirty-three years old and has been learning this extra business for eight years. His clothes include everything from a full-dress suit with tails to an English hunting coat and riding clothes. He is the ace among the men.

IT is a peculiar twist of fate that no person who has been successful as an extra has ever gotten to be anything else in Hollywood. No extra, who worked more than spasmodically, has ever come up from the ranks to stardom or anything approaching stardom. If they are good—they are lost forever. If they are bad (by bad I mean do not earn enough to live) they are lost—unless they have something on the ball, some way,

in the World

BY DICK HYLAND

somehow, which will enable them to come through when their "break" presents itself.

Girls and boys outside of Hollywood, and some raised in Hollywood, have said and are saying to themselves that Dick Arlen, Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor and Ramon Novarro have been extras. "They pulled themselves up, they are great successes," they report, "and I have the same opportunity."

They have. But Arlen, Farrell and their very, very few brothers and sisters from the extra ranks are so exceptional and so outstanding as to become discouraging items by the very force of the proof they give to the argument that being an extra is a tough racket and one in which but a handful out of the thousands ever succeed.

IN every case where real success has come to an extra luck has played a great part. In every case that extra was not a successful extra.

Dick Arlen had to be hit by a truck belonging to one of the companies before he got much of a break—and his job was driving a motorcycle delivery, not being an extra, when he got hit. It is not suggested that others get in front of trucks belonging to big companies. The odds against surviving are about as great as gaining success through extra work.

Edwina Booth was an extra before she got the "break" and was given the part of the girl in "Trader Horn." She had been a bit fresh one day while her picture was taken with six other extras. A year later Director Van Dyke, who had taken the picture, remembered this blonde who had kicked about posing in that picture. She exactly fit the "Trader Horn" part. But again advice is given not to try to succeed by getting fresh. Miss Booth went to Africa with the company, returned, and has spent a year ill in bed. Her health was wrecked by tropical ailments caught in Africa. And she is being sued by the wife of one of the other actors in the company, who claims that Miss Booth stole the affections of the hubby. Miss Booth says she didn't, but that is neither here nor there. She's being sued. Was her "break" a good one?

CHARLIE FARRELL is one of those who made good. But he was a flop as an extra. One day he stood in line at Paramount studio, waiting and hoping. The casting director said, "Nothing doing." Charlie walked down the line which had formed in back of him—other men, other boys, all hoping for that job the casting director had told Charlie was not there. Charlie stopped to talk to a friend, another extra, Paul Wilkenson.

"Nothing doing, Charlie?" asked Paul.

"Not a damn thing," said Farrell. "And I'm through, finished. This extra business is no good. I'm going to start looking

The switchboard at the Central Casting Bureau, where all extras must register in order to get work. The Bureau gets 900 calls an hour from extras hoping for work.



Frances Dee: the only girl picked from the extra ranks in the last year who has made good. It was just luck.

around for something else—anything but this."

Charlie did. Not again did he work as an extra. He did other things until the chance came for him to work in a small bit for Mary Pickford. He lifted her into his arms and carried her off the set. That "bit" was his initial "break." Then came other small parts and then "Seventh Heaven," which made him. But even that, that great part of Chico, would not have been Charlie's had not Jack Gilbert had a scrap with the Fox studio and walked off the lot. "Seventh Heaven" was purchased for Jack, not Charlie. Upon such vague and unlooked-for things are "breaks" built in Hollywood. You can't count on them coming at all.

PAUL WILKENSOn himself, is an example of what becomes of a few of the smarter extras. The wardrobe man on a picture in which he was working needed an assistant. Paul took the job thankfully. It meant regular money, regular grub. Then he became a ward-



The Only Game That Offers No Reward and No Hope

robe man himself, a prop man, and then got into the casting end of the business. He is now the assistant casting director at M.-G.-M. and has the job of telling extras "Nothing doing" even as he was so often told.

I asked him one or two questions about "breaks" and what chance an extra had of getting somewhere. His answer was "darn little."

"Some of them do, of course," he continued, "but even when they get a break, nowadays, they don't get far.

One of them, a girl named Lillian Bond, was given a contract the other day. She is the voice of the feminine cutie in some dog pictures we are doing. No one will ever see her. Still it means steady dough, which is a break for an extra. It's a tough racket."

Studios are not charitable organizations. And one hour lost on a set may mean anywhere from two to ten thousand dollars gone out the window. So they demand that extras be experienced. Which tends to keep some old ones going and most of the new ones out in the cold.

OF the 17,541 who are registered at Central Casting (they call in there so often the telephone company had to install a special piece of equipment which handles 900 calls an hour!) thousands have no chance of working at all or, at best, but rarely.

The coming of sound jumped the registration considerably. Three thousand boys and girls, men and women, from all over the world, flocked to Hollywood. They said they were singers. They could sing enough to get registered. But further auditions and vocal tests cut that number to TWO HUNDRED! Two hundred can sing well enough and are of varied enough types so that they handled all of the jobs calling for singing extras. The other 2,800 get jobs only when great mobs are



"Babe" Green, Hollywood's most successful male extra, has averaged \$46 a week for two years.



Jane Arden, Hollywood's best female feminine extra, made \$47 a week during 1928 and 1929.

called for singing, such as the rooting section at a football game. I asked what has become of that 2,800, how they live? No one knows.

Two thousand dancers—ballet, toe and tap—registered when the orgy of musical comedy pictures first hit the industry. Those pictures are now out of vogue. Very, very few of those two thousand girls will survive as extras. It means home and failure, getting married or getting a job at something else.

THREE THOUSAND

out of the 17,541 are fortunate enough to be called and considered "regulars." They have complete wardrobes. They handle most of the parts calling for general extra work. Mob scenes, street scenes, atmosphere, and so on. They are qualified for almost everything. All, except the 194 mentioned above, averaged well under fourteen dollars a week for the past two years. This three thousand does not change its personality very much. A few of them drop out, a few of them change types, a few new faces can be seen among them each year. But as a rule they stick in the game for from three to five years, some even longer, and eke out their bare existence. Hope carries them ever forward.

The rest of the mob of over seventeen thousand often do not have a chance to even get started. They come, perhaps having a little money upon which to live. But they last only an average of less than two years. Many, many pull out in a year. They are of two kinds, the smart ones, and the ones who lack the courage to go on, ever hoping and never attaining.

"HOW do they live?" I asked. Asked everyone. The answer invariably was, "I don't know." I came to the conclusion that these extras are better magicians than they are actors. They (Continued on page 100)




An unusual picture, in that it brought fame to Edwina Booth. She is the first girl at the right. This publicity shot was made while the studio was seeking a girl to play the heroine of "Trader Horn." A year later, it brought the job to Miss Booth. Also it brought trouble and illness.



Photograph by Hurrell

WALLACE BEERY

Wallace Beery and Marie Dressler should make a roystering couple in Metro-Goldwyn's "Min and Bill." This co-starring comes as a reward for Beery's hit in "The Big House" and Miss Dressler's appropriation of honors in a number of films. The locale of this new comedy is the waterfront and Beery plays a fishing captain.



Ruth Chatterton's Greatness as an Actress Is Handi- capped Only by Her Con- sciousness of Gentility.

OF Ruth Chatterton, the Paramount publicity man writes, "She refused a flattering motion-picture contract at the height of her stardom because she was not allowed to select her own stories."

I do not know who selects her stories now. I am sure it is not the intelligent Miss Chatterton. She has probably long ago decided to allow the Paramount officials to select them and have done with it.

She has appeared in a few films that are above the average. The rest are on a par with "Madame X," which was so watery sentimental that janitors in outlying film houses were forced to wear life savers in sweeping out the theater.

A miracle woman in films, being intelligent, Miss Chatterton knows the difference in the real and the unreal.

She is a startling proof that people in Hollywood can seldom be greater than their environment.

THE publicity writer continues: "The opportunity to play opposite Jannings, whom she considered a great artist, was what induced Miss Chatterton to leave the stage, at least temporarily, to play in pictures."

This, of course, is merely publicity of an ingenious kind.

In technical ability, says Jim Tully, Ruth Chatterton is second to no living actress. Her training in stock and on the New York stage has been rigid. Born in New York, she was educated at a private school in Pelham Manor, New York.

Almost Too Much of a LADY

By JIM TULLY

Miss Chatterton, in her deepest heart, did not leave the stage. It left her. Her very life is in the stage. She has ridden to her greatest commercial success on a film horse she surely does not love. She is too big to be content to play shadows forever.

As one who is fond of Ruth Chatterton, I have a real sympathy for her. And neither is it wasted.

She would far rather play such rôles as "Sister Carrie" and "Susan Lennox" or anything else that is honest and forthright. Instead, she plays in "Paramount on Parade" and "Charming Sinners."

In technical ability she is second to no living actress. Her training in stock and on the New York stage has been rigid. At one time or another, she has played opposite such women as Pauline Lord and Lenore Ulric.

One long ago Winter night, I told Lenore Ulric that she was one of the greatest second-class actresses in America.

Hesitating for a moment as if stunned, she asked, "Why?"

"There are no first," I answered.

She talked of what an American actress must contend with, and agreed.

I once had, in the beginning, an honest Negro play rehearsing for the New York stage. I went to see Miss Ulric in "Lulu Belle," and left the tawdry business in the second act.

IN justice to a half dozen such women as Chatterton and Ulric, the American public does not care for the plays in which they would like to appear.

Miss Chatterton's last play, before grabbing the life line of the movies, was John Colton's "The Devil's Plum Tree."

The only ripe plum on the whole tree was Ruth Chatterton, herself. So, realizing that Jannings was a great artist, she went into films, determined to become financially independent and return, a wealthy lady, to her first and only love.

After several years in stock, Miss Chatterton finally became leading woman for Henry Miller in "Daddy Long Legs." She was later co-starred with him in "A Marriage of Convenience."

Born in New York, she was educated at a private school in Pelham Manor.

To those people who become agitated as to whether or not she is as great an actress as Greta Garbo, I might say that if she isn't, the reason can be first traced to Pelham Manor.

Her background, a middle-class lake, lapping the shores of American gentility, is her greatest handicap. Greta Garbo *was* the peasant in "Anna Christie." Ruth Chatterton is, no matter how subtly she tries to conceal it, too often conscious of her gentility. She has a beautiful body, with the grace of a ballet dancer. It is a pleasure to watch her walk across a room. There is, if anything, too much thought in her face for that of a highly successful film actress. Generally, the more popular faces among these ladies are vapid. There is always an expression on them as if the owner would say, "I would sing of love."

Miss Chatterton is always exceedingly well dressed

According to the publicitymen, Ruth Chatterton's ancestry traces to the French Bourbons, officials of the Church of England and early American farmers. Miss Chatterton's early life was a round of lunches at Sherry's, matinees and formal dinner parties. At sixteen she tried the stage. Today, at thirty-seven, she is a great success in an entirely different medium. Mr. Tully tells you here how all this came about.

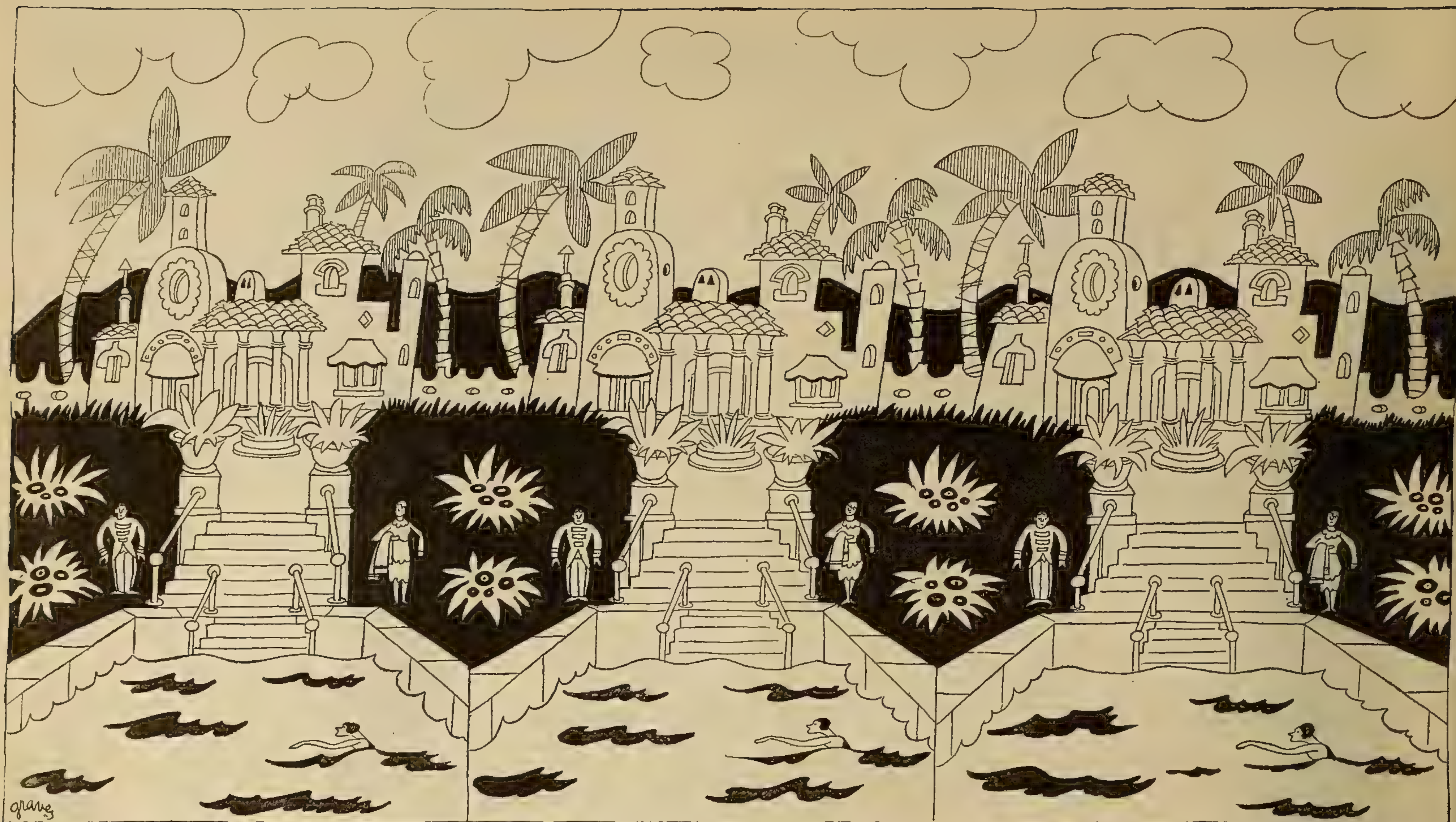


on screen and street. She wears clothes as naturally and gracefully as a tiger does its skin. Her German accent in "Sarah and Son" was superb. Her voice is delightful with melody and cadence. It is the first real gift to the microphone. Her muscular control is wondrous to watch. It resembles perfect machinery in motion. She is the triumph of a highly clever woman. But all she has, and sadly I may risk her valued friendship in writing it, does not make her surpass Garbo.

MUCH publicity has been given to certain so-called intimate details—in many cases manifestly unjustified and unfair—of the life of Garbo, seemingly forgetting that she has any right to privacy.

It was said that Garbo was economical and demanded a receipt for small items, that she sent her servants into Los Angeles for groceries to save pennies. That she likes the rain; that she will even turn the hose on herself to get wet. That she sleeps in men's pajamas. That she plays jazz records. That she will not eat in the M.-G.-M. commissary, but carries a lunch from her home. (A wise woman). That her first employment in Sweden was in a barber shop, lathering the faces of customers.

These, and many other things, were said of her. None of them mattered; and had nothing to do with her transcendent ability as (Continued on page 110)



Just a panorama of Beverly Hills, showing the simple and unostentatious home life of the movie stars.

Travelogue:

J. P. McEvoy, the Humorist, Tells His Little Boy, Rollo, All the Secrets of Hollywood—and Finds His Son Knows More About the Town Than He Does

DADDY, have you ever been to Hollywood?

Yes, Rollo.

Did you like it?

Did I like what?

Hollywood.

Who wants to know, Rollo?

I want to know, daddy.

Why?

Because I consider a diligent inquiry into Hollywood basically and fundamentally important to any cultural development which I might—

What are you running for, Rollo?

I wish you wouldn't interrupt me, dad.

I'm sorry, Rollo.

Sorry, my eye! Don't do it again.

OKAY, Rollo. Take it from "any cultural development which I might—"

Is that what I said?

That's what you were saying.

What was I talking about?

About Hollywood: Did I like it—had I been there—and when I asked why you wanted to know, you started to make a speech.

Maybe I shouldn't have done that, huh, daddy?

Maybe.

Maybe I shouldn't ask you about Hollywood, huh?

Ask away, Rollo. I have no secrets from you. Not about Hollywood, anyway.

Is it a nice town, daddy?

Very nice.

Is it bright and big and gay?

Yes, Rollo.

IS it wicked, daddy?

No, Rollo.

Not even itsy, bitsy wicked?

How would you like a good sock in the nose? Itsy-bitsy!

I thought that was cute, daddy.

It isn't.

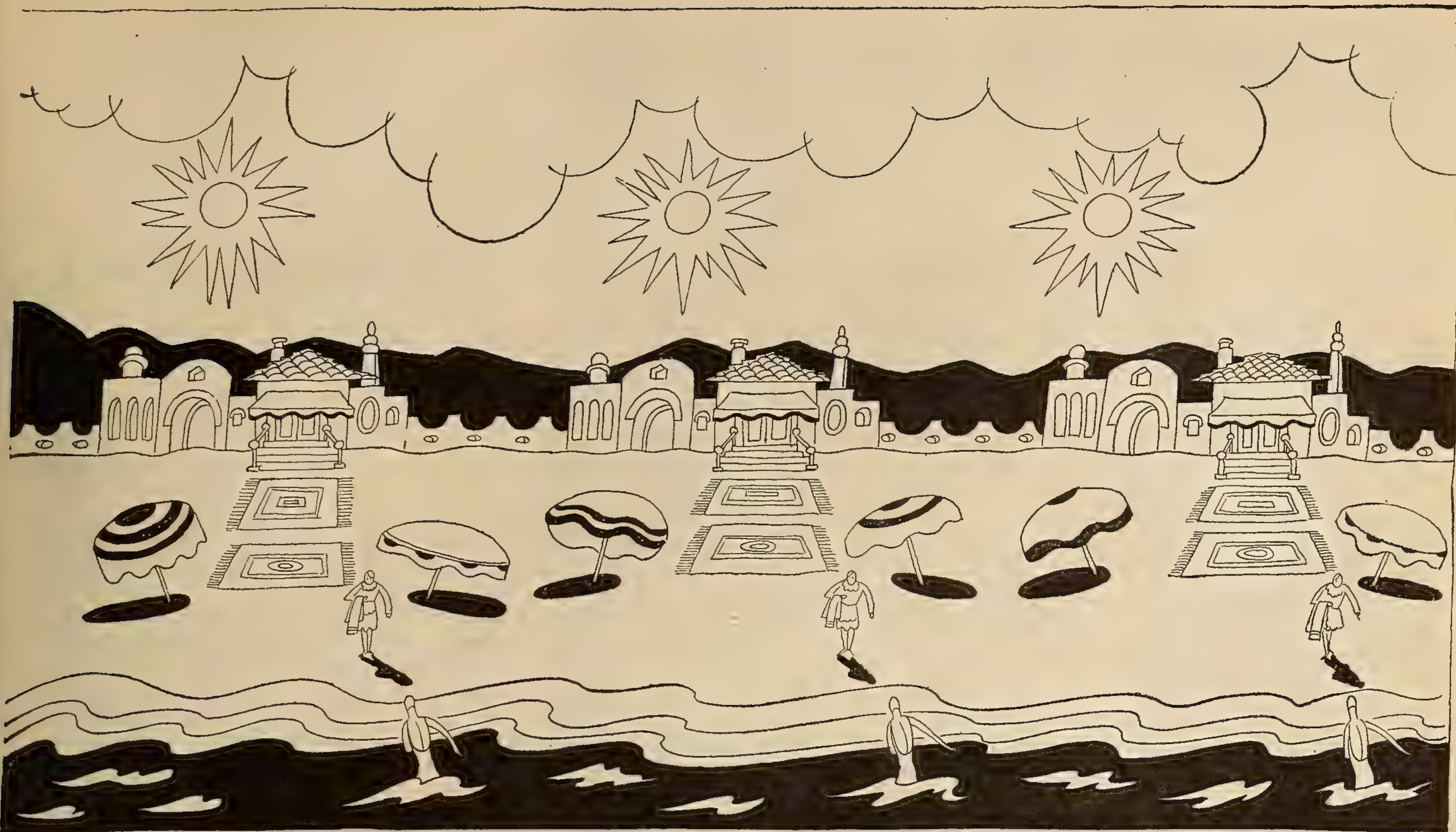
Well, my mistake. Tell me about Hollywood, daddy. I heard it was wild and woolly and—What did you think, daddy?

It isn't.

I heard the parties run all night, daddy—and wild women can be seen up in the hills at all hours—leaping from jag to jag.

Don't you believe it, Rollo. Those are real estate agents.

And I heard all the bathtubs are solid gold, and the tennis courts are Carrara marble, and they have platinum plumbing and hot and cold running gin on every floor.



When the movie stars rough it at Malibu, they do it in a big way—but simplicity predominates.

HOLLYWOOD

By J. P. McEVOY

You have been misled, my son.
It isn't anything like that?
Nothing like it.

I'M disappointed, daddy.

Sorry, Rollo.

Heartbroken, daddy.

Don't cry, Rollo.

Desolated, daddy—ravaged with grief—prostrated
with sorrow.

You're breaking my heart, Rollo.

I don't wish to live, daddy.

You mustn't take it like that, Rollo. You are a grow-
ing lad, Rollo, and disappointments such as this will
come often to you in the years ahead.

No fooling, daddy?

Absolutely, Rollo.

Then what is there to live for, daddy?

You may well ask, Rollo.

All my life I've looked forward to growing a little
older so I could go to Hollywood. All my life I've heard
dark and delightful rumors about the night life along
Hollywood Boulevard, and those devilish doings in the
Pig 'n' Whistle.

Poor boy.

AND up and down the Malibu, daddy—don't tell me
there's no Malibu, daddy.

Oh, yes, there's a Malibu, Rollo.

What do they do there, daddy? Tell me, tell me. I'm
all a-twit.

They swim and sit, Rollo. That is
—in the Summer.

And in the Winter, daddy—in the

Winter, tell me?

They sit.

That's all?

Well, they eat off each other.

Don't they make yip-yip, daddy?

I beg your pardon?

Yip-yip? Hey-hey?

Who?

The movie stars.

Where?

On the Malibu?

When?

Anytime, daddy. What's the big idea anyway? I
don't think you know anything about it, daddy, and I'm
beginning to suspect you've never been to Hollywood.

Oh, yes, I have, Rollo.

I'm becoming quite convinced, daddy, that not only
have you never been to Hollywood, but that you don't
know any of the stars.

Oh, Rollo, how could you?

WELL, then, do you know Jack Oakie?

Oh, yes, Rollo.

Does he speak to you?

Oh, no, Rollo.

Do you know Jack Barrymore?

Mister Barrymore to you, Rollo.

Do you know him?

Oh, yes, Rollo.

Does he speak to you?

Oh, no, Rollo.

Are you unhappy about it, daddy?

No, Rollo. (Continued on page 106)

Decorations

by T. Howard Graves

MOTHER

BY
ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS

Marlene Dietrich, the Newest Screen Personality, Finds It Isn't Easy to Combine Motherhood with Acting

ABOVE all things in motion pictures I love an actress.

I am of the old school and cannot be convinced that the display of an attractive personality is acting.

I do not object to it, of course. It comes within the laws of entertainment. We, as a nation, love personalities, exploit them and respond to them, in politics, business, athletics and the arts.

But I do want them called by their right names. And the presentation of personality, over and over again on the screen, is *not* acting.

I love acting. Love to see it. So, I believe, do the vast majority of people who remain content with personalities because they see so little acting that they forget what it is like.

They are going to see some of it now. Believe me! Marlene Dietrich is an actress.

IN my opinion, she is a very great actress. She is going to knock American audiences right off their seats and have them, as Wilson Mizner would say, gasp-

ing in the aisles. As Pola used to say, "Here is great artist." I admit I am all excited. It happened all in one day and without any real warning, because I have long since ceased paying any attention to the ravings of a studio anent a new foreign importation. They arrive by the carload and go back the same way and they are as quickly forgotten.

But the day I saw "Morocco" and met Marlene Dietrich was a great big breath of heaven. Twenty-four hours of real thrills, which I had given up expecting in these colorless, mechanical days of the talkies. Now that I have seen her act, and met her as well, I may confess that it's been hard, woefully hard, trying to be enthusiastic about the smooth, bland, too-competent and too-conscious charms of our modern youths and maidens of Talkieland.

I have, even in print, yearned back toward the good old days.

Then—Marlene Dietrich.

I haven't had such a kick since Pola Negri descended upon us like a gorgeous tornado some years ago. Pola shook Hollywood to its foundations.

Advance showings of Marlene Dietrich's first American film, "Morocco," indicate that the newest German invader is likely to become a sensation. As the café singer, Amy Jolly, Miss Dietrich combines some of the electrical qualities of Greta Garbo and the late Jeanne Eagels.



IN the morning I saw "Morocco," which is Marlene Dietrich's first American talkie.

Into my vision moved a woman who left me breathless, who stirred me as no actress on the screen has stirred me since I saw Pola Negri in "Passion" ten years ago.

A woman who showed me on the screen all the phases and emotions of a consuming passion. The little projection room grew tense with it. I felt myself swept along upon its tide toward the inevitable end as the music of Wagner sweeps me.

I had no time to think of the story, to judge whether I liked it or didn't like it, no time to criticize this woman's technique or appearance or personality.

It was as vital as looking upon a storm in the mountains, or a great murder trial. You have nothing to do with it, no opinion of its place in the scheme of things. There it is—life. And there she was, living, suffering, loving. The heart followed her as resistlessly as the eyes. Bad woman—good woman? How can you tell? A human being, handled roughly by Fate. A fiery, lovable, dynamic, mistaken, pitiful, alluring figure. Right or wrong, something *real*. Every breath she drew you drew with her. She made you *believe* that woman.

She lifted Gary Cooper up with her. All his possibilities became actualities.

THE Paramount studio, which regards me as hard-boiled, cynical, critical and cold-blooded because I cannot get excited about the immature and routine flutterings of machine-made stars, decided to give me a special medal when I came forth, white, tear-dimmed, speechless.

"I've just seen an *actress*," I said.

Five minutes after I met Marlene Dietrich I realized that she was even greater than I thought.

Because it was acting.

Marlene Dietrich is no more like the elemental, violent, fascinating woman of "Morocco" than the gentle, sensitive Duse was like Camille.

To me, Duse was the greatest actress who ever lived. I have resented, bitterly, openly, and often the comparison of any living actress to the immortal Eleanora. In a very small whisper, let me say that if time and fate are good to her, this German girl might one day be allowed a very small corner of the Duse mantle.

I was still quivering with exaltation when I met Marlene Dietrich.

Marlene Dietrich is the daughter of a German army officer, killed early in the World War. She studied English, French, music, and, in time, married a director of German films. When Emil Jannings returned to the Fatherland, he selected Miss Dietrich as his leading woman. Her playing opposite Herr Jannings brought her an American contract.



"MARIA IS MY HAPPINESS," SAYS MARLENE DIETRICH

The rest of this interview with the star of "Morocco" belongs by rights in the magazine of the Parent-Teachers Association.

WE talked for an entire afternoon, interrupting each other, laughing, shedding womanish tears, getting all worked up—without a single change of subject.

We talked about children. Bearing them, having them, loving them.

I never saw anyone so mad about children, so proud of motherhood, so agonized over separation from a child.

"I wish I had twelve of them," she said. "Always, I have liked to think of a long table, with children on both sides, all mine, and me at the top.

"Sometimes I wish I am not an actress. It is difficult. In America you women have babies—poof, like nothing. Norma Shearer has a baby and hardly is it noticed. Me? Oh, while I wait for it I can do nothing else. I hardly dare to breathe. I must not have one thought that can go outside of that baby—which-is-to-come. Then—six months I nurse my baby. In America it is so that one does not nurse the little baby. You give it out of a bottle, eh? Maybe. I could not do that. Oh, how I cried when the doctor says, put the little baby on a bottle. That is a sad moment is it not?"

I STUDIED her while she talked and was more and more surprised.

There is an unusual simplicity about her whole appearance. Her expression is sincere and her manner gracious and a little shy. Very little make-up, less, indeed, than I have seen on any woman in public in a long time. She wore a gorgeous brown suit trimmed with two baby foxes, but without that air of smartness which makes so many American women look exactly alike. No mannerisms, no tricks. A rather deep voice which is remarkable for its lack of accent, since she arrived from Germany only eight months ago. A big girl, beautifully and strongly built, with long, slim legs, expressive hands.

There she is. You can take her or leave her. Plainly, she hopes you will like her. Her ways are neither conciliatory nor antagonistic. Simple, sincere, natural.

That's what she is. A simple, sincere young German woman, well-bred, well-educated. A sweet mouth, a clear skin, nice blue eyes, and hair that is nearer red than gold. You wouldn't call her beautiful.

"I miss my baby so much," she said, quietly. "I am very lonely here. I wish I did not have to stay. Now, I do not sleep nights any more because very soon I go back to Berlin and my little girl. You would like to see her picture? They are only little ones, but I have not



Both Adela Rogers St. Johns and Frederick James Smith (See page 84 and 85) agree that Marlene Dietrich is likely to become a great American film favorite. Miss Dietrich has a vital quality that lifts her instantly to the forefront of interesting motion picture personalities.

the big ones here at my dressing room. Some time you come to my house in Beverly Hills and I show you lots of the big ones—and when she was a little baby."

FROM her brown bag she took a small silver case. I opened it and looked at an exquisite, fairy-like little thing, with golden curls floating about a round face.

"On her birthday, December 13, I am back in Germany," she said. "For Christmas I stay there six months. Then—I come back for six months."

"How did you get the courage to come in the first place and why didn't you bring her?" I asked.

She made a quick gesture, hands open, palms up.

"I cannot bring her. It is better that I ache with loneliness for her than that she be in a strange place and this too warm climate. I am afraid here she loses the red apples in her cheeks. There—is her father, her grandmothers, her little cousins, her home and her garden. Maria is only—oh, when I get home she will be five. She was but a little past

four when I left. How quick they go! And I have missed so many days."

Her face fell. But she brightened again.

"In her letters which she tells her papa how to write to me, each time she tells me she is still little. She knows I am afraid she will grow. So she says, 'Mama, darling, I am still little. I am the same. You will see. I do not grow more than I can help!'

"You see, it was Maria herself who has made me come to America.

"For a long time they talk and they talk and they talk to me that I should come for pictures. In silent pictures they want me to come, but I say no. Then Mr. Joseph Von Sternberg, who directed 'Morocco' and is the greatest director in the world, came to Berlin. He has seen me in a musical comedy in Berlin. I was educated for music, you know—at Weimar."

I SAID I had once studied at the conservatory in Leipzig, and she came quickly and took my hand.

"You were happy there? You know then? I was happy, too. First I am at the pensionart—where one learns to cook and keep house. Then I go to study music.

"So—Mr. Von Sternberg casts me with Mr. Jannings, for a picture in Germany. Once more they start—talk, talk, talk, all day. I shall come to America. I say 'No, no, certainly not.' I cannot leave my Maria.

"It makes me nervous and unhappy. I love my work. Money—I care for that only that one may live nicely and that Maria may be safe. (Continued on page 123)



Photograph by Don English

GEORGE BANCROFT

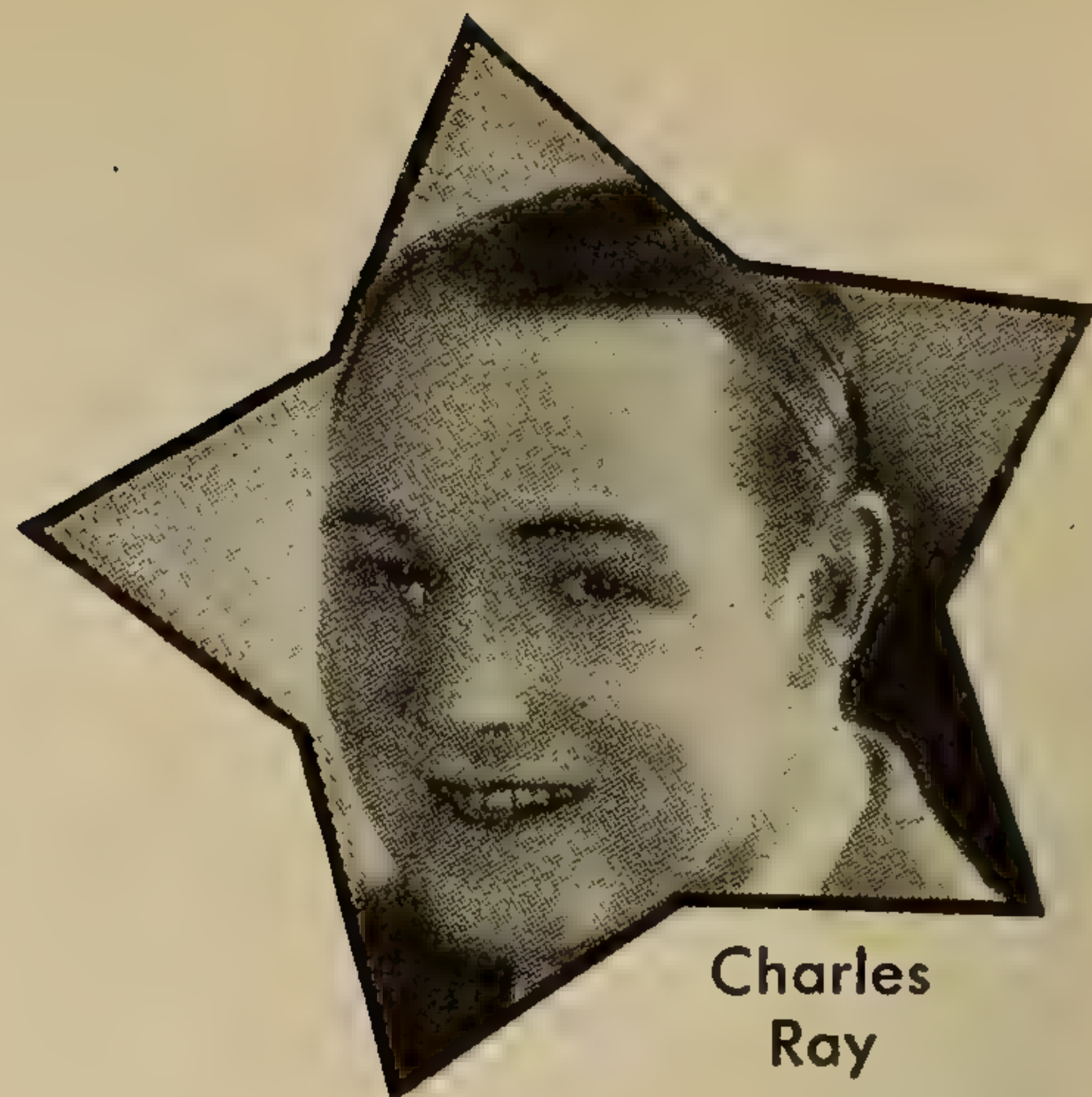
You will see George Bancroft in a new sort of rôle in his next film, tentatively called "Unfit to Print." Mr. Bancroft will play the hard-driving managing editor of a sensational daily, a cynical gent to whom the words MURDER, LOVE NEST and CRIME are sweet music. The pleasant Kay Francis will head Mr. Bancroft's cast.



Maurice Costello



Francis X. Bushman



Charles Ray

FALLEN IDOLS

BY HERBERT HOWE

IF you are an idol worshiper don't be ashamed. So was your great grandpa.

Our pagan ancestors made idols out of wood and stone. To us, in this enlightened age, this seems a foolish waste of good building material. We make ours of celluloid. We picked models for their resemblance to the old Venuses and Apollos. Many would have passed for the wooden originals if they hadn't moved. Noting this, some genius called them "movie idols."

When Michelangelo completed his image of Moses it looked so life-like he slapped it on the knee and cried, "Why don't you speak?"

With similar pride we recently smote our images, and they, not having the wisdom of Moses, tried to talk.

It was a terrible smote to our pride. We didn't mind them looking wooden but we couldn't stand them talking that way. You'd feel foolish worshipping a ventriloquial dummy.

* * *

EVERYONE knows that the Talkie Machine has been behaving like the old French guillotine. Hollywood crowns are bouncing around with the celerity of dice at a Harlem picnic. The whole world shudders at the decimation.

Mary Pickford's abdication recently quivered in headlines of European journals along with President Leguia's Peruvian exit. Mary said she was tired of Hollywood and was quitting it for the New York stage. True, she has reconsidered since.

Queen of Hollywood through all its turbulent history, Mary is the symbol of the idolatrous régime. Prophets may see in her possible passing the end of the old order, the machine overwhelming the individual, personalities becoming mere fodder for the mangling monster.

But maybe we're blaming the Talkie too much. Father Time packs a sickle as sharp as any guillotine. Many

are the stars who have silently passed away, their departure scarcely noted, no Talkie Machine to blame. Several now boop-a-dooping the chutes were due for a quiet skidding.

NEXT to worshipping their idols, the favorite sport of our barbaric grandpas was knocking them to pieces. Ours are much more tempting for this pastime. No physical effort is required. "We make 'em and break 'em" might be a slogan of movie idolators. Some last longer than others, but the end is the same for all, unless death saves them. Every Adonis and Aphrodite must some day play the nigger baby for a public armed with baseballs.

Europeans are less given to this savagery. When they really get stuck on stars they take them for better or for worse until death divorces. With us it's a few hot years and we're off with a sexier attraction.

* * *

HERB HOWE SAYS:

"The Talkie Machine has behaved like the old French guillotine."

"Women go to the theater to be thrilled, men to be entertained."

"A star may change his wife but not his type. Harold Lloyd has stuck to his type. He has fifteen million dollars."

"Human beings must worship. They have bowed to sticks and stones and gods invisible. In the past there were kings, as well as gods, to excite the imagination. Now Hollywood alone provides the circus."

few dare-devils reached out and touched him. They discovered he was flesh and blood. It was a fatal discovery.

Francis in his turn awoke forlorn. Nor do I know what the note said. Some said his admirers were disillusioned when he divorced his wife. More probably they were disillusioned to discover he had one—along

MAURICE COSTELLO was the first great god. Confess you've forgotten him and probably lost his photograph, which held the spot now hallowed by Buddy Rogers.

I don't recall what Maurice did to offend the ladies. The cause is lost in the years, anyway. He awoke one day to find his public had eloped with Francis X. Bushman.

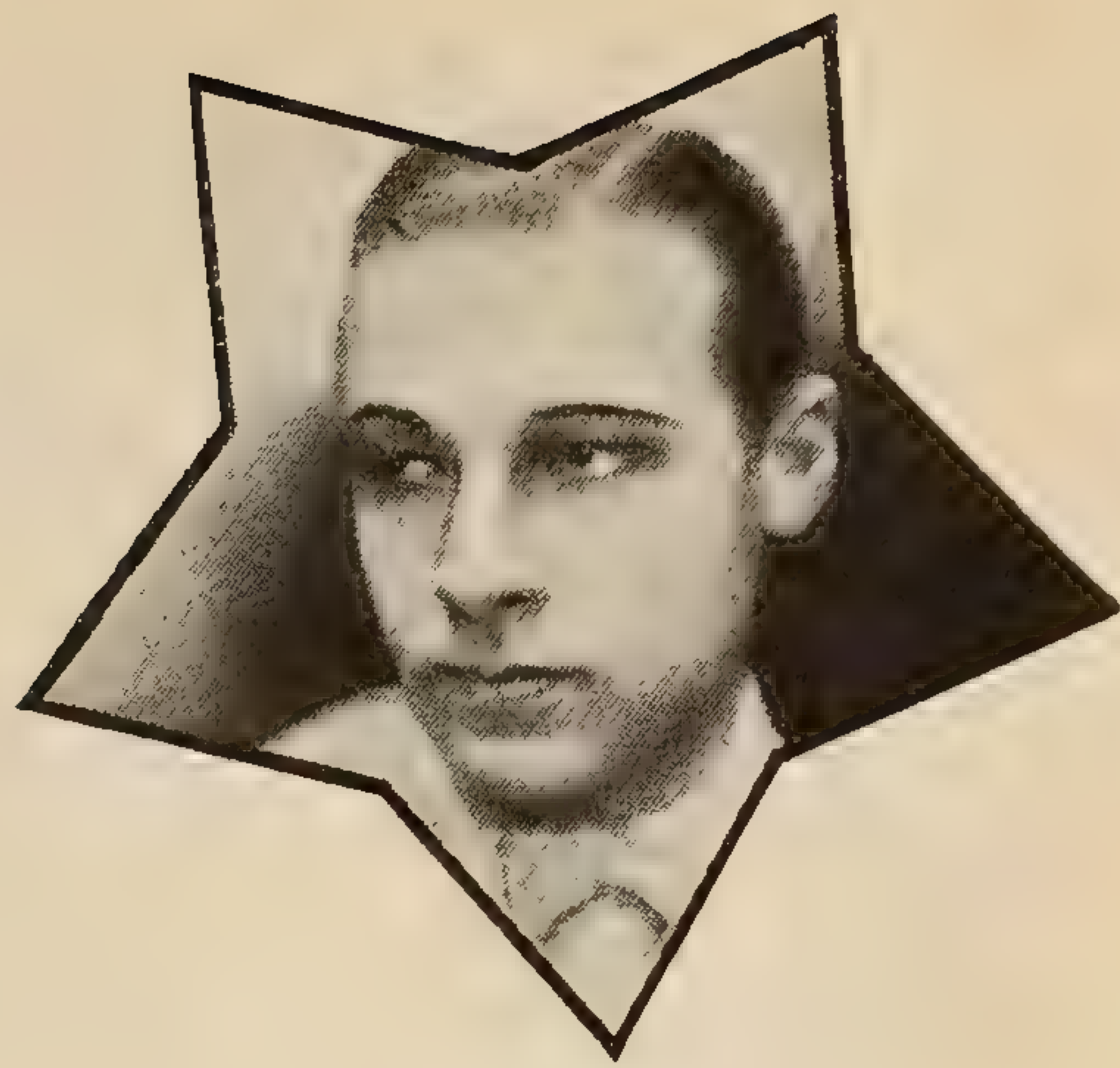
As a dragoman of female affections Francis has been surpassed by only one. Francis was the first idol to make a personal appearance. When he walked down the aisle of the theater people shrank from him as from a spook. A



Bill
Hart



Tom
Mix



Rudolph
Valentino

Business, Not Art, Makes the Best Hollywood Pedestal. But, at Best, It Is a Slippery Spot, for Anything May Happen to Bring New Laurels or an Unexpected Oblivion

with nine children. Then there was the exposé of him wearing silk pajamas and an amethyst ring. This was effeminacy. Women love he-men and so they quit Bushman cold and fell for Valentino, who wore two rings and a slave bracelet and had already divorced one wife.

* * *

MORE excuses can be found for breaking an idol than for making one.

No one has yet been able to give the recipe for movie popularity. Of course, the stars themselves lay it simply to genius. Genius has become a vague and stretchy word. Personality, too, is rubbery. Seeress Glyn said it was IT but couldn't say what IT was. Presuming IT to be sex-attraction, whatever that is, IT is hardly an explanation of the success of Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge. Nor even that of Garbo and Bow, since these are the idols of women rather than of men.

All movie idols may be arbitrarily aligned in two groups: the favorites of men and the favorites of women.

Men have few sets. They usually go where they're taken. But they're strong for the few they have. These are: Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks and, in a lesser way, Bancroft, the late Lon Chaney, Laurel and Hardy.

The idols of men are men. Women go to be thrilled, men to be entertained. Garbo and Bow may get some of the boys, some pretty old ones at that, but with Chaplin and Lloyd in town the same night the girls can only count on a hen party—with a few hen-pecked.

When Gloria Swanson and Harold Lloyd held rival matinees in New York the line-up for Harold looked like that for an army mess hall, Gloria's for a bargain basement.

Men went for the laughs, women for the styles.

* * *

GLORIA came back in "The Trespasser" not, as many suppose, because she vocalized louder than Aimee McPherson, but because she had dolled herself up again. "Sadie Thompson" was Gloria's best performance, but those togs of Sadie's cost her nearly every friend she had.

Inversely, when Clodhopper Charlie Ray went Tailor-Made Man his admirers showered his path with banana peels.

A star may change his wife but not his type.

This brings me to my point. A star to endure as a star must specialize. I once held discussion with John Gilbert on this subject. My contention was that the screen is limiting. A player must stick close to his own character. His versatility is bounded by the variety of his personality.

John was for being Protean, running the gamut of human characters, now Lord Byron and now Mr. Disraeli.

Arty but not practical.

* * *

CHARLIE CHAPLIN talks of playing Hamlet. He never will. Charlie knows his business as well as his art. I shall come to that later. Charlie has originated a character more entertaining than Hamlet and he sticks to it. He knows that versatility is its own reward.

Douglas Fairbanks has played characters of many names, but they've all been alias Fairbanks. Doug himself is a great and stimulating personality. We prefer the real to the fictional.

Mary Pickford was the angel child with the golden curls. A deity of childhood. When she cut the curls and became a "new Mary Pickford" she faced the consequence of a new star rating. Mary did not willfully change her type. Little Eva died and went to heaven long ago. In her place we have the little bobbed baby who knows what it's all about. It was this flapper generation, not Mary, who crowded out Little Eva.

Lloyd, the spectacled Grandma's Boy, is another who has stuck to his type and is as good as his gags. Harold has fifteen million dollars. Why change your type?

* * *

TURNING to the new personalities of Hollywood I find few with the distinction of the old-timers. Show me a personality to vie with (Continued on page 118)

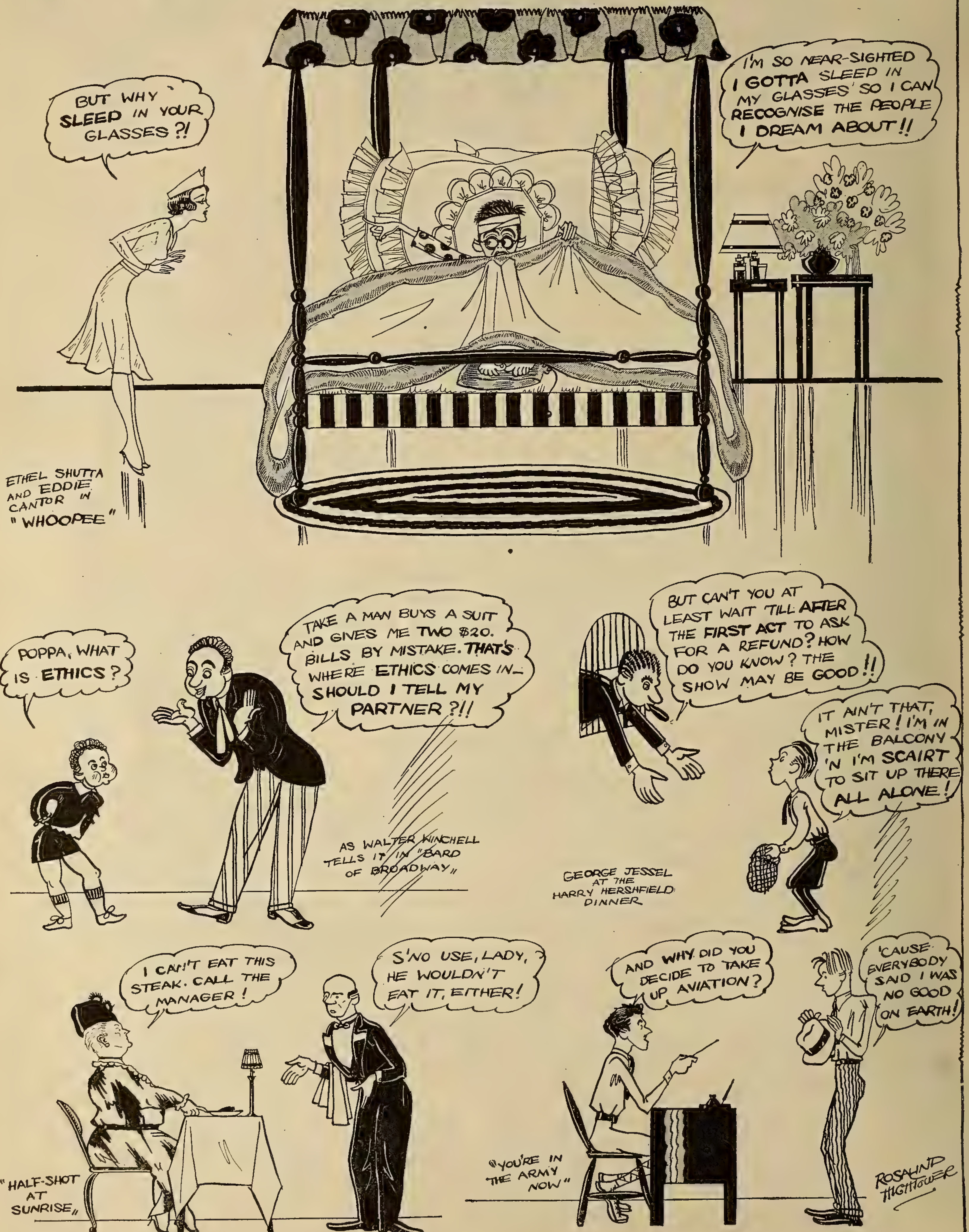
SAYS MR. HOWE:

"Turning to the new Hollywood personalities. I find few with the distinction of Doug, Chaplin, Mary, Valentino, Mabel Normand, Bill Hart or Tom Mix."

"The new stars haven't much chance. Hollywood has been conventionalized. It takes a stronger individual to hold out in Hollywood today. Garbo is the only figure of heroic mold to match the old gods and goddesses."

"In Hollywood they believe good pictures are accidents. Thus Lady Luck is the patron deity."

LAUGHS of the FILMS



Says Benny RUBIN

It's a Crazy Interview and You
Are Welcome to All the Facts, If
You Can Locate Them

By SALLY BENSON

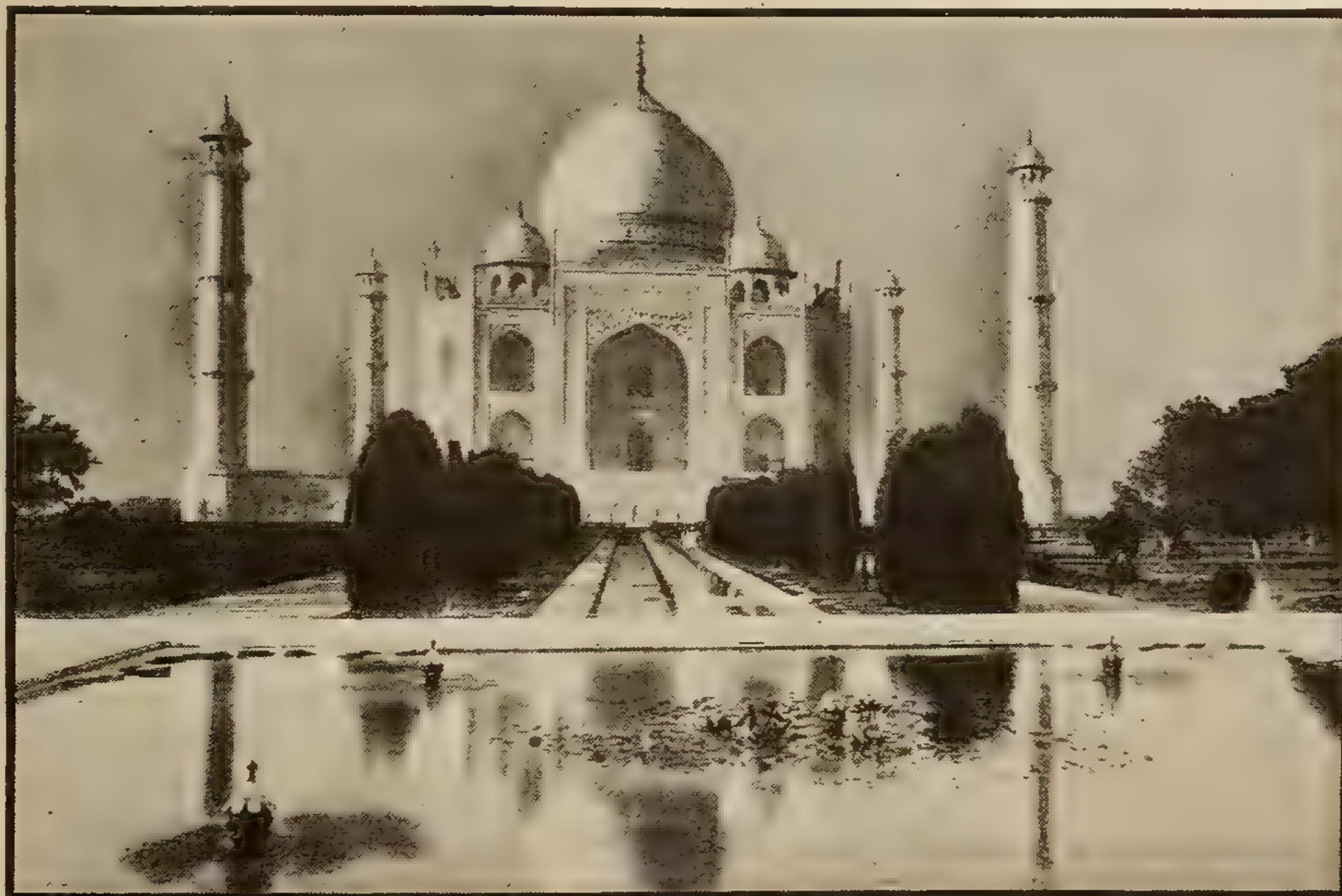


THE house, obviously somebody's home, lay nestled in the Hollywood hills. It was simplicity itself. I couldn't help comparing it to the houses on either side of it, although I don't like to be disloyal. The flowers, the picnic party making merry on the lawn, the ingenuousness of the sign in the driveway, "For Rent or for Sale," put me immediately at my ease. "Here is a guy," I thought, "who hasn't let success go to his head."

I stopped to pat the two curly headed youngsters who were playing in the driveway. They were playing as happily as ordinary children, apparently all unconscious that their father was the charming Buster Gilbert, Junior, idol of the silent and sound screen. Their mother, a Mrs. Everett J. Mullally of Alton, Illinois, lived within a stone's throw. Yes, the same Mrs. Mullally who flew from Los Angeles to Hawaii and cemented the friendship between Bavaria and Japan. What a life that woman has led! I could make a book of it if anyone would let me. And very soon the Editor of NEW MOVIE is going to send me all the way to Alton, Illinois by plane, to get the low down

Photograph by De Cou
from
Ewing Galloway

This may look like the Taj Mahal to you—but it isn't. It is Benny Rubin's modest Beverly Hills bungalow. Mr. Rubin's bathing pool, while not the largest in the colony, is one of the swankiest.



Benny Rubin, the Madcap himself. Benny declares that his favorite role is cinnamon and refuses to disclose his salary.

from the neighbors about her. But that, of course, is another story, even though Fate has interwoven these two lives so that you can hardly tell one from the other.

I STOOD musing for a time. It may have been hours. Sometimes when I get to thinking, it's almost more than I can stand. But the shrill cries of the kiddies brought me to my senses. One of them was stuffing rocks and California poppies down his little brother's throat. Ah, California, wherein lies your charm?

I rang the bell and whistled while I waited and then

I said, "Good morning to you, Jack." But I little knew the trouble that he brought me when he handed me a letter edged in black. What a pretty song that is! And yet people say that there is no sentiment. The door was opened by a youngish man, all unaware of anything. For a minute I couldn't place him and then in a flash I realized that it was Benny Rubin, Madcap Benny
(Continued on
page 111)

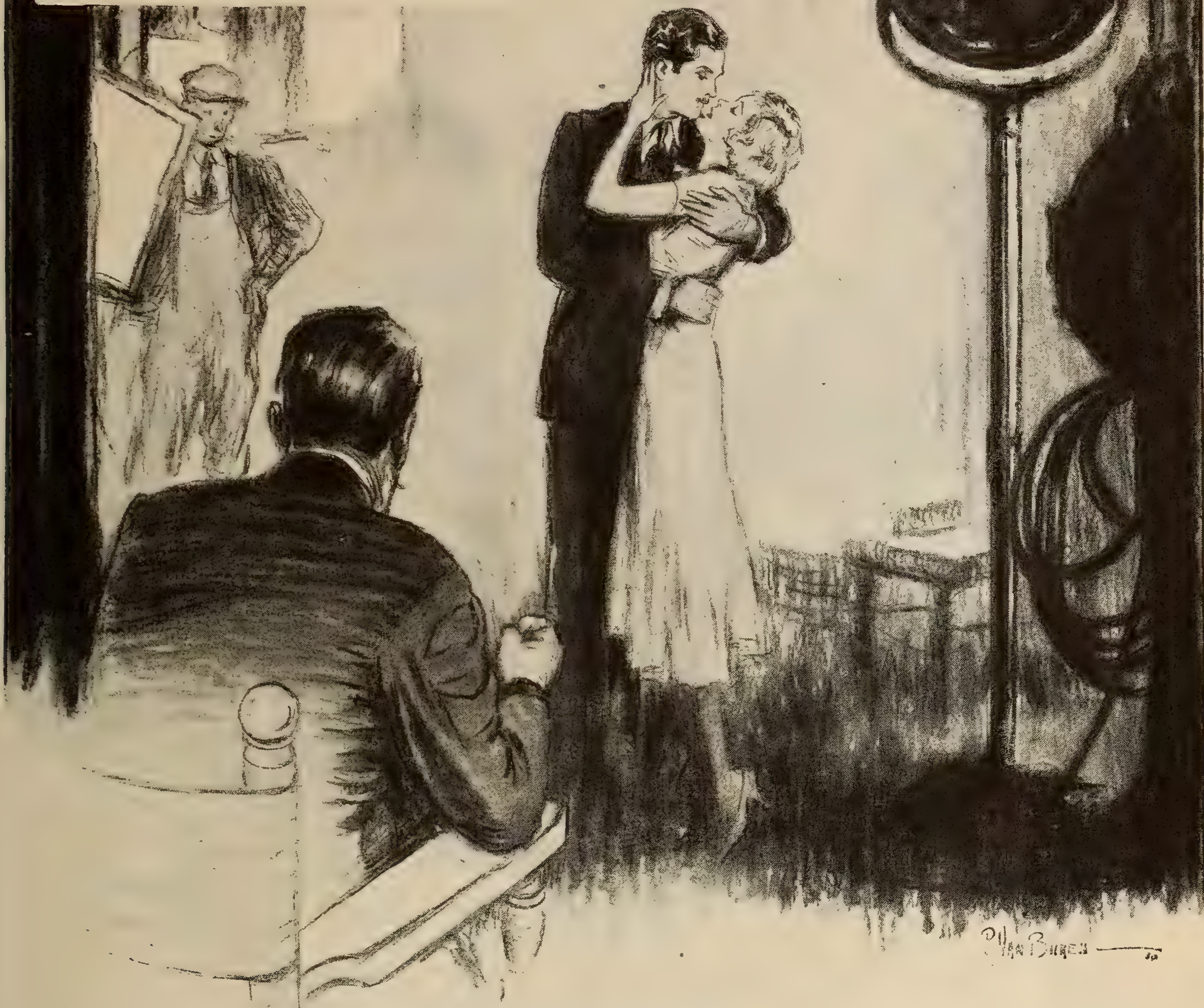


Photograph by Earl Crowley

DAVID MANNERS

A striking study of David Manners as the young boy of the countryside who falls in love with the 18-year-old Naomi Kellogg (played by Ruth Chatterton) in "The Right to Love." Young Manners, who is twenty-eight, was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He made his first real hit as the younger brother in the film version of the war drama "Journey's End."

A Delightful New
Short Story by
STEWART ROBERTSON



"Kiss her!" shrieked the director. "Remember, you ain't seen her for two years. Crush her to you, you sap, and bear down on those ruby lips!"

THREE hundred and fifty feet in the air the Musclebound Arms thrust its well advertised bulk of mongrel architecture, and a transient pigeon winging its way past the twenty-fifth story might have perceived Mr. J. Wellington Kwattle, directorial genius of Epictures Incorporated, taking his ease. That worthy's suite commanded what was supposed to be an inspiring view of Wilshire Boulevard, and now he sprawled comfortably, eyes on the traffic below, toward

which, with an occasional regal gesture, he sprayed the ashes from a dollar cigar.

But Mr. Kwattle's heart was no longer in his play, for his future seemed as dubious as his nationality. For two days he had mused above the heads of the multitude, finding little comfort in the knowledge that his next production would be played by the most popular puppets on his company's payroll, for what he had at first diagnosed as heart-burn he knew to be the

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

Drawings by
Ray Van Buren



pangs of ambition. And now he felt an enormous restlessness as his gaze picked out the top of someone's hat and followed it for a block or so. What, wondered the long and gangling J. Wellington, lay beneath it?

"I can do it!" he gritted. "I can discover a new face as easily as some of these lead swingers who stumble into a cafeteria or something, and what do they see but a second edition of Venus or Adonis inhaling a ham sandwich. Pooh! Here I am, with a couple of dozen box office wows to my credit, and yet, when I went snooping around the president's hangout yesterday, trying to do myself a little good, I'll be a monkey's

uncle if they weren't discussing me. ME—the guy who took 'em out of the red with 'Girls De Looks,' the musical that made the public think of a knee as a joint for entertainment. It ain't right!"

BY way of emphasis Mr. Kwattle inspected himself in the mirror and went into a frenzy of gesturing. "The gall," he complained, "of a burned bearing like the president saying no wonder I was a good director because they always gave me the best material to work with. I'll show him! Down there on the boulevard is



LIFE — s'funny I never thought of that before —and here's where I mingle with it. No languid gaping from a Rolls-Royce, either; I'll walk. Even should it cripple me, I'll walk from here to the Biltmore, part for Art and part for Kwattle." And choosing a robin's-egg blue fedora, an act that stamped him as a gentleman unafraid, he stumbled forth to the elevator.

His progress downtown brought little result, for, like any man who is surfeited with beauty in his business, Mr. Kwattle preferred to look for the odd little flair of eyebrow, nose or chin that spells personality. He barged slowly onward, wondering why ninety percent of the ladies had not lynched the inventor of the off-

The russet curve of Redondo Beach lay glistening in the heat, dappled with gaily colored dressing tents and the bluish-black figures of the lady contestants in the annual race to San Pedro. At the northernmost end of the line, the trembling Iris in a lavender bathing suit was being earnestly smeared with grease by a couple of the studio handy men, as Director Kwattle beamed encouragement.

the-face felt, and, after a rest in Lafayette Park, during which his leers at strolling damsels earned him a barrage of scowls from their escorts, he reached the noisy stretches of Figueroa Street.

Feeling that his arches had become as flat as an iceman's, the puffing J. Wellington dragged himself past the inevitable fortune teller's, herb doctor's and curio shops, and stopped before a window occupied by some of the unfortunate females who have to toil in full view of an inquisitive public. And there he remained, quivering like a naturalist who has just glimpsed a new and colorful butterfly.

POISED at an adding machine was a lustrous blonde who mercifully escaped the coldly classical type of beauty by virtue of a retroussé nose. In addition, that ole devil Nature had planted a tiny mole at a point sufficiently southeast of a rosebuddy mouth to lend piquancy to her face, and, combined with such pre-war attractions as a bosom, waist and hips, the effect on the mesmerised director was to draw him through the nearest door and strand him at a counter.

"That young woman," he told an inquiring clerk. "I'd like to speak to her," and he watched admiringly as the blonde came smoothly across the office with the effortless ease of those who wear shoes that fit. She took his proffered card, read it, and raised a pair of amethystine eyes to the Kwattle countenance, an area which possessed no interest for anyone but a cartoonist.

"Yes?" she inquired in a voice like the rustle of silk.

"Sweetheart," chirped Mr. Kwattle in a hoarse whisper that reached every perked ear in the accounting department, "how would you like to have a fling at the films?"

The girl showed none of the symptoms of rapture he had read about in similar cases. "My name," she said frigidly, "is Revere; Iris Revere. And Miss to you or any other funny looking thing in a hat like that."

"Yes, ma'am," mumbled J. Wellington, surprised to find himself quailing like a mere extra. "S'cuse me, but you know how it is with us in the talkies—all little pals together. Why, only the other day I said to Clara Bow, 'Listen, Queenie,' I said,—"

"Turn it over and play the other side," suggested Miss Revere tartly. "Perhaps I'll like it better."

IT was Mr. Kwattle's turn to grow indignant. "Do you realize that many a duchess would scrap a castle, not to mention the duke, to have your chance?" he shouted. "I'm asking you, do you want to make a test for me or would you rather play around with the Scotch piano? It's five o'clock now, so let's discuss it over a dish of tea at the Biltmore, and I mean tea. You will? Good, I thought you'd melt."

A quarter of an hour later he had himself well sprinkled with crumbs of cinnamon toast as he gestured through his argument. "So that's why you can save me," he ended. "No kidding, when I heard the president make that slur about my rep I was sore enough to go East on a bender up at one of those Montreal hotels where the guest is always tight because that's the way us artistic guys are. Try to muzzle us, and phut! we go nuts. But I'll say I gave myself a break by taking this walk and I'll guarantee one for you. What do you say?"

Miss Revere regarded him curiously. "You really think I'm good looking enough? Why, this mole, for instance—"

"Sweetheart," said J. Wellington earnestly, "Pardon me, I mean kid, the old silent movie standards are out. What you've got is personality, what I've got is brains, and the combination is irresistible, as the underwear salesman says."

"I did try to get into the movies two years ago, like most girls, but not on my face."

"Wanted to be a script girl, I s'pose. Say," asked J. Wellington in sudden alarm, "you ain't an intellectual out here to write a novel, are you? I had one of

those things working for me once, and I should have known she had a superior mind because she needed a shampoo. Well, what does she do but tear off Hollywood expose number 8472 called 'SEWER?—SURE!' and may I strangle on my next herring if I wasn't on every page."

"IT'S nice to know you've had troubles, too," smiled Iris looking at Mr. Kwattle for the first time as though he were human. "I've failed, you see, and like a lot of other failures, I'm afraid to go home. I—I don't believe I'd care to run the chance of being disappointed again, so that's why I've been so aloof to you. The pictures haven't much lure for me and there's really only one thing that holds me here."

"Could it be a man?"

"A superman," corrected Miss Revere in hushed tones, her amethystine eyes glazed with romance. "I've seen him at four premieres and once coming out of a chiropodist's. He's the

most wonderful—well, you must know Peter Silverdale."

"Oh, him," said Mr. Kwattle unguardedly. "Sure, he's wonderful so long as I'm directing him, the dizzy ape. Didn't I have to sock him twice before he could look downtrodden enough for the big scene in 'The Wages of Gin,' and then didn't the critics go gaga over the lyric beauty of his performance? It's things like that put this hump on my back."

"You bully," cried the girl. "And you want me to work for you! No, thanks."

"Wait, wait," begged the director, creating an air pocket with his flourishes. "Ain't you forgetting that you'd be tossing vowels in the same studio with this synthetic sobber?"

"We-e-el—"

"Suppose I promise that if you pass a test, I'll see that you play opposite him inside of six months?"

Miss Revere's petalled lips moved with the rapt expression of an idol worshiper. "It's a bargain," she murmured. "Oh, just to think of seeing him every day! When do you want me to report?"

"Tomorrow morning," said J. Wellington, "but don't say I didn't warn you. Y'see, sweetheart, the trouble with your plaintive Peter is that, strictly under your hat, he's more dental than mental."

THE emergence of Miss Iris Revere from the testing laboratories of Epictures Incorporated was nothing short of a parade. Executives beamed oilily as they ushered the complacent J. Wellington and his discovery to the sacred precincts of their private dining room, and the name of Kwattle was uttered so often that it seemed like mating season on a turkey farm.

Kwattle, said the consensus of opinion, was full of surprises. Fed up with professional beauty, he now preferred to pluck his flowers in their native soil, providing it wasn't too muddy. Bravo, Kwattle! And the object of their praises smiled cynically, speculating on how soon he could demand a raise.

On another part of the lot Mr. Peter Silverdale was brushing two spidery trails of powder from his shoulders, and although they had been placed there by the impassioned embrace of his leading lady, the fact seemed to cause him little enjoyment. But then, it had become a pose of Mr. Silverdale's never to appear delighted about anything. A darkly handsome young man with a soulful expression, he had been seized upon by the critics as poignantly appealing, and ever since then he had faced the world with wistfulness equal to that of a hungry extra at a theatrical banquet.

The brushing completed, he sighed impressively and began sauntering across the lot to the dining room, looking far too ethereal to possess such a chemical process as digestion. Then, (Continued on page 97)



Photograph by Don English

Buddy Rogers is now making his second visit to Europe. The last time he went over—in his pre-movie days—was as one of the caretakers of a shipload of cattle. Not having much money, Buddy saw foreign lands under difficulties. Recently, however, Buddy crossed with his mother on a crack boat with all the luxuries that go with film stardom. He's seeing Europe—but we'll bet he doesn't forget the carefree days of the cattle excursion.

The Richest Woman in Hollywood

By HUGH WEIR



She has earned by her own efforts one of the largest fortunes of any American woman in business

Ruth Roland, the girl of a thousand thrills, tells a true life story of her own as dramatic as any in which she starred on the screen.

a property owner—a real property owner! That was my big thought which kept hammering into me. And I thought everybody else would see it in the same way.

"But when my friends found what I had done they proceeded to tell me I was crazy. I remember that after I had made three payments on my precious property a banker told me that the best thing I could do was to forget it. 'And lose my thirty dollars?' I protested. 'You'll be lucky if you never lose more than that, young woman,' he told me. I left him and took a walk out past my lot.

"I had to admit that it didn't look like so much after all. But it was mine; it belonged to me—if I kept up my payments. And then and there I made up my mind to do so regardless of any advice to the contrary. Maybe I *was* foolish—as other folks looked at it. But you see——"

RUTH ROLAND broke off abruptly with one of those engaging whimsical smiles which she has made famous on the screen. "Perhaps I should explain that I am a native daughter of California. I had learned to love Hollywood, and I wanted to feel that I belonged to it—and that even a small part of it belonged to me. So you see, it was as much sentiment as business that influenced

me in my first real-estate operation. Regardless of my motives, I was a mighty proud person on the day when I finished my payments and received a clear title. Looking back now, I know that I paid too much as real-estate values went in those days—it wasn't even a corner lot—but the important point was that I held it until I was able to sell it for a profit. I was fairly started then in my ambition to become a real-estate owner and promoter—and I meant to do it on a big scale, too, or not at all."

Miss Roland was silent for a moment, and it did not need much imagination to conceive that her mind was going back to the days when Hollywood, the film capital of the world, boasted only a straggling shadow of its present opulence. With a little sigh she resumed:

"My problem, of course, was the problem which comes to every shoe-string operator. I was making a good salary—and saving a nice part of it each week. I had

"THE price," confided the richest woman in Hollywood, "was ten dollars." She shrugged an expressive shoulder. "That is, ten dollars down and ten dollars a month—until I had paid six hundred and seventy-five dollars. Then I would get a clear title to the property."

Ruth Roland, the girl of a thousand thrills, was describing her greatest thrill for *The NEW MOVIE Magazine*. She was revealing the purchase of her first piece of Hollywood real estate, which was to lay the foundation of one of the largest fortunes that an American woman has earned in business by her own efforts.

Miss Roland shook the sunny curls into which her bobbed hair is growing and into her eyes came a sudden gleam. "When I walked away from the real-estate office that memorable day, I knew that although I had paid only ten dollars down I was on my way to being



"Being a business woman is harder than being a movie star, and there isn't the constant excitement to keep you going."

always been trained to look out for a rainy day, and, brought up in the hard school of the stage as I was, I had never allowed myself to become personally extravagant. But I soon saw that the utmost savings I could make from my regular salary would never give me capital enough for my purposes. And my real-estate ambitions, rather than diminishing, were growing.

"I was finding all sorts of opportunities for what I thought would prove wonderful investments—if I only had the money to swing them!

"One location in particular captured my imagination. It was in a section of the famous Wilshire Boulevard, which I was certain was going to become one of the great streets of California. It was true that the plot of ground that I wanted was quite a distance out, and the more conservative citizens insisted that business would never go out that far. But in my mind's eye I could see a prosperous future for that section just as clearly and vividly as though blocks of houses had already been built.

"**T**HERE were ninety-six acres in the plot—and I could buy it, if I took the whole thing, for \$3,750 an acre. But the investment was so far beyond my reach that it seemed foolish for me even to think about it. I couldn't even get a dollar's worth of insurance because the insurance people felt that my work in pictures was of too hazardous a nature for them to take a chance on me. I was stumped! And then when I was becoming bluer and bluer about it all an opportunity came to me to make what might be a lot of money in a short period.

"At that time I was starring in serials which were being released by Pathé. My salary was my only remuneration. One day the proposal was made to me to become my own producer. I would not only star in my pictures, but I, Ruth Roland, would make them!

I would be not only an actress but a business woman! The prospect was so good that it seemed impossible—until I found what it was going to cost. It takes money to make pictures—good pictures! But by that time my heart, body and soul were set on doing it—even if I had to hock everything I owned. And I did it!

"I got everything I could on my house. I drew out all of my bank account. And still I didn't have enough. But I did have some good jewelry. And I added that to the contribution. By the time I was finished I was cleaned — but I had enough to see the picture through with careful economy. If the picture was a flop I was through for good—but I didn't let myself think of that! I was like the heroine in the old melodrama who was riding the Kentucky Sweepstakes in her brother's clothes to save the old homestead.

"**W**ELL, we finally finished the scenario and the continuity—and they were good, if I do say it myself. We had everything in the script but the kitchen stove—and I'm not sure that we didn't use that before we were through! We called it "Ruth of the Rockies"—and if any girl could do more reckless stunts in less time than I did—from roping bronchos to hand-to-hand encounters with grizzlies—I'd like to meet her! I was determined to give people their money's worth in order to get mine. And I think I worked generally from about five o'clock in the morning until it was impossible to keep my eyes open at night. The 'rushes'—that is what we troopers call the prints from the laboratory each day—looked good. But, of course, nobody could tell much about the real value of what we were doing until the powers in New York saw the completed job. The day their telegram of congratulation came I was so exhausted I was ready to drop. And

their verdict was way beyond my anticipation. If they were right, 'Ruth of the Rockies' was sure to go over. And they were right. Do you know that in addition to my salary as star I made over fifty thousand dollars from that picture?

"The first thing I did was to rush over to the real-estate agents with whom I had been dicker-ing for the Wilshire property. I knew I didn't have

enough to make the first payment they wanted—but I was hoping they would make better terms. They heard me through—and then shook their heads. 'We can't do it,' they told me. 'The risk is too great.' And they got together and made me another proposition.

"If you can't buy the (Continued on page 98)

"I am proud of my business success but I am prouder that I was a popular serial star—for I have always felt that the serials were one of the most genuine and universal forms of entertainment which the films had to offer."

RUTH ROLAND



Whoopee! Lily Damita is the heroine of "Fighting Caravans," another of those celluloid epics of pioneer days. Gary Cooper is the star. How does the piquant little Lily of the French Boulevards play a gal of covered wagon days? The scenarist has taken care of that. She's a little Parisienne who is driving her own wagon of merchandise across the plains when she meets our own Gary. Guess the rest.

The Financial DIARY of IRENE RICH

You Have Often Wondered Exactly What a Motion Picture Actress
Earned. Here are the Facts and Figures.

By DOROTHY HERZOG

TUCKED away in Irene Rich's desk is a little black book that carefully and painstakingly notes her financial rise from a struggling extra to a high-paid film emoteur. The little book throws illuminating light on the economic battle that faces any girl who attempts to crash the celluloids without invitation.

It also throws a new light on Irene Rich; I never suspected her honesty went so deep as to permit her to admit she was born in 1891. That her first month's efforts in the movies, beginning January, 1918, netted her \$48. That she married Captain Rich of the U. S. Army when she was seventeen, lived with him in Honolulu, raised chickens for lack of a more active tropical avocation, divorced Captain Rich after her second child, Jane, was born thirteen years ago, worked in a realtor's office in San Francisco, visited Hollywood in November, 1917, gratified a secret yen to poke into a studio, received five dollars for extra-ing in Mary Pickford's picture, "Stella Maris," returned to San Francisco, assembled her small family of two children and one mother, moved bag and baggage to Hollywood, and with nary a welcoming hurrah entered upon a grease-paint career that was precarious to say the least.

"**I** MARVEL now," Miss Rich admitted, "how I ever had the courage. See," resorting to the little black book. "I made only \$1,533.25 in 1918. Not much for four people, is it?"

"When we moved here from San Francisco, we lived on Gower and Melrose. Hollywood was scarcely more than a village but even then the studios were miles and miles apart. Not within easy walking radius at all and, of course, I trudged to them nearly every day hoping for work. I walked miles—miles," ruefully.

She smiled. I reckon Irene Rich is entitled to her smile. She made the flicker grade. She hit into the money class. She is married again, happily, to David Blankenhorn, wealthy Los Angeles realtor. She has a comfortable home in the non-film-ized Wilshire section of the city. She is putting her children through school. Frances, twenty now, graduates from Smith College next year. Jane goes to boarding school. There's money in the bank, bonds in the vault. Her chil-

dren, her mother, and herself, are independent. And what's just as important to Irene is, despite her thirty-nine years, she is still youthful. A few more lines around the eyes, perhaps, but a slender figure and an eager verve of manner.

The little black book, however, shows an uncertain, a halting start. January 2, 1918 saw the real beginning of her screen career. It was on this day she corraled extra work in a William de Mille picture and was paid \$5 for "mob emoting." We drop down to January 7th and she is in Cecil de Mille's production, "Whispering Chorus." She squeezed five days out of this film to total \$28. More, she had her first close-up. Oh, things seemed dog-gone optimistic.

And then February slapped optimism smack in the face. Irene earned only \$25 for the twenty-eight days, or a fraction more than a dollar a day. It wasn't a month for smiles, not by a long shot.

MARCH pulled itself together, however, to almost triple February. She earned \$68 and among sundry jobs extra-ed in a Douglas Fairbanks picture and in two starring Mary Miles Minter, then in the heyday of her career.

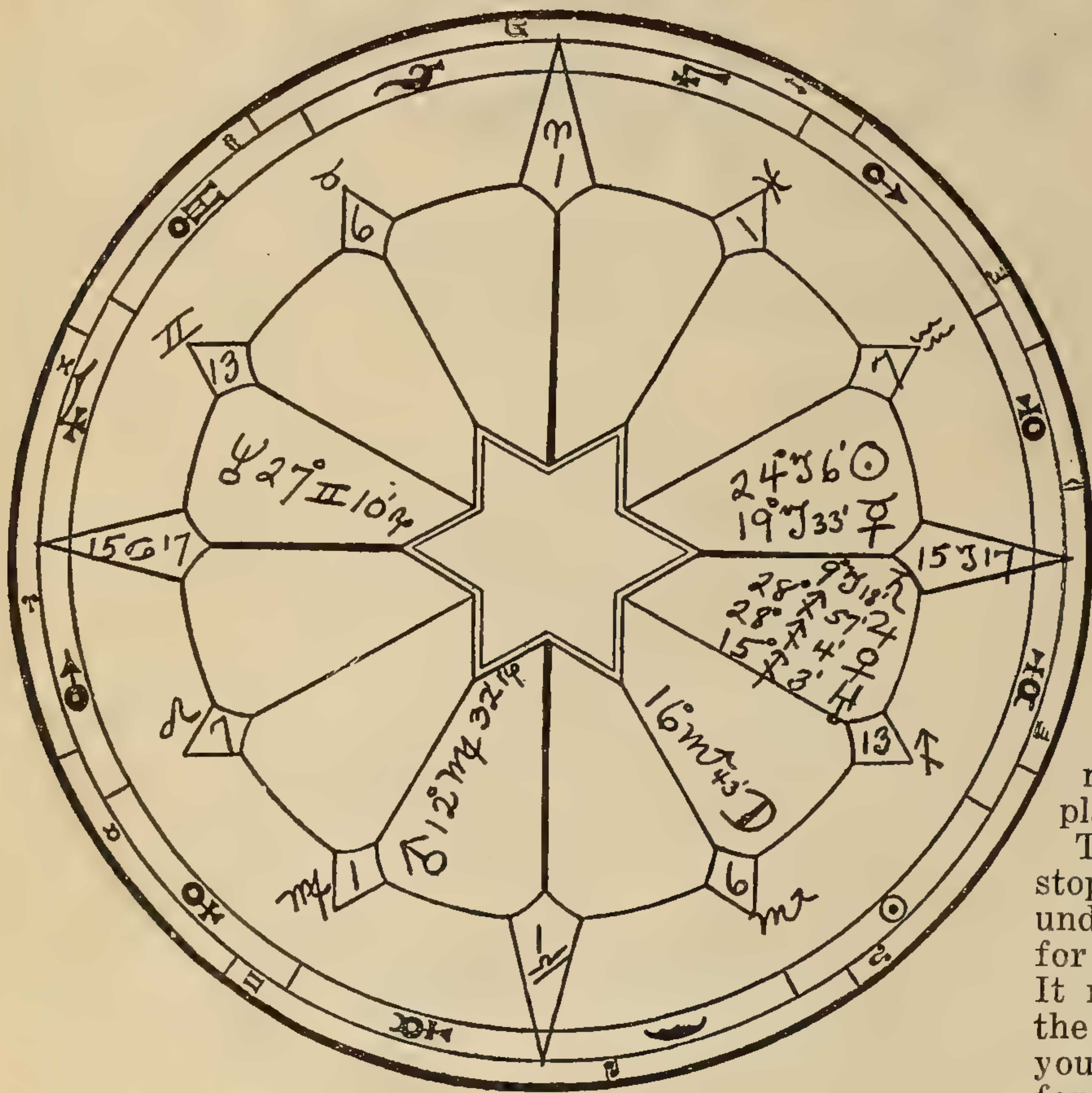
April showed even more improvement. Irene totaled \$114.40 (the forty cents carefully noted)!

It was in May, however, that she received her most encouraging "break." She was cast in her first small part. The little black book records: "May 1st to May 10th, Vitagraph, as Betty in 'The Girl In His House'—\$75." A week of idleness then elapsed, but May 17th saw her extra-ing in a Reginald Barker film for \$5 and on May 20th she was with
(Continued on page 112)

Irene Rich faced the necessity of earning her way and caring for her mother after the birth of her second daughter. A day's work as an extra in a Mary Pickford picture started her on her way as a screen actress.



HOW JANUARY Is



Evangeline Adams' horoscope for Bebe Daniels, who was born in Dallas, Texas, on January 14, 1901, at 4:30 P. M.

The World's Most Celebrated Astrologer Tells About the First Month of the Year and the Influences of the Planets Upon Its Children

logically to the fact that the moon, which rules the mother in your horoscope, was the most powerful planetary influence at the time that you were born.

The fact that the moon is your star of destiny didn't stop helping you when you were four years old. It has undoubtedly been the biggest factor in your success—for the moon does many things besides shine at night. It represents, among other things, our relations with the public. And if the moon is favorable, as it is in your horoscope, success with the public is an almost foregone conclusion. There was nothing in this particular aspect which prophesied success in the movies—but with the moon and Mercury, which governs the mind, both friendly to the practical planet Saturn it was inevitable that you should have found *some* method of commercializing your talents in a big way.

WELL, Bebe Daniels, you *have* got a horoscope! If you had come to me when you were a small child, I should have been hard put to it not to have sent you away a very much discouraged youngster. Of course, I *wouldn't* have sent you away that way. I never do. But the conditions for the later years of your life are so much more favorable than those which have governed the earlier years that it would have been difficult—even for an astrologer who has schooled herself to be a philosopher—to keep her mind off the obstacles which you, as a young girl, were obliged to overcome.

The fact that you did overcome them, that you turned early struggles into success, that you even fought your way through the early illnesses which were written in your destiny, shows what a fine, courageous, lion-hearted person you are.

FOR example, the planet Mars, which governs fevers, was in the sign of Virgo when you were born—and Virgo governs the digestive tracts in the human body. It was almost inevitable that a child with a planetary condition like that should suffer severely from fevers. And you may remember—I am sure your mother does, if you don't—that you nearly died at the age of five from a severe attack of the deadly typhoid!

It would seem, too, that your mother was inspired by foreknowledge to take just the course which would help you to overcome the indications in your horoscope which indicated delayed success, for she started you on your stage career at the age of ten weeks and kept you at it so industriously that, at the age of four, when most children are still playing with their blocks, you were good enough to attract the attention of David Belasco and to win a place in the Belasco Stock Company in California. This intervention of your mother, which resulted so beneficially for you and her, was due astro-

THE fact that your course led you straight to California and the movie lots is accounted for astrologically by the fact that the powerful and fortune-bringing planet Venus, which governs entertainment and artistic endeavor of all sorts was in friendly aspect to Neptune, the ruling planet of the motion-picture industry. And your success in that field was predestined, not only by the fact that you naturally attract good fortune and are intended to deal in large figures but by the fact that you, more than most women, profit through personal contacts. And, as everybody knows, success in Hollywood must be built on the foundation of cordial and friendly personal relationships.

Another factor which helped you to overcome your early handicaps and turn a potentially weak body into the fine, straight, handsome creature that you are today is your love of outdoor life and the pleasure you find in association with animals. You may suffer annoyances through small animals—I don't necessarily mean anything of a crawling variety!—but it is written in your horoscope that you cannot help being fortunate through that noble animal, the horse.

You have Venus in the outdoor sign Sagittarius; and I always tell people who have Venus so placed that it is absolutely necessary that they spend part of their lives in the open and enjoy the inspiration which comes through athletics or association with animals. The fact that you rode horseback with fierce daring over the hills and fields at La Crescenta between the ages of eight and twelve and played baseball with the boys on the neighboring lots, and the fact that you are today a fine fencer and swimmer as well as a licensed airplane pilot—we won't say anything about that ten days you spent in jail for driving your motor car too fast!—all these things are direct fulfillments of your horoscope's requirement of an active, outdoor, athletic life.

Written in the STARS

BY
EVANGELINE
ADAMS

You can write to Miss Evangeline Adams, in care of NEW MOVIE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, or you can get special advice, via your radio, three times a week: Miss Adams broadcasts through a national hook-up of 44 stations, over the Columbia chain and Station WABC in New York City, on Mondays, Wednesday and Fridays. Watch your local radio programs for this interesting feature.

MY experience has taught me not to under-rate this Sagittarian urge for animals and outdoor life as a factor in human existence. I have a client, a very wealthy woman of the Long Island polo set, who is a Sagittarian herself and is married to another Sagittarian, with whom she has just one thing in common—horses.

"I would get a divorce tomorrow," she said to me once, "if it didn't mean selling the farm and getting rid of the ponies!"

In your case, Bebe Daniels, you are probably not so Sagittarian as all that. Your husband would have to give you something besides a horse! Your Venus may be in the outdoor sign, but the sun, which has more to do with determining your characteristics than any of the other planets, was in the earthy but ambitious sign of Capricorn when you were born.

Perhaps I should explain that there are nine planets which affect our character and destiny, including the sun and the moon, which are not strictly planets according to Mr. Webster. These planets are continually moving at varying rates of speed through the astrological heavens, (Continued on page 116)



The moon is Bebe Daniels' star of destiny, says Evangeline Adams. The moon represents our relations with the public. If the moon is favorable, as it is in Miss Daniels' horoscope, success with the public is an almost foregone conclusion.

IF YOU ARE A CAPRICORN CHILD

IF you were born between the 23rd of December and the 21st of January you are a Capricorn person. You may not be a Bebe Daniels or a Tom Mix or a William Haines, but you will undoubtedly possess some of the qualities which have contributed to their success. Anyhow, you are a born worker. You have boundless energy, which makes you both ambitious and tenacious. You have an orderly mind and are by nature a planner. You are naturally thrifty; and your abhorrence of being dependent on others tends to increase your desire to provide for the future. Moreover, you have a strong love of service and a wholly admirable desire to improve the conditions under which you live.

This last trait, admirable though it is, should not lead you into a position where you are likely to be imposed upon or actually defrauded. You must conquer your fear of the future. You must not be overcome by the notion that you won't succeed. These feelings have downed many an otherwise well equipped Capricorn person. You must build up con-

fidence in yourself and your abilities. All your industry, your perseverance, your energy, your tenacity and your ambition will be of no avail until you have conquered fear. They may lead you to the portal of success—but unless you banish fear, you will not be able to enter the gate. In other words, you must do and dare if you wish to get the rewards to which your great abilities entitle you.

Don't take life too seriously. Above all, don't let your natural tendency to thriftiness lead you into stinginess. Thrift is something to be commended up to a certain point, but be sure not to let it get away from you. Enjoy success while you may; and if adversity comes, meet it with every confidence that your magnificent energy and industry will soon put you on the top of the heap again.

You have great physical power and a constitution of iron. But take good care of your digestive tracts and look out for any signs of rheumatism. At the first sign of failing health, these two sources of illness should be closely watched.



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

IRENE DELROY

Miss Delroy, who was a musical comedy favorite on the Broadway stage before she migrated to Hollywood, will next be seen in First National's "Men of the Sky." Mandarin coats, by the way, are becoming decidedly popular in the capital of the movies.

Daring Titles

Birmingham, Mich.

Mr. W. E. Price (in the October *Dollar Thoughts*) apparently does not realize Charlie Chaplin is the greatest pantomimist in the world. He talks with his feet, cane, and hat, and even his enigmatic smile. Speech would only detract from his action.

The silent screen occupied a field of its own and had no rival, but the "talkies" compete directly with the legitimate stage and the battle is on. The

movie magnates are helping to kill the "talkie" by adopting such suggestive titles as "Anybody's Woman," "The Lady Surrenders," "Wild Company," etc. The threatened smutty invasion may sound the talkies' death-knell. See what it has done to the stage!

*Dr. Hugo Erichsen,
415 Harmon Avenue.*

Cheers for O. O. McIntyre

Washington, D. C.

You are, indeed, to be congratulated on the acquisition to your staff of that popular and well-loved writer, O. O. McIntyre. I read his articles religiously every day and have done so for years, so am looking forward with zest to the next issue of *NEW MOVIE*, just to see what he has to say. He is a student of human nature with a keen sense of humor and I am sure will make new friends through his new medium.

*Dora C. Herbert,
3413 13th St., N. W.*

Anent Baby Pictures

Kansas City, Kansas

Would it shatter our illusion of Nancy Carroll to publish a photograph of her daughter?

NO!

I grant her reason for withholding it is entirely her own affair.

The encroachment of public curiosity into an actor's private life must be maddening—but that we, the motion-picture public, would think less of Nancy Carroll the actress is "bunk."

As a mother she incites our admiration.

Incidentally I am not a Carroll "fan"—although I have enjoyed most of her pictures.

Her performance in "The Devil's Holiday" was splendid!

My own opinion is that the "fans" want sincerity.

Louise H. Lewis.

Thinks Nancy Is Right

Biloxi, Miss.

Just a word about that interesting article "No Close-ups for Baby" in the November issue of *NEW MOVIE*. I think Nancy Carroll is perfectly right in not wishing to be photographed with her baby. The fact that she has a baby does not make her less appealing to her public, but to see her with the child would necessarily be disillusioning, because it would cause her to seem less the "little girl" that we movie fans have been picturing her.

*Maud Mugnier,
2307 Wilkes Avenue.*

DOLLAR THOUGHTS

The New Movie Magazine Readers Express Their Opinions of Film Plays and Players—and This Monthly

For Baby Portraits

Minneapolis, Minn.

I am hoping such stars as Nancy Carroll, Norma Shearer and Gloria Swanson read *NEW MOVIE*, for I want them to know how thoroughly disgusted I am with their silly views on photographing their children because they fear the publicity.

Of course, we are all crazy to see the offspring of our favorites, and it makes us love them all the more for undergoing the agonies of moth-

erhood. As for me, it doesn't destroy one atom of my admiration, rather, it increases my love and respect for these beautiful women. We know they have the babies—why not let us see them? After all, what is sweeter than a mother with a baby in her arms?

*Charlotte Rosenberg,
2647 Polk St., N. E.*

Praise for Short Reel Stars

Burbank, Calif.

Why not a word of praise for Anita Garvin and Marjorie Beebe of short comedies? Especially that cute Miss Beebe. What entertainment she has given us. We certainly think she has Clara Bow and a few more beat a mile, and we've enjoyed her comedies a lot more than some big feature pictures. Here's hoping they have loads of success.

*Mrs. G. B.,
167 Elm Court.*

Against Song Changes

Iowa City, Iowa

When moving-picture companies are making screen versions of successful musical comedies why don't they keep the same music in them? I was very disappointed in "Whoopee" because so many of the songs that made it such a hit on the stage were left out. "I'm bringing a Red, Red, Rose," "Go West, Little Girl," and "Love Me or Leave Me." I considered the last named to be the best song in the show. Can't we please have faithful reproductions of the stage shows?

*Margaret Schlundt,
Currier Hall.*

Wants Actors Identified

Philadelphia, Pa.

I am very much out of sympathy with the present method of a number of the producers in not placing beside the name of the actor the rôle played, when the cast of characters is shown. I feel that it is quite an injustice to the players as the public, even though extremely fickle, like to give credit where credit is due, but if they do not know the name of the actor in the part who gave a performance that was particularly creditable it is impossible for them to make more than a passing record of it in their minds.

*William C. Brown, Jr.,
6471 Morris Park Road.
(Continued on page 99)*

THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address your communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City.



Beacon, N. Y., watched Robert Montgomery Grow Up and Never Suspected His Dramatic Talents

about 1919, young Harry Montgomery, then fifteen, was greatly interested in dramatics. When he went to visit his grandmother in Brooklyn during vacation, he took part in a church play at St. John's Episcopal Church in the city of Brooklyn. The play was "Clarence." Young Montgomery was cast as "Bobby". He scored such a hit that the family and neighbors insisted on calling him Bobby. The name stuck and, when the future star climbed onto the legitimate stage in New York City, it was as Robert Montgomery.

Montgomery was born at the Holland Hotel in Beacon and lived there with his father, mother, and brother during all the sixteen years he remained in Beacon. His father was an executive of the New York Rubber Company, dividing his time between the Beacon and New York offices.

Asked for reminiscences of the movie star, Joe Grennan, clerk at the Holland during those days, just held up his hands and opined: "He was all boy, but as nice a little lad as you would want to meet—when he wanted to be. When he and his brother came down to the dining room with their father and mother there were no two nicer boys in the room. But when they foregathered with pals in the hotel barn on a wet day, it was time to watch out."

"The one thing I remember about Harry," he continued, "is his eyes. He had the largest and bluest eyes I ever saw and, when he smiled, he just melted your heart. That's how it got him off so easily the day I caught him trying to ride his bicycle around the hotel billiard table."

"He was just a real boy, healthy and full of fun," recalls Mrs. Katherine Gordon, who managed the hotel all the years the Montgomerys lived there. "But he

Harry—now Robert—Montgomery as he appeared in 1906. The movie favorite was born in 1904 at the Holland Hotel in Beacon, N. Y., and lived there for the first sixteen years of his life. His father was an executive of the New York Rubber Company.

When Beacon, N. Y., knew Robert Montgomery, his surname was Harry. The name of Robert came about through young Montgomery's hit in the role of Bobby in an amateur performance of "Clarence." Folks just took to calling him Bobby after that.

JUST plain boy—that's the way most of his hometown folks remember Harry Montgomery; for Harry is the surname by which Beacon, N. Y., knew its Robert Montgomery, favorite of the Hollywood films and one of its most popular young men.

Born in Beacon, September 26, 1904, this city was the movie idol's home until he finished at the Pawling School and was graduated to the legitimate stage in New York City. Beacon remembers the movie favorite as the elder of two brothers—Harry and Donald—who lived at the Holland Hotel with their father and mother. Around the hotel are still told many a story which would add color and appeal to a Montgomery picture of today. For the future moviemanager was what neighbors term "a holy terror."

Beacon for a long time pondered its "Robert" Montgomery. We knew him as Harry. His right name is Henry, of course. The story of how he adopted the name of Robert is perhaps on the borderline of this tale but it is interesting: While at Pawling School

the lad as you would want to meet—when he wanted to be. When he and his brother came down to the dining room with their father and mother there were no two nicer boys in the room. But when they



HOME TOWN STORIES of the STARS

BY ROY GILLAND

Editor of The Beacon, N. Y., News

NEW MOVIE has been presenting the home town stories of the movie idols for the past year. In that time NEW MOVIE has told you all about John Boles, Myrna Loy, Conrad Nagel, Norma Shearer, William Haines, Richard Dix, Rudy Vallee, Amos 'n' Andy, Mary Brian, Richard Arlen and Jack Oakie—just as the home folks and relatives remember their childhood. These stories—far removed from the publicity careers as painted by Hollywood press agents—have been replete with hitherto unpublished details. This remarkable feature of NEW MOVIE has attracted wide attention. Coming are more home-town yarns of your favorites. Watch for them.

Next month you will hear about another big star.

was all for action. The rest of the young folks could be playing as nicely as you please but the moment Harry came in sight there was sure to be trouble.

"He was just that kind—chock full of mischief. If there was anything wrong about the hotel it was always safe to look to Harry Montgomery as the source. But everyone always liked him. There was never anything mean about him. He was always up to tricks and mischief but always lovable and likable."

Much of the charm of manner which marks Montgomery on the screen today, Mrs. Gordon believes, was inherited from his mother. "His mother was the sweetest woman I ever knew," she phrases it. "She was just beautiful to those boys. They were elegantly brought up."

In the group in which young Harry moved as a lad were his brother, Don, who was two years younger; Julia Gordon; the Brinckerhoff boys; Ted Williams; Jud Greene, and one or two more, not forgetting "Peggy," the Gordon dog.

Mrs. Gordon recalls that it was a favorite pastime of the youngsters to play tag on the hotel stairs, with the dog as the most active participant. The Montgomery boys had a pony and owned cowboy suits. Perhaps the reason they were so keen on Western stuff was Willie Douglas, colored employee of the hotel, who had a penchant for sombreros and leather chaps. He was forever managing their rodeos.

But Harry had a serious side, too. His friends say he was a youthful book-worm. It was not unusual for him to sit down of an

Robert Montgomery, as Beaconites best remember him. This picture was made in October, 1919, when he was a student at Pawling School. He was fifteen and his future movie career was undreamed of in those days.



Robert Montgomery at the age of three in 1907. This snapshot was made in Prospect Park in Brooklyn. Young Montgomery frequently visited his grandmother in Brooklyn and, years later, it was while on such a visit that he got his first taste of theatrical success.



evening and read a book in its entirety.

"He had a remarkable power of concentration," says his brother, Donald. "I often thought he just skimmed through the pages. I used to take the book and ask him questions about it. He could tell the whole story down to the smallest detail."

Harry was quite fond of athletics, his brother recalls. Horseback riding was his favorite diversion. He wielded a skilled tennis racket, and was good at golf. He was quite a swimmer.

During the time he was in Beacon, the future movie star showed no special interest in dramatics.

The HOLLYWOOD

VENICE, ITALY: Your boulevardier has gone lagooner this month, so slip into the old waters if you don't mind and we'll do the Grand Canal. This being the wettest town in the world, you'll want to be dry. Roll in the gutter here and you'll need a pulmotor to bring you to.

Queen of the Adriatic, Garbo of cities, Venice was the Hollywood of her day. Artists and writers flocked here for inspiration as they now hover to Hollywood for the ducats. Some, of course, still come here for inspiration (Director Murray Anderson was seen reading *Variety* in Piazza San Marco.) Robert Browning lived here and a well-read flapper of my party asks if "Peaches" lived with him. But no, baby, that's another story.

YOU can see Venice on the screen, but you have to come here to smell her. It's a test of love, smelling her in Summer, and I love her, every scent of her. She's the only city without traffic cops . . . pigeons and gondoliers have more sense than motorists. The Adriatic is her front lawn. It is the silkiest, most sirenic ocean in the world. The old doges

Mr. Howe Dreams of Far Off Hollywood as He Drifts Along the Grand Canal of Venice and Learns About Greta Garbo on the Lido

loved it so much they married it. At each ceremony they dropped a ring in. So it's not for pleasure only that your boulevardier is diving this month.

The Two Venices—You know there is a Venice in California too. But you can smell the difference right away. The one in California has a hot-dog fragrance. A man with a heart full of romance and a bag full of dough came to the brink of the Pacific some thirty years ago and was seized with a Venetian dream. Canals were dredged and a wharf was built along which edifices were to be reared. The only one that materialized was the Ship Café, where movie stars orgied in the pre-Hays days. On my first night in California Tony Moreno took me there on a party. It was a memorable night. I can still hear the roar of the ocean, the sweet clink of bottles and the laughter of Texas Guinan. Now all is faded. Of course, the ocean still roars but the clink of bottles is muffled and the laughter of Texas is monopolized by the New York courts. Venice, Cal., is now dedicated to shooting galleries, palmists' shrines and weinie incense. So here, as in Hollywood, you can see what happens to a Big Idea.

Learning About Greta—I've been lying on the Lido sands reading "La Vita di Greta Garbo" ("The life of Greta Garbo," in case you don't guess.) The sands are getting hot . . . *scusi* while I dip again for a doge's ring.

"La Vita" is an Italian translation from Spanish



The Hollywood Boulevardier has gone lagooner this month. "Venice, the Queen of the Adriatic, the Garbo of cities, was the Hollywood of her day," says Herb Howe. "Artists and writers then flocked to Venice for inspiration as they now hover in Hollywood for the ducats."

BOULEVARDIER

By
HERB HOWE

and is on sale at the kiosks along with the daily papers. Greta, you see, is news in all languages.

Like most stories of Greta, this gives you more vocabulary than information. Apparently there isn't much to be said. Greta herself has been reading everything she can find to post up. After one yarn weighing around eight thousand words she asked, "What means this?"

I'm asking the same, Greta, reading "La Vita." I always thought my Italian better in the silent version than the spoken but I'm having difficulties. Naturally Mussolini can't be bothered with me running to him every few minutes to ask what a word means, especially since none means much.

All I've learned I didn't know before is that Greta's earliest ambition was to be a fruit vendor. She never achieved a push cart but she landed in the film business just the same. This shows how much smarter she is than a lot of others you might think of.

The Barber-Shop Episode—"La Vita," of course, recounts the barber-shop episode. Swedish barbers have girl assistants just as American barber shops have nail butchers of the luring sex. From the age of fourteen to sixteen little Greta applied the brush to men's faces and the broom to the floor. Sometimes, dreaming of her future, she'd get the two mixed. During those two years not a man in Sweden shaved himself. I wouldn't be surprised if the safety-razor firms had something to do with Greta's transfer to a dramatic academy. By this move two industries were helped.

How Greta was Signed—"La Vita" doesn't say that the American film concern didn't want Greta, that they only took her in order to get Mauritz Stiller, the Jewish director, who wouldn't sign without her. Greta hung around the studio for months a forlorn and homesick waif. Then suddenly Hollywood did one of its humpty-dumpties and Stiller, the maestro, was fired and Greta, the unwanted, was placed upon a pedestal. Beaten and humiliated, Stiller went to Europe, traveling aimlessly without apparent interest in pictures. Greta, his protégée, remained in the chains of the Hollywood contract.

Perhaps Mauritz Stiller played the hero. Some of his Swedish friends think he did. They believe he pretended he didn't care so that Greta might feel free of any attachment. Stiller was an actor as well as a director. His death



Herb Howe sees a little wagon circus in camp in Paris and is reminded of Renee Adoree, who grew up in a tiny French circus. At kindergarten age she was a bareback rider in a small circus that toured the Continent.

sent Greta into a hermitage from which she has never quite emerged.

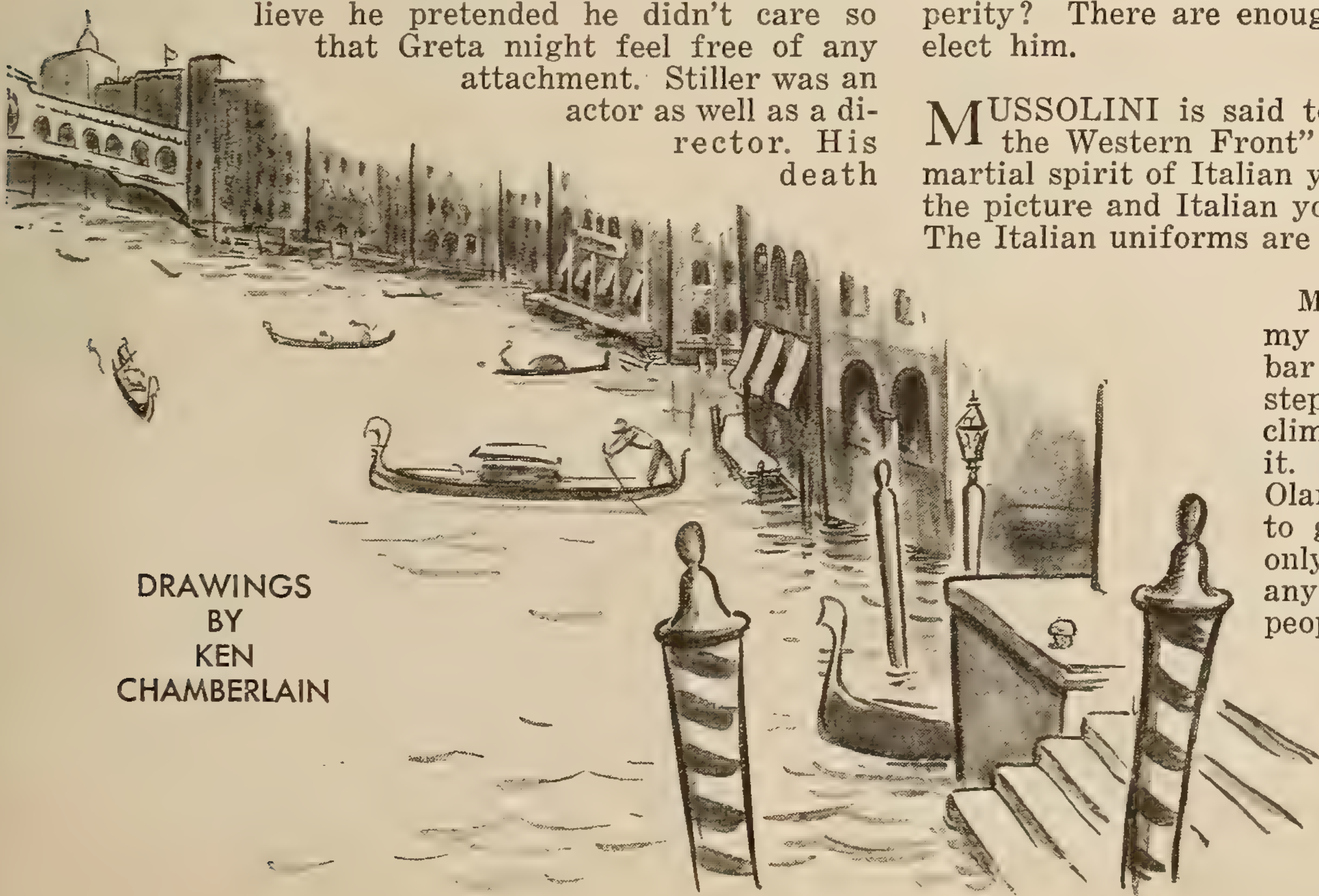
That, I think, is the short story of Greta Gustafsson.

Italy's Contributions—Italy has made three great contributions to the screen: Valentino, Mussolini and Bull Montana. All three happen to be favorites of mine.

Mussolini is my news-reel hero. When he appears I even forget my date with Greta. Benito isn't just an actor. His name will go down in history as the benefactor of mankind. He has put a stop to tipping. Why not Benito on a non-tipping platform to restore prosperity? There are enough of us spaghetti twirlers to elect him.

MUSSOLINI is said to have banned "All Quiet on the Western Front" because it would destroy the martial spirit of Italian youth. That's a compliment to the picture and Italian youth. But Benito is mistaken. The Italian uniforms are too beautiful.

Milan—The Milan Cathedral is my favorite cathedral. It has a bar on the roof. You climb 153 steps to get to it and then you can climb the steeples if you feel like it. I found my old friend Dr. Fu Oland seated at the bar refusing to go higher. It seems the bar only serves soft drinks now. If anything stronger were served, people might not be able to get down. Under the circumstances Dr. Fu felt he couldn't get either up or down, and so there he sat like an unbudging Buddha atop a Christian church. Eventually, I suppose, he will be pointed out as one



DRAWINGS
BY
KEN
CHAMBERLAIN

OUR ROVING BOULEVARDIER REPORTS ON ITALY

of the interesting old gargoyles.

Bull Montana's Birth-place—I came to Milan as an ambassador of good will to lay a wreath on Bull Montana's birth-place nearby. People are always asking me if Bull is really Italian or is it just a pose. This suspicion has wounded Bull, for he loves his public. That's why he hides away in his Spanish castle in the Glendale hills where he can gaze over the mountains and dream—who knows what?

Bull came to this country a little shawled stowaway from Italy some twenty years ago. In the very first place he visited his genius was recognized by the bartender and he was made the official bouncer. It was only a step from this to the ring.

"What's yer name?" the referee croaked, introducing him at the first bout.

"Luigi Montegna," piped our little one, who later was to be permanently showered with cauliflowers.

The referee, an oafish fellow, couldn't get the first name at all and the second sounded sufficiently like Montana to him.

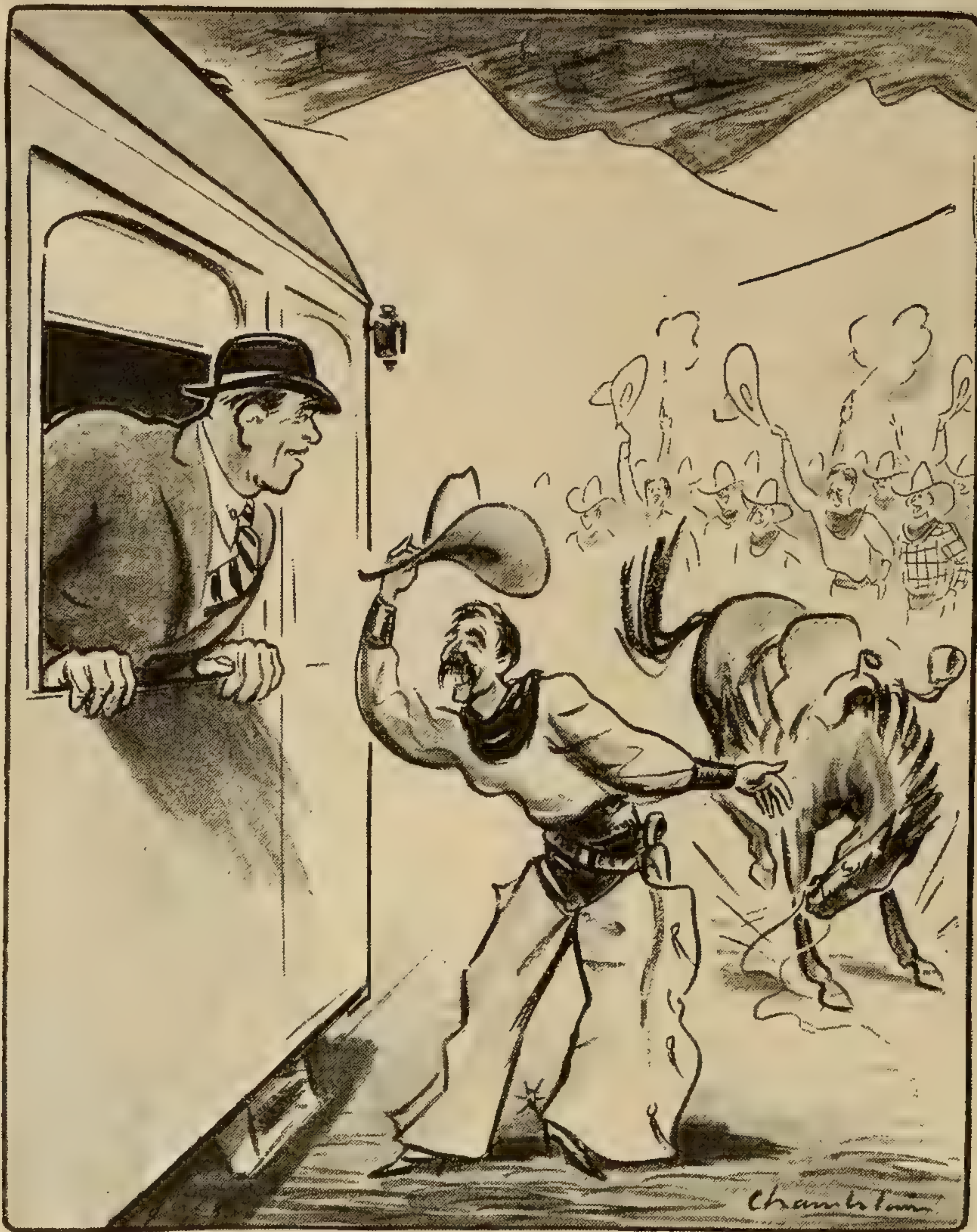
"Introducin' Bull Montana," he bawled with ready inspiration, "Cowboy Terror of the West."

Bull threw a kiss and tripped into battle little knowing what he'd been called.

The name clung and only a few years ago the State of Montana staged a homecoming for its Terror. Bull was met at the first station by cowboys who brought a wicked pony for him to ride in the parade. The sight of the bronc filled Bull with such dismay that he would have refused to leave the train had it not been for an automobile salesman asking him to honor the firm by riding in one of its cars. Little Bull seeped into the back seat with a sigh: "That was a close call for de Bool. If I ride dat nag I sure do a flop in Main Street."

Bull's suspicion of horses—you might say his animosity, were his tender heart capable of such vile passion—extends back to his early days when he operated a derrick in a stone quarry. He threw up his job for a fling at the gay White Way. His money gone, he returned to the quarry. "When I get back," he wailed, "I find a horse she have my chob!"

WHEN Bull visited Italy he was given another home-coming. The villagers are still gasping at the swathe he cut as he flung into the *stazione* wearing a brown derby, a silk shirt with lavender stripes and a crimson tie blazing with a diamond horseshoe. A public banquet was given at which twenty hogsheads lost their all. At the nineteenth the town council voted to erect a statue of Bull in the Piazza. It was to be life size but as yet it has not materialized. They are



Misled by his name, Montana once staged a homecoming for Bull Montana. The Italian was met at the station by cowboys who brought along a wicked pony for Bull to ride in the parade. Imagine Bull's dismay!

were dressed in black, which made their small faces look whiter than sorrow. It was the noon hour and some were nibbling bits of bread. No shouts or laughter. The place had the brooding sadness of unshed tears. In such a place a lot of theories go to rubbish and the heart is weighed by futility. These children, like their distant patroness, must pay the penalty for being born. And we sinners romping at large talk airily of the law of compensation.

Why Valentino Succeeded—Italy is the only place I leave with regret. Grant Allen says every day spent out of Italy is a day wasted. Valentino approved my contention that the chief reason for his success was his being Italian. He had that Italian attribute for which there is only an Italian word—*simpatico*. He had the radiating warmth, the rich humaness, the—Oh, let Mme. Glyn say it . . . the IT of Italy.

BUT I confess it is not alone the charm of the Italians nor even their art which lures me forever back to Italy. It's their soup. I'm a hopeless addict to *minestrone*. Not the watery soup you get in restaurants at home—but the potage thick with *pates* and vegetables that takes three hours to prepare. Never this side of the fiery furnace shall I forget the *minestrone* prepared by a sweet, old peasant woman as she breathed now and then on the embers of the open fire or gently worked the bellows.

The only other comestible having a similar hold on me is snails. So when I received word that those little signs "*Huitres et Escargots*" were beaming out along the Paris boulevards I (Continued on page 126)

still quarrying for them ears.

Genoa—Columbus left here to discover America. I'm sure I don't know why. The next great adventurer to leave for the same place was a student of the Royal Academy of Agriculture who called himself Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaello Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antongoulla, a name which America affectionately reduced to "Rudie."

I VISITED the Orphanage Don Daste of which Mabel Normand was a patroness. I was admitted doubtfully by a woman in black who resembled the lady of the broomstick in the fables except that she wore a huge steely cross. Although I had a letter which I had cherished several years, I didn't get far. After consultation with the head of the institution the lady of black and steel informed me he couldn't see me because he was praying. It was also impossible to see the children. I caught sight of some little girls in the courtyard. They



Photograph by Preston Duncan

JOAN BENNETT



Photograph by Hurrell

DOROTHY JORDAN



VIVIENNE SEGAL



Photograph by Hurrell

MARIE DRESSLER



LEWIS AYRES



Doug Fairbanks plays a modern business man in his next film, "Reaching for the Moon." It marks a return of Fairbanks to the sort of part that first thrilled movie fans before he adopted furbelows and laces. In "Reaching for the Moon" Doug will introduce some brand-new stunts.

Keeping in Condition

BY DICK HYLAND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS is going to play an American business man in his next picture.

For the first time in ten years, Doug will forego the pomp of plume and sword to wear a plain sack suit. For the first time since the War he will abandon the days of ancient glory and come back to the Twentieth Century.

For this one picture, "Reaching for the Moon," the Fairbanks who made D'Artagnan and "Robin Hood" live for us, will become the Fairbanks who won his spurs as His Majesty the American.

The romance of battle and duel, kings and courts, will yield to the dynamic romance of dollars, tickers, and airplanes.

The return of Fairbanks as we first loved him is a thrilling event for picture fans.

We're going to see Douglas Fairbanks—and thus come face to face with a very remarkable gentleman.

In this picture, you'll see Doug, himself.

IT may be because I devoted a good many precious years to athletics myself, that I feel for Douglas Fairbanks such a real admiration.

There have been plenty of athletes in pictures. They have brought them from the gridiron, the ring, the cinder path and the tennis court. Dempseys and Padlocks, Tildens and Browns have moved across the silver sheet.

But the greatest athlete who has ever been in pictures is a motion picture star and has been for fifteen years.

When you see Douglas Fairbanks as the riproaring, hard working, go-get-'em, dynamo business man in his next film, you'll see pretty close to an ideal American in a lot of ways. If you open your eyes real wide, you'll

realize that Doug has something more to give the American audiences than entertainment—though he's sure to give them plenty of that, well seasoned with perils, laughs and stunts.

Not that Doug knows or is conscious that he's a good example. He never preaches, even to his son. He's a bit shy of talking, a little pleasingly reticent and round-about in expressing his real thoughts and ideas. I mean that, like most men who aren't talkers by profession, he doesn't come right out with a bit of philosophy or advice. If you're with him any length of time, however, you're surprised to notice how much you remember of what he's said so casually and what a lot of ideas and information you've picked up.

HE'D much rather listen to you, watch you, than do things himself. That way he figures he's learning—maybe only what *not* to do, but learning. He gathers interesting people around him and "picks their brains" as the old saying goes.

At the same time, he gives a lot.

I've been fortunate enough to know him pretty well. We have a great interest in common. He loves athletics as passionately as I do.

We've played follow the leader at Fairford—down by the Pacific Ocean at Santa Monica—and believe me playing that game with Doug as leader is a heart-breaker even for a young fellow only a few months away from the strict training of a long football season. The first time I played it I nearly broke my back doing a one and a half dive over a rope, sprained my right shoulder getting down off the rope via an awning pipe, and ruined my disposition trying to make a perfect putt on the green in the back lawn.

Doug Fairbanks Is Forty-Seven But He Can Out-Swim, Out-Run, Out-Ride and Out-Play Anyone in the Hollywood Colony

Plenty tough.

But it was after some games of "Doug," his own invention and one of the fastest games on two feet, a game which needs wind, quick eye, muscular co-ordination, speed and swift reaction, all a 100 per cent more than tennis—in the steam room after a few sets of that, that I first comprehended the far-reaching mental effects and character development of Douglas Fairbanks' athletics.

They are, one might almost say, the basis of his creed of life.

IT'S my opinion no one ever had a better one—certainly not a more American one. The only time my wife becomes a real picture fan is over Mary Pickford. I'd like to mention here, in all sincerity, that Doug made a fan out of me. I think he would out of all "Young America" if they could watch him and listen to him.

Now Douglas Fairbanks is no kid. He has, as you may have noticed, a son who can vote. He was a success on the stage before he came into pictures. In fact, "Who's Who" gives 1883—the same year, by the way, and the same state in which Lon Chaney was born—as Doug's birth year.

For that reason, he's all the more marvelous. If I thought that by following in Doug's footsteps I'd be the man he is when my son is six foot tall, I'd start getting up at six-thirty tomorrow morning.

Douglas, Senior, is younger than his son. He can out-swim, out-run, out-ride, out-play him at anything. His thoughts are more vivid and more expansive. He has a keener sense of fun and twice the enthusiasm and gets much more kick out of life than Doug, Junior, does.

As you may remember, he made a trip around the world not long ago. Jack Pickford, his brother-in-law, who made the trip with the party, turns pale with fatigue at the mere memory of it. Jack made the grade about as far as Italy and then retired to his stateroom and remained there. He couldn't even watch Doug's enormous vitality, his constant enjoyment. The younger generation hasn't the stamina of a man like Fairbanks.

THE answer?

There you come to the things I've picked up from Doug in the few years I've been around Hollywood and been fortunate enough to enjoy some play hours with him.

You have to pick them up, because you can't—nobody can—just interview Doug. He hasn't been interviewed, officially, in years. He will *not* talk, on purpose, about himself.

The answer is good physical condition.

Now don't shy away from that. That's merely the phrase—the common phrase—that describes the motive and the result. Its application, its working, are mighty interesting.

"A healthy body makes a healthy mind," says Doug. "That has been reversed and made the basis of a number of religions. I don't think you need to reverse it. It comes easier and more naturally, and (Continued on page 128)



"Keep your body in first class condition," has been Doug Fairbanks' creed since he was a boy. The result? See that boyish waistline! Moreover, says Doug, a good physical condition keeps worries away. Doug always feels great. He never tires. He never has "nerves."

Right, Doug in his earlier success, "Don Q." This picture was typical of the painstaking care Doug puts into his pictures. Fairbanks spent months mastering the use of the great whip. There was no camera trickery about it. Doug could flick the ashes from a cigarette twenty-five feet away without touching the smoker.





Photograph by Hurrell

The great photographic beauty is Joan Crawford. She is the darling of the great god Camera. Meeting Miss Crawford face to face you would never call her beautiful. Her coloring is negative. She never wears make-up of any kind. Yet, as Mary Pickford points out, she would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors. She has perfect symmetry of line. Adela Rogers St. Johns states that she has never seen any woman in such fine physical condition, except perhaps Helen Wills. It is that condition and muscular control that gives her such grace and poise.

The Screen's SEARCH for BEAUTY

By ADELA ROGERS
ST. JOHNS



Vilma Banky's loveliness is of the romantic type. This quality was enhanced by her first screen rôles. With Rudolph Valentino and Ronald Colman, she was nearly always gowned in the silks and laces of the picturesque and golden past.

THIS striking series of articles on film beauty will be of tremendous interest to young women, for the rules followed by the celebrated beauties of the screen can be utilized by everyone striving to achieve loveliness and charm.

Last month Adela Rogers St. Johns said that the screen had produced but two whose beauty was indisputable—Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith. This sort of beauty is all encompassing. "It included the fascination of sex, the charm of personality, the promise of delight, the enchantment of thought and imagination, the delicacy of grace, as well as perfection of face and body," said Mrs. St. Johns. "Real beauty is inclusive of every separate magic which has also a beauty of its own. In simple words, it has everything."

IN talking of screen beauties, there is one thing which must always be considered. The great god Camera.

There used to be a saying that the camera cannot lie. That is, like many sayings, open to much discussion. In some respects, there has not been a bigger liar since Beelzebub. A tricky, amusing

liar, with a winking eye and its tongue in its cheek.

The camera lies both ways. Some beauty it washes out, understates. There are many actresses who are more beautiful in person than they are on the screen. That is usually true of women whose coloring is magnificent. Mary Astor, for instance, whose glorious dark red hair, black eyes, and copper and rose skin suggest a maple grove in the early autumn.

"The motion picture camera is the biggest liar since Beelzebub. It lies both ways. Some beauty it washes out, understates. The camera, too, recognizes and displays many things of beauty which the untrained human eye misses. Sometimes, also, it performs beauty tricks of sheer black magic."

ON the other hand, the camera recognizes and displays many things of beauty which the untrained human eye misses. Certainly, the great god Camera has its favorites, its likes and dislikes in no mean fashion.

The great camera beauty is Joan Crawford. She is the darling of the camera.

Meeting Joan Crawford face to face you would never call her beautiful. Granting her charm and attractive appearance—and she is one of the nicest people I know—still, beauty would necessarily be denied her. Her coloring is negative. She never wears any make-up of any kind. There is something that to our sophisticated eye seems almost rugged about her.

It was Mary Pickford who first pointed out to me Joan's real beauty.

"Look at the bone structure of her face," Mary said, as we watched Joan stretched at full length on the little beach at Fairford, Mary and Doug's Santa Monica

home. "See the perfect balance. There isn't a line that hasn't complete symmetry. That is why she photographs so amazingly. You know, in some ways the art of photography is nearer the art of sculpture than that of painting. Joan would have thrilled the ancient Greek sculptors much more than she would have thrilled a Reynolds or a

Rubens or any other colorist."

I STUDIED her carefully after that and found that Mary, as always when she speaks of anything inside the picture field, was correct. Where color, background, costume, and expression enter in, it seems to me easier to achieve beauty for the average eye. In sculpture you must depend on line alone.

THE MOVIE CAMERA MAKES and UNMAKES BEAUTY

Joan Crawford would answer the test of beauty in sculpture both in body and face. I think perhaps she realizes this and accentuates it. Her daily sun baths have given her an even tan from tip to toe. Her clothes are now always simple, nearly always of one color, and made in straight lines.

Her beauty secrets relate to health alone. She is a devotee of hygiene. She agrees completely with those physical experts and doctors who declare that most beauty defects can be remedied, must be remedied, from within not from without. Her diet is selected with the utmost care, to give her a clear skin, bright eyes, slimness. Her athletic condition is top form all the time. She never spends any time in beauty parlors nor with cosmetic experts. But the gymnasium, the dance instructor, swimming, are part of her daily regime.

I have never seen any woman in such fine physical shape except, perhaps, Helen Wills. Of course it is that condition and muscular control that gives her such grace and poise. Like a fine athlete, she is never off balance, never makes an awkward movement.

THAT, too, is the secret of Marilyn Miller's effect of beauty. She is the most graceful woman on the screen, or who has ever been on the screen. And it isn't only when she is dancing. Because of her dancing, she has learned to use her body, every part of it, and in every gesture, with supreme grace. The eye is filled and pleased with that grace and concedes to the swan-like Marilyn real beauty.

Thus you discover a beauty secret—which is hard work, the same kind of work a champion prize-fighter or football player or tennis ace puts in. It isn't a short cut, by any means, but it yields enormous results and results which every young girl should make her own. It can't be a question of time or expense. Joan does most of her work-outs at home. She works very hard at the studio. But she never allows anything to interfere with her work and exercise.

The other "camera favorite" is Ann Harding, the stage actress who has recently scored in pictures.

But that is another matter. It isn't, like Joan, a question of fundamentals. It's a trick of black magic, what the camera does for Ann Harding. I hope she burns incense for it every day of her life.

There is, actually, no such person as the Ann Harding you see in "Holiday." She is a creation of the magic lens. Take away that magic, see through this whimsy of the camera, and you have a woman of more than ordinary plainness. A woman who wouldn't be given a second glance in any room anywhere in America.

Her coloring is drab. Except for the nose, she lacks



One of the few existing full face pictures of Ann Harding. This was made of the star when, robed and crowned, she was queen of the Fiesta which celebrated the 149th anniversary of Los Angeles. Adela Rogers St. Johns says that Miss Harding's screen beauty is a pure trick of photographic magic.

any beauty characteristic. Yet on the screen she achieves an illusion of beauty which is the old camera's most famous joke on its public.

But even there—and it was necessary to consider her on her screen merits alone—the careful eye will see the flaws that remove her even photographically from any possible claim to the golden apple of Paris. The peculiar shape of the head, which rises to a peak at the back. The eyes, which are set too close together. The mouth which is too big. Her profile is perfect. And the camera is a kind master in the hands of a good director. If you will notice, Miss Harding is very seldom photographed full face.

Of the two great screen beauties, let it be said now that Barbara La Marr and Corinne Griffith were as beautiful off the screen as on. The camera was kind to them in all truth because it must be. They had real beauty which fortunately was camera beauty also.

It is said by all photographers that Mary Pickford has the perfect camera face. Every angle is good. Mary comes, to me, under the heading of romantic beauty, which we'll take up later.

In classifying beauty, we now come to what we

are accustomed to speak of as lovely women.

I like the word. It is, in some ways, a sweeter word than beauty, surely a kinder one. Lovers are fond of that word. To them, the women they love are always lovely. There is a softness and appeal about it which suggests the lines of the ancient English poet, "There is a garden in her face." In its wake sweeps romance, which has survived our hard-boiled era.

Of course, Corinne Griffith is the loveliest of them all. The force of her beauty is loveliness, as allure was the keynote of Barbara's.

There are many lovely women on the screen. I was surprised when I talked with a lot of men around Hollywood on this subject to find how many chose Vilma Banky as their favorite. It seemed to me a very excellent lesson for the youngster of today who believes in sex appeal in the raw. Vilma has plenty of the ancient lure for me. But it is romantic, lovely, suggestive of Tennyson's poems rather than the tabloid newspaper.

With Vilma, two things contributed to that effect of loveliness. One, her picturesque ability to make settings for herself. Vilma, in the early days of her screen success, never appeared much in modern costume. With Valentino, with Colman, she nearly always was gowned in some flattering, bejeweled, artistic costume which made you think of the princess in the fairy tales you read when you were a kid. And Mr. Freud will tell you that (Continued on page 121)



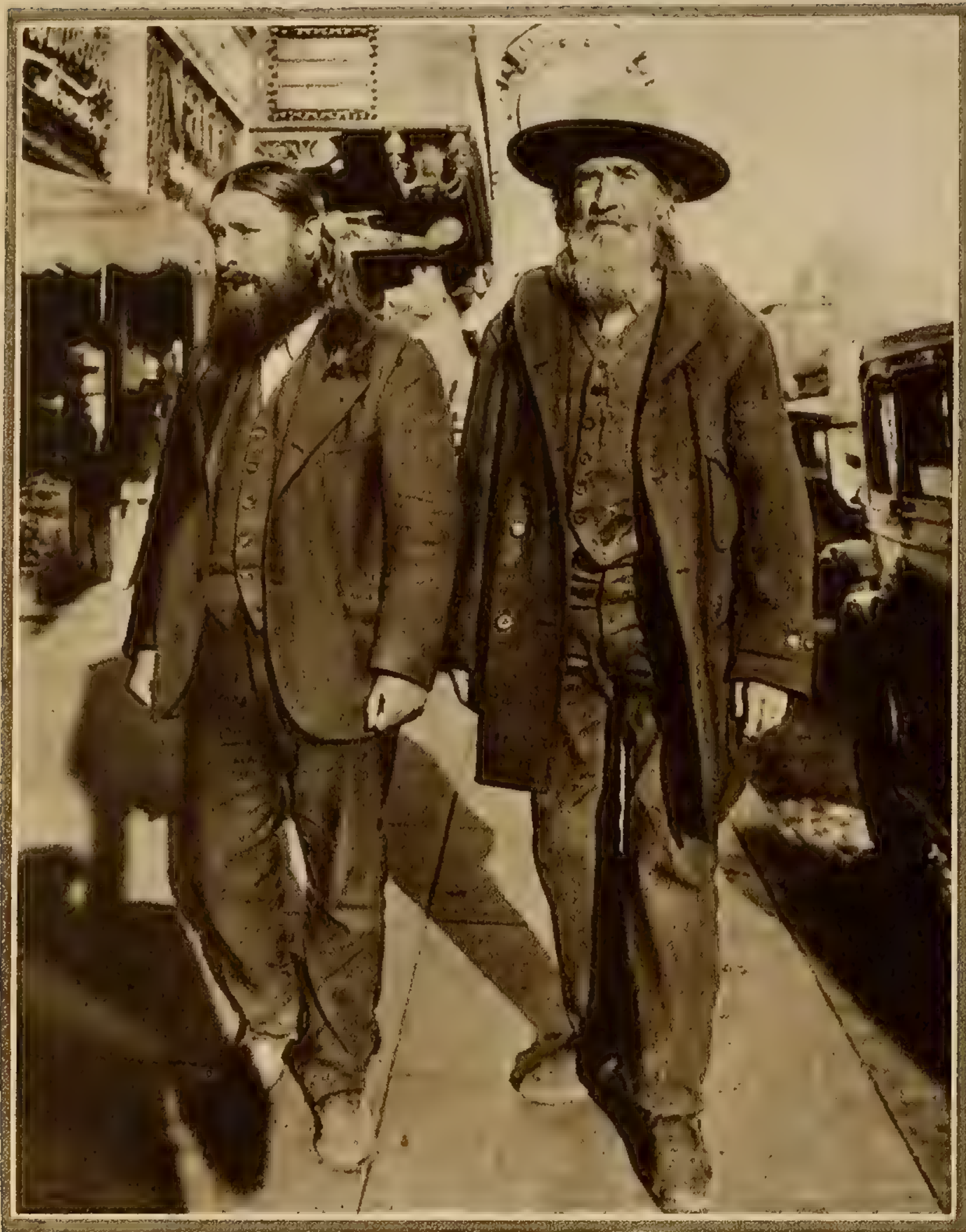
Above, one of Hollywood's strangest places, the Old Screen Type Club, on North Date Street. This club boasts 25 fine beards and ten swell mustaches. It's a community proposition, each man paying \$5 a month for his board and room. When he isn't working, his fellow members help out. Sitting: left to right, C. P. Fisher, who has been 25 years in pictures and once was a cook in Boston; Robert S. Hillegas, aged 68, of Cincinnati, and for fifteen years a general contractor there; James Kelly, aged 82, of Pittsburgh, and a resident of Los Angeles long before pictures came; J. J. Walsh, once a mechanic in Philadelphia but is a sixteen year old veteran of pictures; J. F. Baggs, who seven years ago was a guide, rancher and trapper in British Columbia. The first four, left to right, standing: L. Wagner, who was a carriage builder in Detroit in pre-motor days; G. Dicks, once a nurseryman and gardener in Washington; J. F. Peters, at one time a carpenter in San Francisco; Felix Verbeck, veteran of the French army. It is interesting to note that Mr. Fisher played with Broncho Billy Anderson

At the right:
J. D. "Shorty" Ballard, seven feet 4 1-2 inches in height, came from Commerce, Texas, a short time ago. He took the job of doorman at the Pantages Theater, hoping to attract the attention of some passing movie director. Viewing him are Angie Girard, of El Paso, Texas, and Carmen Delmar, of Mexico City, both in quest of a film career.

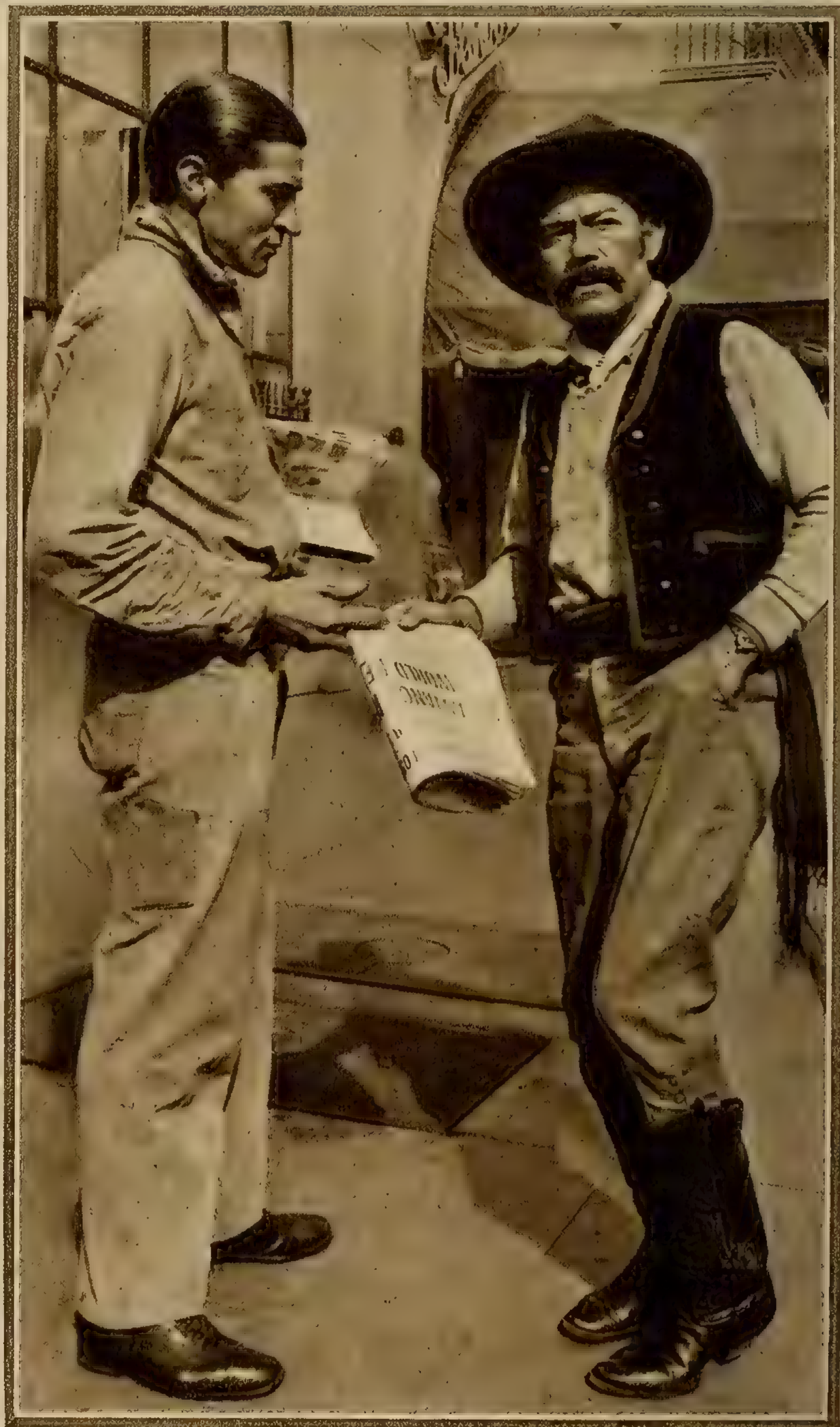
**The New Movie's Photographer
Tours Hollywood Boulevard
and Pictures Its Strange Every-
Day Types**



The Lure of Hollywood Screen Success Draws



At the top left are Eugene McDonald, who has played in "Min and Bill," "The Viking" and other pictures, and Richard Foley, another film veteran of "Feet of Clay," "The Ten Commandments" and other pictures. Mr. McDonald came from New York ten years ago and Mr. Foley hails from Lawrence, Mass.



At the left is Helen Strand, driving her car on Hollywood Boulevard. She came from Seattle a short time ago to try for success in pictures. Like 10,000 or so others, she hopes to make good. Just above, buying the paper from the newsie, is Pedro Valenzuela, late of Durango, Mexico. He has been on the screen for thirteen years. Down in Mexico he was a plasterer. Now he plays Mexican cowboys.

From Every Land and From Every Walk of Life

The man at the right, standing at the corner of Hollywood and Bronson, is Julius Jbrart. "In pictures?" he was asked. "Sure," he replied, "With Milton Sills in 'The Barker' and in a lot of others."

At Cahuenga and Hollywood is what they call the Water Hole. This is the cowboys' private stamping ground. Below left to right: Bill Russel, from Como, S. D., three years ago; Jack French, in from Nevada six years ago; Ed. Clay, who used to give Burns, Oregon, as his address; Bert Higgins, from Pecos, Texas; Roy Bucko, a merry gent from Nevada; Charles Schilling, who hails from Fort Benton, Mont., and used to be a guide in Yellowstone National Park. These boys boast that they can spit in an automobile horn twenty feet away while the car is in movement. They've tried and they know.

PICTURES and CAPTIONS
BY STAGG



MOVIE BOUDOIRS

JEANETTE
MacDONALD

The dressing table in Miss MacDonald's boudoir has a glass top with a flounce of delicate Renaissance lace over peach satin. The boudoir drapes are of peach brocaded satin and the curtains are of a lighter shade of silk net. The floor lamp has a lace shade, consisting of two wide flounces, over peach silk, with sprays of hand-made French flowers on one side. Miss MacDonald's toilet articles are of hammered silver. The small lamps on the dressing table have delicate glass bases, with pink parchment shades. The overhanging mirror has a wide band of walnut for its frame. Miss MacDonald's negligée is of heliotrope chiffon velvet, with wide bands of satin down the front and around the hem, as well as on the wide sleeves.



The fireplace in Jeanette MacDonald's boudoir is in keeping with the rest of this French Provincial room. The clock and candelabra are of Dresden china. The mirror which hangs over the fireplace has a frame of twisted gold. A tapestry fire screen adds a touch of color to this part of the room.



Miss MacDonald's boudoir is furnished in true French Provincial style, the furniture being of dull-finish light walnut. The walls are stucco, tinted a light cream. The large rug is tan chenille. The chaise longue is striped orchid satin. The small coffee table has a cover of filet lace. The bedspread is filet lace over peach satin, in keeping with the drapes and hangings.



Miss MacDonald's boudoir opens out on a small patio. A large banana tree stands just outside the door. Miss MacDonald is wearing lounging pajamas of rose shantung, with a blouse of eggshell satin.



Little Peggy, five years old, is the luckiest girl in all these United States. Hasn't she been adopted by Harold and Mildred Lloyd and isn't Harold our national comedy idol and one of the richest men in America? Besides all that, Harold and Mildred are about the nicest folks in Hollywood or Beverly Hills. Thus little Gloria Lloyd gets a playmate, a little sister to share her lovely Beverly Hills garden and the magnificent Lloyd bathing pool. Gloria, who is just past six, is the taller of the two little girls in the pictures on this page. Peggy has golden hair and blue eyes.

Gloria's New Playmate



Photograph by Elmer Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

The Luxury of the New MODE



The exquisite gown of white transparent velvet, shown above, was created for Marion Davies during her recent stay in Paris by Callot. The gown is extremely severe as to line, with only a border of ermine at the hem, which forms a train. With this gown, Miss Davies wears a stunning evening wrap of silver brocade, with collar and cuffs of ermine. The lovely tea gown at the right was also created for Miss Davies by Callot. The gown, of white velvet, is ankle length and slender lines are achieved by the side effect. Luxurious white fox bordering the bell-sleeve and a novel belt of white silk fringe complete this smart tea gown.



Redfern designed the striking evening gown of white satin shown at the right, especially for Marion Davies. A novel feature of this gown is the cape which is worn at the front and which falls over the shoulders to the back. An exquisite turquoise ornament on the cape is the single touch of color.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
APEDA



The smart black wool suit worn by Miss Davies, at the left, was created for the star by Schiaparelli during her recent stay in Europe. Miss Davies will wear this suit in her next picture. The somberness of the black woolen skirt and jacket is relieved by a smart vestee in white antelope with matching gloves. The vestee is belted at the natural waistline and shows a mushroom collar. A black felt hat, created by Agnes, and black suede shoes and bag are appropriate accessories.

Mrs. James Gleason Gives a Luncheon to Welcome Anna Q. Nilsson Back to the Social Life of the Hollywood Colony

VERY charming, indeed, was the small luncheon which Mrs. James Gleason gave at her Beverly Hills home to welcome Anna Q. Nilsson back to the social life of the movie colony.

Of course, it had to be rather small and quiet, because Anna Q. hasn't been going out for some months and didn't feel quite equal to a big, noisy affair. And you know how much noise a lot of women all make at a luncheon.

Lucille Webster Gleason has one of the most delightful homes and is one of the most delightful hostesses in Hollywood. I almost said THE most delightful, and I don't mind telling you that I enjoy going to her house more than anywhere, because she is so cordial, so witty and so comfortable. Her entertaining is always done with a view to making everybody happy.

THE lovely wood-panelled dining room was gay with flowers and the table looked perfectly beautiful. Green glass was used entirely. A big green glass bowl to hold the mass of mixed flowers—right out of her own garden and you could tell at once that Lucille had arranged them herself. The effect was artistic, yet it had a personal touch that no florist ever gives. Green glass plates, goblets and candlesticks with green candles completed the picture.

Heavy lace runners were used instead of a tablecloth and showed the dark polished mahogany of the table in a most attractive way.

Anna Q. looked lovely, all in pale blue. The trousers and vest of her pajamas were blue georgette and the coat was of a

Anna Q. Nilsson and her hostess, Mrs. James Gleason. Miss Nilsson made a charming appearance in pale blue. The trousers and vest of her pajamas were blue georgette and the coat of lovely blue velvet matched. Miss Nilsson's recovery seems complete.





Mrs. James Gleason personally arranged her dining room for the luncheon. Green glass was used entirely. Even the candles were green. Heavy lace runners set off the beauty of the table. In the center was a big green glass bowl, with a mass of flowers from Mrs. Gleason's own garden.

HOW HOLLYWOOD ENTERTAINS

BY
EVELYN GRAY
Photographs by Stagg

darker blue chiffon velvet. Mrs. Gleason wore a red and white frock that was gay and just the right thing for informal entertaining.

The other guests were Corinne Griffith, in an all-white sport outfit; Claire du Brey, the character actress who lives with Anna Q. and has been such a loyal and devoted friend all during Anna's long illness; Mrs. Robert Armstrong and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, the wives of those two popular young actors.

AFTER luncheon a number of other friends dropped in to greet Anna Q. and make a great fuss over having her back. They were all so thrilled to see her walking about, and finally, after a few rubbers of bridge, they all went out in the back garden and had a swim. There was a lot of cheering when they all saw Anna Q. could actually swim and from then on they decided she was quite well and shouldn't have any of the privileges of an invalid any more.

Among those who came in after luncheon were Joan Marsh, Viola Dana, Mrs. A. H. Van Buren, Mrs. Joseph Cawthorne, Mrs. Morgan Wallace, Mrs. Basil Rathbone, and Mrs. Gleason's lovely white-haired mother, Mrs. Webster.

The Gleasons are famous for their cook, or cooking, and usually, Lucille says, there is a wild protest if they

don't have corn beef and cabbage for dinner guests. But for luncheon Lucille chose much lighter fare.

TOMATO juice cocktails were served first, in the drawing room, with tiny silver onions in the bottom of each glass.

Following this, at the table, a chafing dish full of turkey that was too wonderful. Here is the recipe:

Mix a cream sauce, to which add enough turkey gravy to give it flavor. Add chopped green peppers, mushrooms, chopped olives and pimientos. Then add prepared mustard and Worcestershire sauce to taste. To this add the cubed breast of turkey and allow to simmer for half an hour on a very slow fire. Serve with fresh steamed rice.

With this was a delicious salad. Those Chinese lichee nuts, which you can buy now in cans anywhere. Stuffed with peeled grapefruit and served with a delicious French dressing.

Hot biscuits, with real home-made strawberry jam. And no dessert.

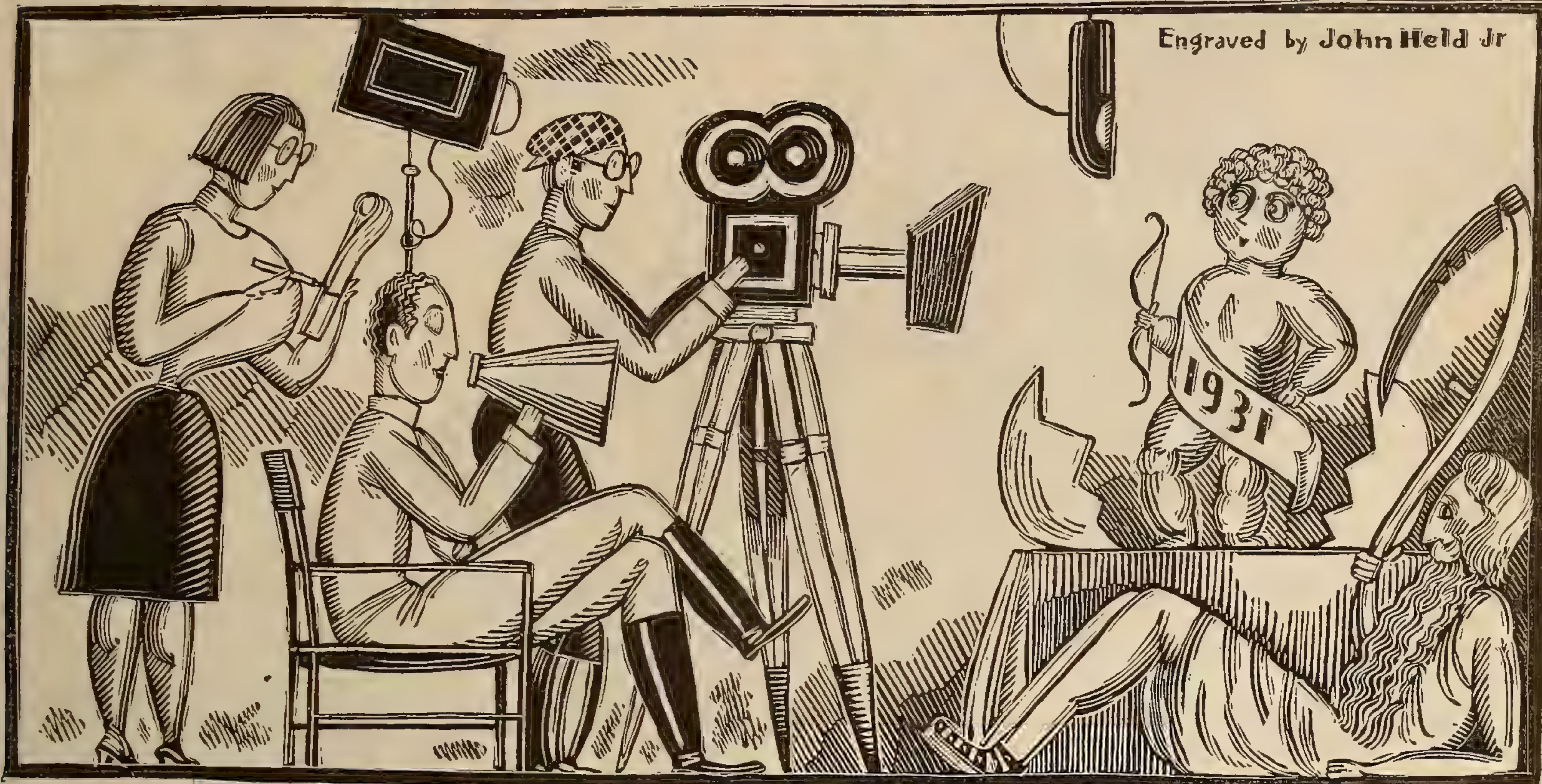
LUCILLE says a sensible hostess won't serve dessert at luncheon these days, because nobody eats it and there's only a lot of self-denial necessary. Also, she says, it starts everyone (*Continued on page 113*)



Photograph by Hurrell

BESSIE LOVE

JANUARY



Engraved by John Held Jr

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.	M	W	Lunations, Facts, Advice, Prophecies, etc.
1	Thurs.	1901: William Haines born at Staunton, Va. Make your New Year resolutions now.	17	Sat.	1884: Noah Beery born. 1902: Nils Asther born at Malmo, Sweden.
2	Fri.	1901: Allene Ray born. 1924: Gilbert Selles discovers that Charlie Chaplin is a genius.	18	Sun.	1923: Wallie Reid dies in Hollywood. New Moon tonight.
3	Sat.	1897: Pola Negri born. 1900: Marion Davies born at New York City.	19	Mon.	1900: Virginia Valli born. How are your resolutions standing the strain?
4	Sun.	1900: First movie magnate declares that the surface of the industry has barely been scratched. Full Moon.	20	Tues.	1919: United Artists form with D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and W. S. Hart.
5	Mon.	1905: The Warner Brothers conducting a movie theater (with 96 seats) at Newcastle, Pa.	21	Wed.	1793: Louis XVI executed.
6	Tues.	1887: Thomas Edwin Mix born at El Paso, Texas. 1912: Loretta Young born at Salt Lake City.	22	Thurs.	1916: The option discovered by Hollywood executives. Except for the close-up, most important aid to movie progress.
7	Wed.	1920: Cecil DeMille reveals the first dressed-up telephone.	23	Fri.	1900: Ralph Graves born at Cleveland, Ohio.
8	Thurs.	1902: Alexander Gray born at Wrightsville, Pa. 1913: Mary Pickford opens in New York stage-play, "A Good Little Devil."	24	Sat.	1848: Gold discovered in California and first rush starts.
9	Fri.	1902: Vilma Banky born at Budapest. 1916: Subtitle, "Dawn of a New Day," invented at Fort Lee.	25	Sun.	1929: Second gold rush (of song writers) gets under way.
10	Sat.	1901: Pauline Stark born at Joplin, Mo.	26	Mon.	1929: Loretta Young and Grant Withers elope. Moon in first quarter.
11	Sun.	1890: Monte Blue born at Indianapolis, Ind. Moon in last quarter.	27	Tues.	1899: George K. Arthur born at Aberdeen, Scotland.
12	Mon.	1884: Milton Sills born at Chicago.	28	Wed.	1920: Gloria Swanson marries the Marquis. Start of Hollywood royalty.
13	Tues.	1901: Kay Francis born at Oklahoma City.	29	Thurs.	1922: Sid Grauman introduces the prologue to astonished Los Angeles.
14	Wed.	1901: Bebe Daniels born at Dallas, Texas.	30	Fri.	1649: Charles I beheaded in London. 1926: Barbara La Marr dies at Altadena, Calif.
15	Thurs.	1913: First Hollywood movie star builds a private bathing pool.	31	Sat.	What about your New Year resolutions now?
16	Fri.	1902: Carol Dempster born at Santa Maria, Calif.	Watch for This Feature Every Month		

January birth stones: Ancient, the garnet. Modern, the hyacinth. The garnet is credited with endowing the wearer with constancy and fidelity.

1930

BY
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

THE Year in Brief:

The producers have failed to realize the possibilities of the sound screen. Where are the 1930 films to equal "Alibi," still the best talkie melodrama; "Broadway Melody," still the best song film; "The Love Parade," the best development of the operetta picture; "Bulldog Drummond," the best satirical melodrama, or "The Hollywood Revue," still the landmark in revues? The year 1931 will find the talkie at the crisis of its career.

The Year's Development: Encountering an impasse in making better talkies, the producers turned to making bigger ones. Nearly every company has its own particular brand of wide-measure film, all promising (but not achieving) a stereoscopic effect. So far there has been nothing definite about the adoption of a wider film. If it comes—and it is unlikely—all future production mistakes will be gargantuan, at least.

The Public Decides: The end of 1930 finds the movie producers withdrawing from the making of musical films. Song pictures have flopped, one after the other, at the box-office. Following the hit of "Broadway Melody," producers began turning out musical films by the dozens. In making them, the producers forgot the two reasons for the appeal of stage musical shows: comedy and pretty girls. Even in inland America, the picture of a dancing chorus girl makes a purely esthetic appeal. The screen had no comedians to put over the comedy and the ones imported from the footlights did not know their medium. The producers enlarged upon the plot of the musical comedies—and what is feeble than a musical-comedy plot? Hence failure of this sort of film was inevitable. The screen will yet have musical pictures, when the producers learn how to make them.

The Best Selling Stars at the End of 1930: Greta Garbo, Harold Lloyd, Clara Bow, Maurice Chevalier.

Stadiest drawing and surest acting of all stars: Richard Barthelmess.

Most Promising Feminine Personalities: Constance Bennett, Kay Francis.

Most Rapidly Advancing Young Actors: Robert Montgomery, Lewis Ayres.

Players Who Slipped From the Screen During 1930: Colleen Moore, Alice White, Vilma Banky, Corinne Griffith, Paul Muni, Billie Dove.

The strip of film above shows scenes from "Abraham Lincoln," "Sarah and Son," "Romance," "The Dawn Patrol," "The Street of Chance," "Holiday," "All Quiet," "The Devil's Holiday," "Journey's End" and "Common Clay."

THE BOX OFFICE HITS OF 1930:

"The Big House"

"Anna Christie"

"Common Clay"

"Animal Crackers"

"Caught Short"

"The Divorcee"

"The Dawn Patrol"

"Amos 'n' Andy"

"Romance"

"Whoopee"

Most Versatile Actor: Walter Huston, whose fine work ranged from the Great Emancipator of "Abraham Lincoln" to the Mexican General of "The Bad Man."

Most Sensational New-comer of the Year: Marlene Dietrich, who should take a position right behind Greta Garbo in popularity during 1931—if she gets the right rôles.

Highly Promising New Personality: Helen Twelvetrees.

BIGGEST Single Hit of the Year: Dorothy Mackaill in "The Office Wife." This won her a new starring contract. Able in All Their Roles: Clive Brook, Kay Francis, Fredric March.

Fading Fastest in Popularity: Al Jolson, Dolores Del Rio.

Future Still in the Balance: Jack Gilbert. This star was in the same position a year ago and, if anything, has lost ground. Due to bad pictures, Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers suffered some in favor. Miss Bow pulled up again

SCREEN REVIEW

A Tabloid Survey of the Motion Picture Personalities and the Significant Pictures of the Year

in the final months, however. No other star could have made the pictures turned out by Miss Bow and survived the year.

Long Absent but Back Again: Janet Gaynor. We congratulate Mr. Winfield Sheehan, head of the Fox forces, and Miss Gaynor upon the reconciliation.

The Best Pictures of the
Year: "Abraham Lincoln,"
"The Street of Chance,"
"Journey's End,"
"Holiday," "Ro-
mance," "The
Dawn Pa-
troll."

Dressler in "Anna Christie," and George Arliss in "Old English." Close behind these ten I place: Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son," Nancy Carroll in "Laughter" and "The Devil's Holiday," Jeanette MacDonald in "Monte Carlo," Winifred Westover in "LummoX," and Richard Barthelmess and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in "The Dawn Patrol."

Most Regrettable Fact of 1930: That Emil Jannings still is absent from our screen.

Best Direction of 1930: David Wark Griffith, for "Abraham Lincoln," Edward Griffith for "Holiday," Ernst Lubitsch for "Monte Carlo," John Cromwell for "The Street of Chance," and Josef Von Sternberg for "Morocco." King Vidor, our

best American director, was represented by an inferior Western done in wide-measure film, "Billy the Kid."

Best Original Screen Story: "Laughter," by the director, Harry d'Arrast. **Best adapted play,** "Holiday." **Best all-round production,** considering acting, direction, and all details, "Holiday." **Poorest screen story,** "Check and Double Check."

Best Short Reel Features: Laurel and Hardy, Mickey Mouse, and Silly Symphonies.

Most Unexpected Film Flop of the Year: "Byrd in the Antarctic."

Most Compelling Dramatic Moment: Beryl Mercer on the witness stand in "Common Clay."

Scene Most Charged with IT: When Marlene Dietrich, as the café entertainer of "Morocco," invites Gary Cooper to her apartment.

FUNNIEST Scene: When
Harold Lloyd, after his
human-fly stunt, reaches
(Continued on
page 107)

THE BEST FILMS OF 1930:

"Abraham Lincoln"

"The Dawn Patrol"

"The Street of Chance"

"All Quiet on the Western Front"

"Holiday"

"Feet First"

"Journey's End"

"Morocco"

"Romance"

"Common Clay"

"Com-
mon Clay,"
"All Quiet on
the Western
Front," "Feet First,"
"Morocco."

The Box-Office Hits of the Year: "The Big House," "Common Clay," "Caught Short," "Anna Christie," "Check and Double Check," "Romance," "The Dawn Patrol," "The Divorcee," "Animal Crackers," and "Whoopee."

THE Ten Best Performances of the Year: Walter Huston in "Abraham Lincoln," Greta Garbo in "Romance" and "Anna Christie," William Powell in "The Street of Chance," Wallace Beery in "The Big House," Colin Clive in "Journey's End," Marlene Dietrich in "Morocco," Constance Bennett in "Common Clay," Marie

The Mystery of William Powell

BY EVELYN GRAY

WILLIAM POWELL has played in so many mystery dramas—as a super-crook or the master detective who solves the crime after the police fall down—that we are presenting the picturesque story of his life just as one of his own scenarists would tell it. There really is no mystery to William Powell's success. It's just the result of hard work. Next month NEW MOVIE will tell you more about the suave and interesting Mr. Powell.

WILLIAM POWELL is one of the fortunate men who carved his own destiny.

He wanted to be an actor. He was born to be an actor.

How or why, nobody could figure. There were not any actors in the Powell family. Never had been. No knowledge of nor contact with the theater had ever touched the members of the rather clannish circle.

By all the laws of heredity William Powell should have been a quiet, respectable, orderly business man. By careful training and early environment, he was intended to be a lawyer.

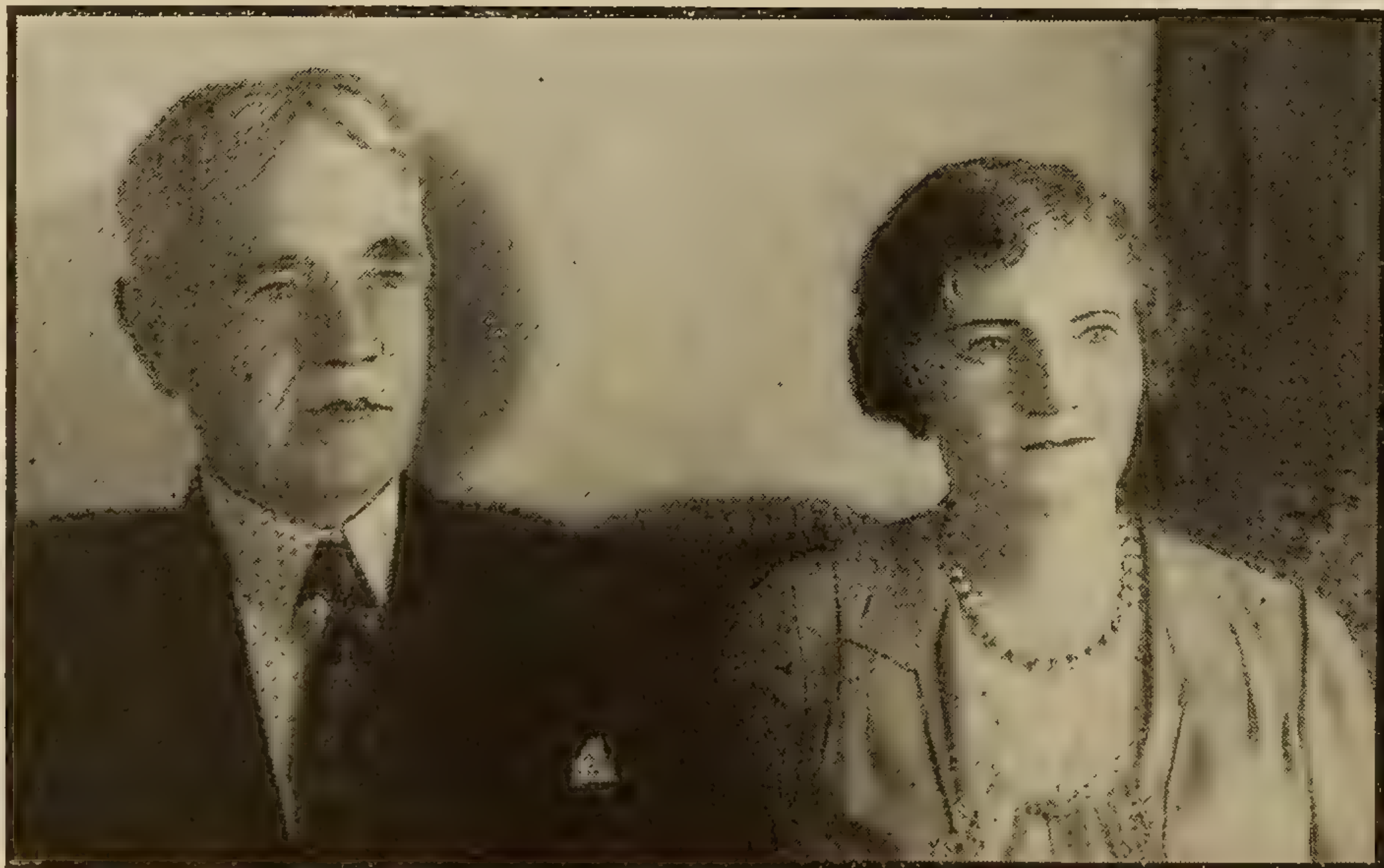
Fervent distaste for routine and time clocks kept him from being the first. A mad, romantic youthful passion destroyed his intentions to be the second.

He fulfilled his own desires. He is the thing he wanted to be—and his family all admit that it has turned out very well indeed.

IN the latter part of July, 1892, a little house on Pittsburgh's north side began to show signs of unusual activity. Neighbors



William Powell, at the age of seven. The year was 1899, just after the Spanish-American War. Bill's proud parents were painting a legal career for their offspring. Below, Bill's father and mother, Horatio and Nettie Powell, who now live in Hollywood with their son.



noticed a lady arrive in a carriage. Another appeared on foot. Soon another carriage, with more well-gowned ladies, arrived. Wicker suitcases of amazing proportions were carried in.

All along the street lace curtains were pushed back. Curious eyes peeped out, taking in these unusual occurrences.

"Nettie Powell must be going to have her baby," said one housewife to another.

"I see her mother and sisters have come."

In those days, women had their babies at home. Hospitals, baby wards, obstetricians would have been regarded with scorn, not to say suspicion. The family doctor officiated, with the family in eager attendance. A cup of tea instead of a can of ether was administered for comfort.

YOUNG Powell was late for his first entrance. He held up production for days, even weeks. The neighbors watched eagerly. Nothing happened. The star performer was still delaying matters.

Then early one morning Nettie's husband, Horatio, dashed out of the house minus his collar and returned in a few minutes, nervously hurrying another man who carried a little black bag.

In the afternoon, the door of the little house crashed open again. Pa Powell skipped down the walk and headed for a corner several blocks away. He pushed open a pair of swinging doors and cried, "It's a boy, boys, it's a boy. Seven and a half pounds. Mother doing fine. They're on me. Set 'em up for everybody."

In good Dutch beer, the gang toasted the newcomer.

"What's his name?" they inquired.

He Came From a Family Untouched by the Theater and He Was Destined for the Law —But He Became an Actor

"William," said Horatio Powell. "William Powell, after his grandfather."

"Here's to William Powell," said the friends and hoisted steins.

WILLIAM POWELL has been toasted since then many times in many lands. But never in better beer nor with more honest good wishes. Because Horatio and Nettie Powell were very popular in Pittsburgh. Fine young couple. Doing well. The right kind of American citizens.

"You want to know where Will got his acting trend?" said Father Powell to me. "Look at his mother. What an actress she would have made. Never had a chance to do it, of course, but I don't believe there's anyone on the stage would have made a better comedienne. She had it in her."

Bill's handsome, gracious, white-haired mother blushed a little, but there was a twinkle in her eye. Certainly there is no question as to where the hero of "Street of Chance" and "For the Defense" got his distinguished good looks.

Many people imagine that William Powell has a foreign look. His first big stage success, his first big picture rôles, were all in foreign parts —Spanish, Italian, Cuban. As a matter of fact, he is American to the core. Perhaps that look is his heritage from a paternal grandfather named Brady. The black Irish fit into any nationality. There is, too, a good strong strain of Holland Dutch, and a bit of French and English. But to know Bill well is to realize that once again the Irish predominates over all other ancestry.

THE first thing this baby did to distinguish himself from all the other babies of Pittsburgh was to sit up in his crib at the age of five months, wag his right forefinger at his admiring parents and remark, "I umpha basha arga." Not once, but many times he did it. Long before he could talk in any accepted terms. Powell, junior, made speeches from his crib and highchair. There was no question that they were intended to be speeches, because they were accompanied by gestures and a noble, intent expression.

"I umpha basha arga" became a tradition in the Powell family.

"I have made speeches since that were less coherent," said Bill, with the slightly sheepish look that comes over all men when their infant days are highlighted by the older generation.

After watching him for some time, Mrs. Powell said breathlessly to her husband, "I'm sure he's going to be a preacher."

Father Powell demurred. Billy Sunday hadn't yet pointed the way to millions through the

Many fans believe that William Powell is of foreign birth. He was born in 1892 in Pittsburgh. Irish ancestry predominates all others with Bill Powell, although in him there is a strain of Holland Dutch and a bit of French and English as well.



HOW BILL POWELL, PITTSBURGH BOY, MADE GOOD

ministry and Bill's father had the American ambition to see his son in something that would be profitable as well as successful.

"He's going to be a lawyer," he said. "Look at the way he uses that forefinger."

For eighteen years, Horatio Powell cherished the delusion that he was the father of a lawyer.

He might have been, if it hadn't been for a girl named Edith. Why is it that there is always an Edith in every man's life? The first girl—the dream girl of adolescence?

IF Bill hadn't fallen in love with Edith in high school in Kansas City he might now be playing "For the Defense" in real courtrooms instead of those built by stage carpenters.

He doesn't think he would have been happy. Acting was the one thing he ever really wanted to do.

Right from the beginning, young Bill showed a trait that has never left him. His passion for conversation with men—all kinds, anytime, anywhere. He and Ronald Colman—you must know that they are inseparable friends—talk an entire week-end away in Ronny's cottage at Malibu.

His close friendship with Dick Barthelmess began with a conversation that lasted three days.

One of his first pictures was "The Bright Shawl," with Barthelmess. Neither one was pleased about the casting. Powell thought Barthelmess was just another star. Barthelmess thought likewise that Powell was just another actor.

On the boat bound for Havana, they ignored each other pointedly for twenty-four hours. Passing on deck, they didn't speak. Inwardly, Powell said to himself, "Ham." Inwardly, Barthelmess said, "Ham." Finally, they bumped each other smartly coming around a corner.

"G-rrr-rr," said Barthelmess.

"Same to you," said Powell.

"Well," said one, glaring bitterly.

"Well," returned the other.

"Do you drink?" said Barthelmess.

"Yes," said Powell.

"Come on."

Without more ado they repaired to the star's stateroom and didn't come out for three days. They talked for twenty-four hours without sleeping, and they've been pals ever since.

IN his youth, Bill's hobby was street care conductors and blacksmiths.



Another early portrait of William Powell, this time at the age of four. At this time Bill's hobby was street-car conductors and blacksmiths. Bill usually visited the neighborhood smithy, borrowed a nickel and spent the day touring Pittsburgh by trolley.

He was a slim, sturdy little youngster with startlingly blue eyes. With serious mein, he would walk quietly out the backdoor and disappear. Later, Mother Powell would be seen running around the block looking for her offspring. Horatio Powell, coming home from his accounting offices, would take up the search. He soon developed a system. His first stop was at the blacksmith shop, three blocks away.

"Seen anything of Will today?" he'd ask the brawny man, busy at his glowing forge.

"Sure. He was in here for a couple of hours early this afternoon. We had a long gab about why horses have four legs and humans have only got two. That feller can ask more questions than any kid I ever saw."

"Where'd he go?"

"I dunno. He borrowed a nickel off me and skidadled."

That nickel was the clue. Nickels meant street cars to Will. He would finally be discovered deep in discussions with the motorman or the conductor upon whose car he had made six round trips with that nickel. Nothing could break him of this habit. Besides, he was so intent upon gaining information that his parents didn't have the heart to punish him. He was getting an education of sorts.

Incidentally, Bill Powell never felt the stern hand of parental discipline. Never as a child was his little spank spanked.

His mother says it wasn't necessary. She employed more subtle and more effective methods.



BY the way, I don't mind telling you now that William Powell's mother thinks pretty highly of him. After thirty-eight years of intimate acquaintance, she will contend he's the best man she knows—except his father. The three of them live together, which shows real love and understanding. Bill is the sort of bird who likes liberty and would quickly resent any curtailing of his privileges. Their apartment in Hollywood is charmingly arranged, run for Bill's convenience, and his complete comfort.

(Continued on page 124)

This looks a little more like the William Powell of Hollywood triumphs. Bill is eleven and an earnest student, even a "teacher's pet." Young Master Powell was then looking forward to a great career as a lawyer.

Before—

the
Movies
Changed
Broad-
way



Above, Broadway just after the turn of the century. The old hansom cabs still hold their own. There are no blinding electric signs. No traffic problems. The theater district centers around Herald Square. The big favorites of the day are such stars as Maude Adams, Otis Skinner, Henrietta Crosman, Weber and Fields, John Drew, Mrs. Fiske, James T. Powers and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Current hits are "Ben-Hur" and "Arizona," later destined to be super-films.

Below, Times Square as it is today, looking North from the Times Building. The lofty Paramount Theater Building is on the left. Just up Broadway is the Astor Hotel. Across the square "Hell's Angels" holds the electric lights. Broadway is thoroughly sky-signed. The movies have completed their conquest of the Great White Way. Seventeen big theaters, all located in this zone, are playing feature films.

After—



While the movies have captured Broadway, it is interesting to note that the center of all this vast world of motion pictures lies 3,000 miles away, in California.

Photographs
by Brown
Brothers

MUSIC of the Sound Screen

The New Movie's Service Department, Reviewing the Newest Phonograph Records of Film Musical Hits

By JOHN EDGAR WEIR

WHEN you see Bert Lown's name on anything that is musical, you know it's good and if you look around these days, you'll find quite a few selections with Bert Lown's name. "Maybe It's Love," recorded by Bert and His Boys for Columbia, is good enough to write about. This number is from the Warner Bros. picture, "Maybe It's Love." Not satisfied with calling this a day's work, Bert turns the old record over and reels out another one, and just as good, too. "I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You" is the title, and if you have heard the boys play this over the air it doesn't need any recommendation to make you buy it. Both of these numbers are A Number 1.

Do you know that Bert Lown and Rudy Vallee are old friends, and that in December, 1927, Bert Lown, who was booking orchestras at the time, placed Rudy in Don Dickerman's Heigh-Ho Club and started the boy out in what was later to be known as the Lown-Vallee Orchestras, Inc.?

FROM the William Fox picture, "The Big Trail," we hear an unusually fine waltz, "Song of the Big Trail." This is played by Leroy Shield and the Victor Hollywood Orchestra. This combination is a new one to me and it may be to you, but it's surefire. We're bound to hear more of these boys. They do a praiseworthy job on both sides of the record. "Song of the Big Trail" carries a vocal refrain by Bud Jamison. The other side of this disc is a fox trot by the same orchestra and the title is "Sing-Song Girl." This side carries a vocal by James Blackstone.

Do you know that both of these numbers were written by Joseph McCarthy and James F. Hanley, the boys who wrote one of the best numbers of the year, a fox trot ballad called "What's the Use of Living Without Love?" This was recorded for Victor by King Oliver and his orchestra and you should hear it.

RUTH ETTING, the Sweetheart of Columbia

THE MONTH'S BIGGEST HITS:

- "Song of the Big Trail," waltz
Leroy Shield and the Victor Hollywood Orchestra
- "It's a Great Life," fox trot
Merle Johnston's Saxophone Quartet
- "Maybe It's Love," fox trot
Bert Lown and his Hotel Biltmore Orchestra
- "Just a Little Closer," vocal
Ruth Etting

records, certainly proves to us how she got her name when she sings "Just a Little Closer." The number is from the Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer picture, "Remote Control," and is darned good. The other side of this record is also sung by Miss Etting and is the popular "I'll Be Blue Just Thinking of You."

Although it's hard to call four saxophones an orchestra, Merle Johnston and his boys make up what they lack in numbers with a musical ability that is noteworthy. "It's a Great Life," recorded by Merle Johnston and his Saxophone Quartet, will certainly astonish you by the way the boys get along without the customary strings and brass, and the rhythm they can get out of their saxophones. This number is from the picture, "Playboy of Paris."

"Always in All Ways" sounds like a pretty tricky title to me and the tune is from the Paramount picture, "Monte Carlo." This number is also played by Merle Johnston and his quartet, and very nicely, too.

Do you know that Merle Johnston, who is one of the country's foremost exponents of the saxophone, is considered by hundreds of musicians as the leader in tonal artistry, that he appears on dozens of radio programs each day and is said to have the largest number of pupils of any sax teacher in the country?



It begins to look as though some of the old-time tunes are due for a revival. The Columbia people have acquired Ken Maynard, the Universal picture star, and tacking the title "The American Boy's Favorite Cowboy" on him have made him sing a few Hill Billys.

One of these numbers is the old-timer, "The Cowboy's Lament." The other side of this record is a song from the Universal picture, "The Wagon Master," and is called "The Lone Star Trail."

Maurice Chevalier has just made a sprightly new record for Victor. This offers two numbers from his new picture, "The Playboy of Paris." These numbers are "It's a Great Life," which is excellent, and "My Ideal," also up to standard.

REMINISCENCES

of Maurice Costello

The First Idol of the Screen Tells About the Grand Old Days of Vitagraph When Actors Often Doubled as Carpenters

By GRACE KINGSLEY



IMAGINE Maurice Chevalier personally hopping off jagged rocks into the sea below. Fancy John Barrymore putting overalls over his Hamlet tights and taking a hand with the saw and hammer at building sets. Picture the fastidious Ramon Novarro being chased down the street, with the rabble joining the running mob at his heels, in an old-fashioned picture chase!

That's what they did when Maurice Costello became the first of the picture sheiks, back in the good old Vitagraph days in Brooklyn.

Fancy Greta Garbo working in the wardrobe department in off hours away from the stage, or Mary Pickford waiting after hours to pay off the extras herself! For the feminine stars worked, too, in those old days at odd studio jobs.

THEY called him Dimples in those days, because they didn't know Costello's name, since actors' names weren't on the screen. Fans wrote him letters under that pet name. You will see him

Flora Finch and the late John Bunny, at the right. It was Maurice Costello who suggested that Miss Finch and Bunny would make a great comedy team. Vitagraph took his suggestion—and the two made the first laugh hit of the films.



They called Maurice Costello by the name of "Dimples" in the palmy days of the silent screen. Mr. Costello came from the stage to become the first great favorite of the films. Being an all round trouser, he did a lot to lift screen acting out of its first crude state.

still, this Dimples, in a picture, once in a while—and a handsome trouser he is.

Handsome, vital, most attractive, with his white hair and his brown eyes and his face that is a little seamed, we found Mr. Costello as we visited him in his apartment in Beverly Hills.

It isn't quite on the right side of the railroad tracks to be in the fashionable section, but it is charming, nevertheless.

He and his son-in-law, Jack Barrymore, are good friends, by the way—but he has never seen his little granddaughter.

"Just imagine," he said proudly, "what a baby that grandchild should be!"

We knew he was thinking of the stage.

Present-day actors owe a lot to Costello. It was he who broke down the producers' ideas that actors shouldn't have their names on the screen. He was the pioneer in introducing dialogue into screen acting. Also it was Costello who introduced the slow tempo in acting, so that screen playing didn't look like a wild



scramble, as admittedly it had before he came into it.

I HAD an argument with Florence Turner, my leading lady, the very first day I went into pictures," said Costello. "I was dumfounded at the methods used. I had never seen a picture made, but I believe that I did know trouping. I came in after several years of stock.

"Our very first scene was one in which a knock came at the door. I was seated at a flat-top desk in my study at home. Naturally, I would say, 'Come in.' I ushered Florence in and said, 'What can I do for you?' She sat there like a dummy. Finally my director said, 'Answer him,' and she replied, 'We aren't accustomed to using words!' But I argued, and finally we rattled off a little dialogue.

"Albert Smith, who was head of Vitagraph, along with David Smith and Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, spoke up and said to me, 'That's all very fine, Mr. Costello, but when you hear that knock at the door, register it this way, with your hand to your ear.' He illustrated, looking like a deaf man cupping his hand to his ear.

"Well," I answered, 'I never heard of anybody in their own home doing that.'

"He didn't answer, but went on, 'And mind this, if somebody points to something, shade your eyes with your hand to register that you see it,' again illustrating.

"What," I answered, 'as if I were somewhere out on the prairie?'

Van Dyke Brooks was Costello's director.

"The director was certainly the supreme in those days, you know. He did the wardrobe and everything! We made pictures in a week and they were out on the street the day after!"

STUDIO discipline in those pioneer days was tough. "We had to be there every morning at eight, whether we were working or not. Actors received a guarantee of \$15 per week, whether they were actively engaged on a picture or not.

"The actors had to punch a time clock! Can you imagine Maurice Chevalier or Douglas Fairbanks doing that? I never would though. I wasn't asked to, strangely enough, maybe because I was a star.

"All the actors helped build the scenery, too. I was the first to refuse to handle a saw and hammer. Even Ralph Ince and Paul Panzer did it in those days.

"The women? They were busy, too. They worked in the costume department when they

weren't acting. Florence Turner also assisted in paying off the extras at the end of the day.

"Actors were paid \$12 or \$15 a week for labor and \$3 a day when in front of the camera. Ralph Ince and John Adolphi both started that way.

"I started at \$30 a week and had made about three pictures before they propositioned me to stay with them. Mr. Smith said, when I demurred about doing work, 'Well, Cos, all the boys have been doing it.' I said, 'I don't care what they are doing. Steve Brodie jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge, too, but I'm damned if I will. But I can handle saw and hammer, and I will take \$30 a week to build scenery for you, but I won't act and be prop boy, too.'

"But evidently Mr. Smith didn't think I meant what I said. After a couple of days he came to me and said, 'Have you thought it over?' 'I have decided,' I said. 'I certainly won't double in my jobs.' He said, 'Maybe you can suggest a way out so as not to hurt the other boys' feelings.' I said, 'This is a funny proposition to have a manager ask me how to run his business.' I said, 'Who's running this place?' He gave me one look, shook hands with me, and that's all the contract we ever had. They jumped my salary and kept jumping it."

I asked about the sets in those days.

"Oh," said Costello, "sets were of canvas. The first thing we did was to teach the actor not to slam the door. The whole place would shake if an actor grew too vehement. We made some of the exteriors indoors with painted scenery. It was very hard to keep the trees and rocks from waving in the breeze, since the studios were open-air affairs.

WE had one permanent set that the producers were very proud of. It was a thirty-by-fifty-foot tank with a grass mat around it, which was used for everything from Eliza crossing the ice to Washington crossing the Delaware. We also had a sawmill, and we had a boy come over from the Belasco Theatre and build a windmill. It took two weeks to build.

"It was constructed for a picture of mine. I forget the name of the girl playing opposite me, but I had to catch the windmill and rescue the girl from the little platform atop. It was a pretty good windmill, except that
(Continued on page 114)



Lillian Walker had been a chorus girl in a musical show in which Maurice Costello had played before going to Vitagraph. He helped her and she became a great screen favorite of the day.

What the Stars Are Doing

Compiled by Wire as NEW MOVIE Goes to Press.

STAR	TITLE	DIRECTOR	KIND OF STORY	LEADING PLAYER
COLUMBIA STUDIO				
Barbara Stanwyck	Roseland	Lionel Barrymore	Romance	Ricardo Cortez
Walter Huston	Criminal Code	Howard Hawks	Melodrama	Constance Cummings
Jack Holt	Dirigible	Frank Capra	Air Story	{ Fay Wray Ralph Graves
FIRST NATIONAL STUDIO				
Closed Until January 1, 1931				
FOX STUDIO				
Janet Gaynor	{ The Man Who Came Back	Raoul Walsh	Romance	Kenneth McKenna
Charles Farrell		Berthold Viertel	Drama	Neil Hamilton
Kay Johnson	The Spy	Guthrie McClintic	Romance	Joel McCrae
Dorothy Mackaill	Once a Sinner	John Ford	Sea Romance	Mona Maris
George O'Brien	The Sea Beneath			
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER STUDIO				
Greta Garbo	Inspiration	Clarence Brown	French Romance	Robert Montgomery
Eleanor Boardman	Great Meadow	Charles Brabin	Drama	John Mack Brown
Joan Crawford	Within the Law	Sam Wood	Drama	Kent Douglas
Harry Carey	Trader Horn	William Van Dyke	African Romance	Edwina Booth
Marie Dressler	{ Reducing	Charles Reisner	Comedy	
Polly Moran				
PARAMOUNT WEST COAST STUDIO				
Richard Arlen	Stampede	Edward Sloman	Western Drama	Fay Wray
Jack Oakie	On the Spot	Edward Sutherland	Comedy	Jean Arthur
Ruth Chatterton	The Right to Love	Richard Wallace	Drama	{ Paul Lukas David Manners
Gary Cooper	{ Fighting Caravans	Otto Brower	Western Drama	Ernest Torrence
Lily Damita		Josef Von Sternberg	Spy Drama	Barry Norton
Gary Cooper	{ Dishonored	John Cromwell	Newspaper Drama	{ Kay Francis Clive Brook
Marlene Dietrich				
George Bancroft	Unfit to Print			
PARAMOUNT EAST COAST STUDIO				
Ina Claire	The Royal Family	Cukor-Gardner	Comedy-Drama	{ Mary Brian Fredric March
Nancy Carroll	Stolen Heaven	George Abbott	Comedy	Norman Foster
Clara Bow	No Limit	Frank Tuttle	Comedy-Drama	Fredric March
Claudette Colbert	Strictly Business	Dorothy Arzner		
PATHE STUDIO				
Constance Bennett	Sin Takes a Holiday	Paul L. Stein	Comedy-Drama	{ Basil Rathbone Kenneth McKenna
Ann Harding	Rebound	E. H. Griffith	Comedy-Drama	
Bill Boyd	The Painted Desert	Howard Higgin	Western Romance	{ Helen Twelvetrees William Farnum
R K O STUDIO				
Ralph Forbes	Beau Ideal	Herbert Brenon	Romance	Loretta Young
Lowell Sherman	Queen's Husband	Lowell Sherman	Comedy-Drama	Mary Astor
Bert Wheeler	{ Hook, Line and Sinker	Wesley Ruggles	Comedy	Dorothy Lee
Robert Woolsey			Romance	Irene Dunne
Richard Dix	Cimarron			
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIO				
Douglas Fairbanks	Reaching for the Moon	Edmund Goulding	Romantic Comedy	Bebe Daniels
Mary Pickford	Kiki	Sam Taylor	Comedy Romance	Reginald Denny
UNIVERSAL STUDIO				
Helen Chandler	Dracula	Tod Browning	Melodrama	{ Bela Lugosi Robert Ames
Lupe Velez	Resurrection	Edwin Carewe	Drama	John Boles
Conrad Nagel	Modern Wife	Hobart Henley	Drama	Genevieve Tobin
WARNER BROTHERS STUDIO				
Closed until January 1, 1931				

The GIRL Who Almost FAILED

By JACK BEVERLY

THE dawn of a new day has come for Helen Twelvetrees. It appears to be a day with sunlit skies. And it follows a night of dismal blackness such as few girls must face.

Helen Twelvetrees has just put behind her the worst year of her short life. She says the future must be brighter, because unhappiness such as she has had for the past twelve months or so cannot possibly come to her again.

"I'm happy, now," she told me. "Happy, happy, happy. And you don't know how it makes me feel."

A SMALL, blonde girl graduated from the Brooklyn Heights Seminary in 1925. She wanted to be an actress. Not a motion-picture actress. Hollywood was far from her thoughts. But a stage actress. New York and Broadway were calling her.

Her father, an advertising man for a group of New York newspapers, finally gave his consent. "You were kicked out of the Berkeley Institute for smoking," he

said. "And they tell me all great actresses and authoresses start that way. Maybe you're qualified. Go ahead."

So Helen Twelvetrees enrolled in the Art Students' League and the American Academy of Dramatic Arts—both in New York City.

"That was fun," she said. "But it was also work. I had always had a sneaking suspicion that all you had to do to be an actress was to get up on a stage and say a lot of lines you had memorized. But, oh, how wrong I was. I found out that I did not know how to walk, to stand, and couldn't even sit correctly. I had to take long breathing exercises so that I did not gasp when I spoke. I had to learn a thousand things that—I haven't learned yet." She smiled at me and I forgave her for not knowing all of them. In fact, when she smiles and blinks a pair of large blue eyes at you, you think it sort of silly that one should have to know how to do anything else.

"I finally graduated from the Dramatic School and was fortunate enough to get a place with the Stuart Walker Players," she continued. "We played all sorts of things, being a stock company. Among the plays we did on the road were: 'An American Tragedy,' 'Elmer Gantry' and 'Broadway.'"

She hesitated in her recital of those days and I could see that she was debating something with herself. Something she felt she had to say but was not quite sure how to say it—if at all. Finally she came out with it.

"Then I made a mistake," she said. And I thought of the thousand things that simple statement covered.

A marriage. The wedding united two youngsters, neither of them knowing just what they were getting into. The entire affair was complicated by the fact that Helen Twelvetrees was an actress, a working woman with hours that were irregular if nothing else.

A young wife with a job which took her away from home for weeks and months at a time.

Home? They had none. Not as you and I know it. Not as we knew it as children. It was a make-shift home.

Helen Twelvetrees does not like to talk about that chapter of her life, al-

though she did mention the end of it. But I found out from others who knew that the marriage was doomed to failure from the start. "Maybe it was my fault," she

Helen Twelvetrees in "My Man," which presents her first real opportunities. Miss Twelvetrees came from the city of movie stars, Brooklyn. She is tiny, blonde and blue-eyed. Before she went to Hollywood she had a long schooling with the Stuart Walker Players, who do dramas on the road.



Released by One Producer, Helen Twelvetrees was Ready to Give Up, Licked. Then the Big Chance Came

told me, simply. "I don't know. I think this marriage business is a job of work which requires study and brains to make it work successfully. You say you're happy after three years of it but I—oh, let's forget it. I want to, please."

I ASKED no more about it. But by others who knew her in New York and when she first came to Hollywood, I was told that Helen Twelvetrees tried desperately to be successful with her marriage. It was not her fault; it was not.

But I travel ahead of my story. Because Helen Twelvetrees came to Hollywood with her husband and that helped make the dark night I mentioned above but darker.

The Fox Company, like other movie companies, was struck by the talkies. Stage people were wanted, people who could speak lines. Fox jumped upon the New York stage and signed actor after actor, girl after girl. The Hollywood studios gave out contracts and transportation in such profusion that it became a laughing matter in Hollywood. "How many landed today?" was a standing comment.

But it was not long before the actors signed to movie contracts saw the handwriting on the wall. Over a hundred new faces roamed around that Fox lot in Hollywood wondering what it was all about. Uprooted from their normal lives, dropped down into a new and impressively different league, they finally came to want only one thing—work. Please, could they get into a picture? Please may I not do something besides sit around all day and watch others get an opportunity to show what they can do? The battle cry became, "Take off these handcuffs and allow me at least to try before option time comes and I'm shipped back to New York—a failure."

IT WAS not possible to give fair and adequate tests, much less conclusive ones, to all the new faces imported into the Hollywood studio. Some must be overlooked. And those who were would suffer heartaches. To have been so near—and missed.

Helen Twelvetrees was among those who suffered, and missed.

In all the time she was on the Fox lot she was given but three small parts in three unimportant pictures.

Night after night she went home to cry herself to sleep. Nothing was going right. Everything was wrong. Her husband—well, it was the beginning of the end with him.

She cracked under the strain and, when her contract with Fox was finished, she was ready to return to New York. Ready to put everything she had worked for since leaving school behind her, and start anew. Forget pictures, which had raised her hopes so high, forget her marriage.

Small, blonde, blue-eyed, alone, still a girl, deep in debt, Hollywood had licked Helen Twelvetrees. And
(Continued on page 106)

Helen Twelvetrees' marriage went on the rocks, just when failure in Hollywood seemed definite. The tragic turn of events almost swamped her. She was packed up, ready to go home, when opportunity came knocking at her bungalow door.



Hollywood's Own COOKING PAGE



The Movie Colony's Favorite Recipes to Aid the Housewife

Kay Johnson, in her own kitchen in Beverly Hills. Miss Johnson is putting the final touches to her chocolate pie.

warm but don't boil it first—and cook until thick and creamy. Keep stirring to avoid those lumps. Now add the well beaten yolks of the two eggs and stir for two minutes.

Remove from the fire and add one teaspoon vanilla. Now fold in the stiffly beaten white of the two eggs. Pour into a baked pie shell, put into the oven to set the custard and serve.

You may take your choice of pastry recipes for the shell, but it is best not to try a very elaborate puff paste.

AS you can see, all the ingredients for this chocolate pie will be found on your pantry shelf. It might be well to say that pie

NOW that winter is here, this is the time for pies made with a cooked custard filling. After all, it can't be apple pie every week.

Kay Johnson, of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, contributes a good recipe for chocolate pie to THE NEW MOVIE. Kay Johnson is Mrs. John Cromwell in private life and she knows that men like chocolate desserts and that a chocolate pie is doubly welcome.

Here is her recipe:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar.	2 cups milk.
2 tablespoons cocoa.	2 eggs.
A few grains of salt.	1 teaspoon vanilla.

PLACE the half cup of sugar mixed with the salt into a double boiler and mix in the two tablespoons cocoa. Stir in two cups of milk—have it luke-

crust is always best if it is allowed to remain, uncooked of course, in the ice-box for twenty-four hours. When the crust goes into the oven, it should be cold and all the ingredients used to make pastry should always be chilled.

Many housewives make up a good supply of pastry crust, wrap it in cheese cloth and place it on a plate in the ice-box. Then there is always a supply on hand for various pastry desserts. The dough will keep very well for quite a long time and it improves in crispness and delicacy if it is allowed to stand.

If you like, you may serve the chocolate filling in small tarts instead of one big pie. These little dainties are delicious for luncheon. If you have children in the home who are too young for pastry, you may give them some of the custard, saving out a helping before putting it in the crust.

THIS IS THE NEW MOVIE'S NEWEST SERVICE PAGE

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 44)

with the thrill that comes at glimpsing a rose among the weeds, he raised his eyes to see the Kwattle procession coming toward him.

"Hey!" shouted J. Wellington. "Snap out of that technical trance and register astonishment!"

The request was unnecessary, for the mournful Peter had suddenly become an engaging youth of twenty-five. He appraised the Revere ensemble and smiled more pleasantly than ever. Here, he told himself, was some visiting personage, to judge by the smirking entourage. Such well sculptured legs! Quite different from the geometrical stems indigenous to his celluloid enchantresses. And that fascinating mole! At last a woman who was not trying to baste up her future with an electric needle. Could it be that she was a he found himself bending over a firm little hand.

"CHARMED," he murmured, forgetting to click his heels with the military precision seen only on the Hollywood parade ground.

"And so am I," said Iris softly, fluttering a little at being so close to her paragon. "A—and s-so am—, er, I mean—."

"She means, 'And so am I,'" chuckled Mr. Kwattle. "We all are, Peter, my old tomato, and you should head the class. Before you stands your leading lady—by next May, positively."

Mr. Silverdale's eyes dulled to a lustreless black. "Do you mean to say that she's an actress?" he demanded.

"She will be by May," promised an official. "Seems to me you're in luck, my boy. How about having lunch with us?"

"Sorry," said the actor stiffly. "I have other plans." His gaze encountered the bewildered Iris. "Very glad to have met you," he murmured mechanically, and resumed his pilgrimage.

"Don't bother about him," consoled J. Wellington. "That's only Genius in its shirt sleeves, baby, and you'll have to get used to it around here. Maybe you see now why I socked him in the nose. Maybe—" he broke off and goggled delightedly at the storm signals that were flying.

"No man," flared Miss Revere, "can do that to me! Why, when he first

looked at me I felt all over the way I do when I hit my funnybone, and then he froze up. It's a . . ."

"Don't spring that line about being insulted," begged Mr. Kwattle. "You got to develop a cuticle like an armadillo in this dump, sweetheart, or you're liable to get chapped."

"Who said anything about being insulted? It's a challenge!" And Iris, her twin amethysts glinting fire, was swept off to luncheon and later into a vice-president's office, where that gentleman forgot his enthusiasm sufficiently to sign her for six months at one hundred dollars weekly.

FIVE o'clock found her with Mr. Kwattle still in charge of her elbow. "You can have supper with me at the Arms," he offered, "or I'll send you home in a studio car."

"Thanks very much," said Miss Revere evenly. "I'll be happy to dine with you, so look for me at seven."

"But how—?"

"My superman will drive me," announced Iris, and Mr. Kwattle, jaw at the slope, watched her cross the lawn and accost the somber Peter.

Mr. Silverdale removed his hat at the angle approved in the advertisements and questioned her with his eyebrows.

"I haven't any car," she told him, "and so I'd like you to drive me out to Santa Monica and then back to the Musclebound Arms. Shall we start right away?" And before the actor had assembled a negative they were skimming toward the little town where the best minds believed that psychology should be studied by everyone except the landlord.

"That is so sweet of you," tinkled Miss Revere, nestling against him.

"I'm not interested in actresses," said Peter morosely. "They bore me, and as I generally use two hands for driving, kindly move over, will you?"

"But I've admired you for years. Don't you like me at all?"

"Your figure," stated Mr. Silverdale in the colorless tone of an artist who knows his wife has her ears to the hole, "is practically perfection. Your hair, gorgeous. Your eyes—"

"Yes?" crooned Iris, turning on both batteries.

"Most—ah, unusual," said Peter,

trying not to look at them. "Nevertheless, you are about to become an actress, a mere delineator of moods as false as old Kwattle's middle name, so you will pardon me if I refuse to allow your short vamps to scuff a pathway across my heart. It's been tried before, my dear girl, and it's no use. Dash it," frowned Mr. Silverdale, "why are you staring at me like that?"

Miss Revere indulged in a rippling laugh, thereby proving that she was no mean actress already. "I'm just wondering," she said with a jauntiness she did not feel, "whether I'll marry you in May or June."

THE passage of six months saw Iris securely established in the arms of Mr. Silverdale, but for screen purposes only. Climbing through the stages of being photographed with a prize pig or a delegation of visiting exhibitors, she was allowed to say, "Wown't you have some moah buttah?" in a sherry-and-crumpt English comedy, and from that purple moment Epictures required another sack for the fan mail.

But it was a somewhat humbled Iris who wriggled slowly out of the Silverdale embrace, flounced petulantly in a chair and exchanged meaning glances with Mr. Kwattle.

"Too stiff," wailed the director. "Listen, stupid, you got to put more feeling into the clinch or the fadeout will be a flop. Why's it so hard for you to make love to Iris? On the level, Peter, I've seen better heads on umbrellas."

"And why," said Mr. Silverdale suspiciously, "is it only in the clinches that I can't suit you? Every one of them's had to be made a dozen times but the other scenes went smoothly enough."

"I'm trying to give you a break, that's why," snapped Mr. Kwattle. "Ain't you got sense enough to realize that Iris is a comer? Why, she's stealing scenes from you already, you self-satisfied nincompoop."

"Kindly remember that I'm the star."

"Yeah?" bellowed the director, "and I'm a comet! Another squawk from you and you'll end up by loafing around in the bread wagon with the rest of the buns. Get me? You've got to play

(Continued on page 104)

Gossip of the Studios

(Continued from page 23)

in the picture colony. He made his first appearance at Malibu the other Sunday and was a riot. Papa Skeets is becoming quite a favorite in pictures, by the way. His work with Clara Bow has received a lot of comment.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, the stage star, has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Her work in "My Man" landed her on the permanent payroll.

DO you remember Mary McLaren, the blonde star of five or six years back? Mary is in business in Hollywood now, and the other afternoon gave a delightful tea at her home on Rossmore. She looks younger and prettier than ever, but has no desire to go back into pictures. Neither has her sister, Katherine MacDonald, once called "The American Beauty." She's married to a millionaire and you see her, in diamonds and ermine, at the opera.

VIRGINIA VALLI has returned from New York sooner than her friends expected. You remember she went East with Colleen Moore. Charlie Farrell met her at the train and they took up their romance just where they left off when Virginia went away.

LEW AYRES and Lola Lane still appear to be devoted. They're seen about at the Ambassador, the Embassy and the Mayfair together.



A striking enlargement of a beautiful scene photographed in the new wide Realife method for Metro-Goldwyn's "The Great Meadow." Johnny Mack Brown is the actor in the scene and Charles Brabin is the director

The Richest Woman in Hollywood

(Continued from page 47)

whole ninety-six acres,' they said, 'why not buy part of it? Why not take sixty-one acres? This was quite a let-down for me—but it was all I could do. And finally we closed for a gross purchase price of \$350,000, for they charged me more per acre. I didn't realize all that was going to mean to me when it came to paying—until later. But at the time I was thrilled. That was the only word to express it.

"I made my first payment, the papers of sale were drawn up—and I went back to work. I knew I was going to be in hock for some time to come—for I had something like a quarter of a million dollars to pay—and the only way I could pay it was from what I could earn.

"A procession of serials followed 'Ruth of the Rockies.' There was 'The Avenging Arrow,' 'White Eagle,' 'The Timber Queen,' 'Haunted Valley,' and 'Ruth of the Range.' I never worked so hard in my life. And when I would be so worn out that it seemed a physical impossibility to drag myself down to the set for another day, I would drive very slowly down Wilshire Boulevard, and get a good look at the sixty-one acres which I was trying to make my own. 'And when that time does come,' I announced one day, 'I am going to make all of this property into a city block and call it Roland Square!' My bankers shook their heads when I told them. 'You are a deluded young woman,' they answered. 'Don't you know that when you buy real estate you should buy for a raise in value? And you are buying acreage?'"

Miss Roland digressed for a minute as a sudden thought from those eventful years came back to her.

"Most of the mistakes I have made in my life have come from listening to

other people—and taking their judgment instead of my own. This isn't egotism. It just happens to be fact. My own hunches may not have always been the best in the world, but, at least, they gave me confidence—and if I went wrong I had nobody to blame but myself. Do you know one of the worst mistakes I made?" And there was a genuine note of sadness in her voice.

"**T**HAT was when I gave up active work in pictures. By that time I had paid for my Wilshire property and there were so many details connected with developing and promoting it that everybody told me that I would break myself down if I tried to attend to my picture work too. And, besides, they said I might be killed any day if I kept on riding over burning bridges, running locomotives, and jumping out of balloons! And then what would happen? Well, I finally gave in—and I have been sorry ever since.

"Not that I regret being a business woman, for I am proud of it. And it's harder work and takes more ability than being a movie star—and there isn't the constant excitement and change to keep you up.

"But do you know one thing that has always brought a glow to me and reached right down into my heart? That was whenever the little boys and girls would stop me on the street and call me 'Ruth,' and say they had seen me the night before or the week before just about to spring from a cliff to escape the wicked villain who was pursuing me, and tell me they were sure I would get the best of him in the end! I knew then that I was making good—that I was bringing a new zest into thousands of lives—for if the kiddies were so interested in my pictures I

knew their fathers and mothers must be, too. When all is said and done we are all children at heart. That is why I am proud that I was a serial star—for I have always felt that the serials were one of the most genuine and universal forms of entertainment which the films had to offer. There was nothing high-brow about them, no elaborate spectacles, no involved psychological studies. They were just what they were designed to be—entertainment for the multitude. And I was a part of it—quite a sizable part, too, if we go by quantity, for first and last I made fifteen serials, averaging from fifteen to twenty two-reel episodes in each. If we count two thousand feet to an episode that means about half a million feet of celluloid—in most of which I had a more or less active part!"

To understand just what this means, consider that the average "super-feature" picture of today runs from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet at most. This would mean that Ruth Roland's serials alone would make at least fifty features as we know them today!

Just how does it feel for a one-time serial queen of the films to realize that today she is regarded as the richest woman in Hollywood? Has it changed her philosophy of life? Has it changed the merry girl who was afraid of nothing—for whom no feat of daring was too much?

Ruth Roland possesses something of the eternal quality of youth. She will always be a girl—an adventurous girl, if you will—eager to press forward to something new, quick to thrill to a novel sensation, warm-hearted, impulsive, glowing, daring, but never forgetting that she is feminine. Somehow,



Eleanor Boardman and Johnny Mack Brown in a scene of Metro-Goldwyn's "The Great Meadow." NEW MOVIE reproduces this scene to show its readers how Realife (wide measure) photography appears in an enlargement.

you get the idea that she is just a little bit awed now, when she lets herself think of the impressive list of property holdings in her name, which make bankers rub their eyes.

Two of the best known real estate divisions in California belong to her—Roland Square and New Roland Square in Wilshire Boulevard. A magnificent new theater building was erected on a corner of her property—and the rest of it proceeded to boom in a way that was almost shocking. And a transportation company decided to build a big passenger and freight depot just a half block below her property—and the demand for lots jumped as a result overnight!

It would be an anti-climax if she had not bought more real estate, not only in California but in other sections—and even more of an anti-climax if her investments had not proven fruitful of golden returns. Yet she strenuously denies that she has found Alad-

din's lamp, which certain jealous competitors have charged!

In Beverlymont, one of the newest and smartest subdivisions of Beverly Hills she has recently opened a new subdivision, in which she intends to build for her very own home the house of her heart's desire, which will overlook "Pickfair."

IT would need a bold person to estimate the wealth today of Ruth Roland who started her theatrical life at the age of two behind the scenes, while her actress-mother attended to her when and as she could, and who began her film career at a salary which many secretaries would sneer at today. But certainly no one would deny that in all Hollywood, with its glitter and tinsel and lure and constant striving for something bigger and better, she is classed, by those who should know, as the richest woman there!

But with it all she is the same Ruth

Roland who made movie audiences marvel and gasp and lean forward in their seats years ago! And by some mystery of nature she contrives to keep just as youthful and bubbling a smile and just as much of a girlish charm as when she was billed across a continent as "Ruth of a Thousand Thrills."

"The movies will always be my first love," she says. And she means it. To prove it she has staged a come-back in the feature production, "Reno," in which Ruth, perhaps a little more mature, a little more sedate, proves that she has not lost the ability to rally again to her the cohorts who used to cheer her in her mad races against time with all species of skulking villains to bar her way!

And for the girl who—if she wants to—can call herself the "richest woman in Hollywood," this is a triumph, which the millions of dollars she has earned cannot buy! It is something she has earned—and not by money!

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 53)

Where Is Colleen?

Salisbury, Md.

What has happened to my favorite of all actresses, Colleen Moore? I am anxiously awaiting another of her pictures. No matter the type I know I'll like it. I'll never forget her part in "Lilac Time." A picture I thoroughly enjoyed. My whole bridge club casts one unanimous vote for Colleen. Here's hoping for more "Moore" pictures.

(Mrs.) T. C. Duffy,
Powell Avenue.

Averse to Stage Stars

Detroit, Michigan

The public—the same public we had in the old silent days—cares nothing for names from other amusement

fields. It wants what it wants and it resents any effort on the part of the producers to force a certain type of actor or production down its throat. The sign was up against the musical talkie months ago, but the producer failed to heed it. Today he is paying heavily for running through the red light.

Jane Ambrose,
11200 McKinney Ave.

Attention, Herb Howe

San Antonio, Texas

Herb Howe dared the fans to pick the handsomest men on the screen, and then he picks the most beautiful women without deigning to mention the beautiful June Collyer, that ravishing Norma Talmadge, lovely blond Dorothy Revier, and Dolores Costello

Barrymore! How dared he leave them out. Herb, I like your Hollywood Boulevardier so well, I'll try to forgive you this time, if you'll mention Nancy Carroll more often in your ramblings; but next time you give opinions of Hollywood beauty, include these.

Nancy Claire,
620 Hoefgen Avenue.

Wants the Old Gary

Salisbury, N. C.

I am a most ardent Gary Cooper fan and never miss one of his pictures. Yesterday I saw his latest, "The Spoilers." Now, I ask you, just because he is an honest-to-God he-man and can stage a convincing fight, is it fair for Paramount to continue casting him in such rôles which are fast label-

(Continued on page 109)

The Toughest Game in the World

(Continued from page 26)

pull a living out of a game in which there is no living.

The real answer is that most of them do other things. Dick Arlen, for instance, told me that he mowed lawns—eight of them—and kept them in condition when the extra going was tough. “I could do those during hours I was not called to studios or looking for work at studios.” Others grab off daily jobs. Others are married, especially women, and take extra work through the desire to add to the family income brought in by their husbands or the vain hope that they might click and become a Chatterton, a Crawford, a Bow, or a Swanson. This type makes it tough indeed for those depending solely upon picture work for support. But they are well dressed and reliable and the studios like them.

IT is practically impossible to get registered in Central Casting today unless some studio requests it. And you have to get to know someone in a studio before that can happen. Which is a tough job in itself.

A girl we will call Mary F. came to

Hollywood. She had been a beauty at home. Boys, her friends, told her on moonlight nights and other hours of the day and night, that she was more beautiful than any picture star. She should be in the movies. She gathered together a few dollars and came to Hollywood. She tramped the streets to the studios. She could not get past a gate. Central Casting told her they had other beautiful girls, could see no reason why they should register her. Her money grew less and less. Finally it was gone.

She took a job serving drinks at a drug store soda fountain—and was fortunate to find that. She moved into a room near her work. Next door lived an assistant casting director. Mary’s landlady knew him, introduced Mary.

“AND I,” he told me, “played her the dirtiest trick I could play. I allowed her to talk me into requesting that she be registered at Central Casting. She quit the soda fountain and is now trying to live on about one check a week (A check is the amount paid an extra for one day’s work. In

this case it is \$7.50.) I keep her working as much as I can but we need her type only every so often. What can I do about it?”

I said I did not know. I don’t. I don’t know what to do about any of them except to slip them eating money whenever one of them seems to need it. They never ask, but they do look hungry and tired.

Frances Dee is about the only girl picked out of the extra ranks during the past year who has a chance to make good. A girl was needed, she struck the fancy of the man doing the picking, looked like she might make good. And so got the job, and a small contract paying not a great deal of money, yet.

Yes, Frances Dee was lucky in that she was picked. The others were not picked. They remain extras.

They remain until they get wise and turn their faces from the camera. Until they decide that this tough racket is too tough. And leave it to get married, get a steady job in some business—or die.

PROFESSIONAL NAME.....	
ADDRESS.....	
PHONE.....	PHONE.....
AGE.....	HEIGHT.....
WEIGHT.....	
COLOR OF HAIR.....	EYES.....
REAL NAME.....	
PARENTS' NAME.....	
PARENTS' ADDRESS.....	
IN CASE OF ACCIDENT NOTIFY: Name.....	
Address.....	
Phone No.....	
WARDROBE:—State number of each.	
FULL DRESS.....	TUXEDO.....
BUSINESS SUIT.....	
SPORT.....	TOP COAT.....
RIDING HABIT.....	
HIGH HAT.....	KNICKERS.....
CUTAWAY.....	
STATE ANY SPECIAL WARDROBE OR COSTUMES YOU POSSESS.....	
STATE ANY QUALIFICATIONS OR TALENTS YOU MAY HAVE TO OFFER THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY: INCLUDE PRACTICAL TRAINING AND SPORT SPECIALITIES,	
WHAT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS DO YOU PLAY?.....	

AT the left is the form of application every extra must fill out with the Central Casting Bureau. There are three pages to the application blank. The application carries this warning:

“If you are entering the motion picture industry with the expectation of making extra work your livelihood, we ask you to consider the following statistics for the year 1929 very carefully, as your registration is being taken subject to these conditions which exist in the industry.

“The statistics of this office for 1929 show that 17,541 extras were registered with the Central Casting Office, with several thousand more seeking employment as extras in pictures, while the motion picture industry had to offer only an average of 840 jobs for extras, daily. A large percentage of this daily placement was absorbed by unregistered extras, used for large mob scenes, who are employed through our downtown office. Another large percentage was absorbed by extras who speak foreign languages, sing, dance, play musical instruments, etc. Another percentage was absorbed by children. The greatest portion of the remaining placements was made from experienced extras who had been in the business several years and who were known and requested by studio casting directors.

“Our records for 1929 show that only 65 men out of the 6095 registered averaged three days of work per week, or better. Only 21 women out of the 10,000 registered averaged three days per week, or better.

“THE ABOVE STATISTICS INDICATE THAT VERY FEW PEOPLE ARE DERIVING A LIVING FROM EXTRA WORK.

“Your application will not be accepted until all information has been verified and satisfactory references have been received. Do not call at this office in person seeking employment as all placements of registered extras are made over the telephone. It is the policy of this office not to discuss lack of employment.”

THEY NEED WARM CLOTHES

Cutting out and putting together cozy things for the baby is as easy and diverting as making doll dresses, and from there it is a short step to suits and dresses for the child of kindergarten age. Through making clothes for their younger children many women have discovered how simple it is to make clothes for the older ones; and when winter's winds blow cold it is a comfort to know that you, too, can make warm things to wear at small expense.



2865

Bedtime on a cold winter's night brings no protests from brother and sister when they have warm night garments made from soft, colored cotton flannel to wear on their way to the Land of Nod. 2865.

2914

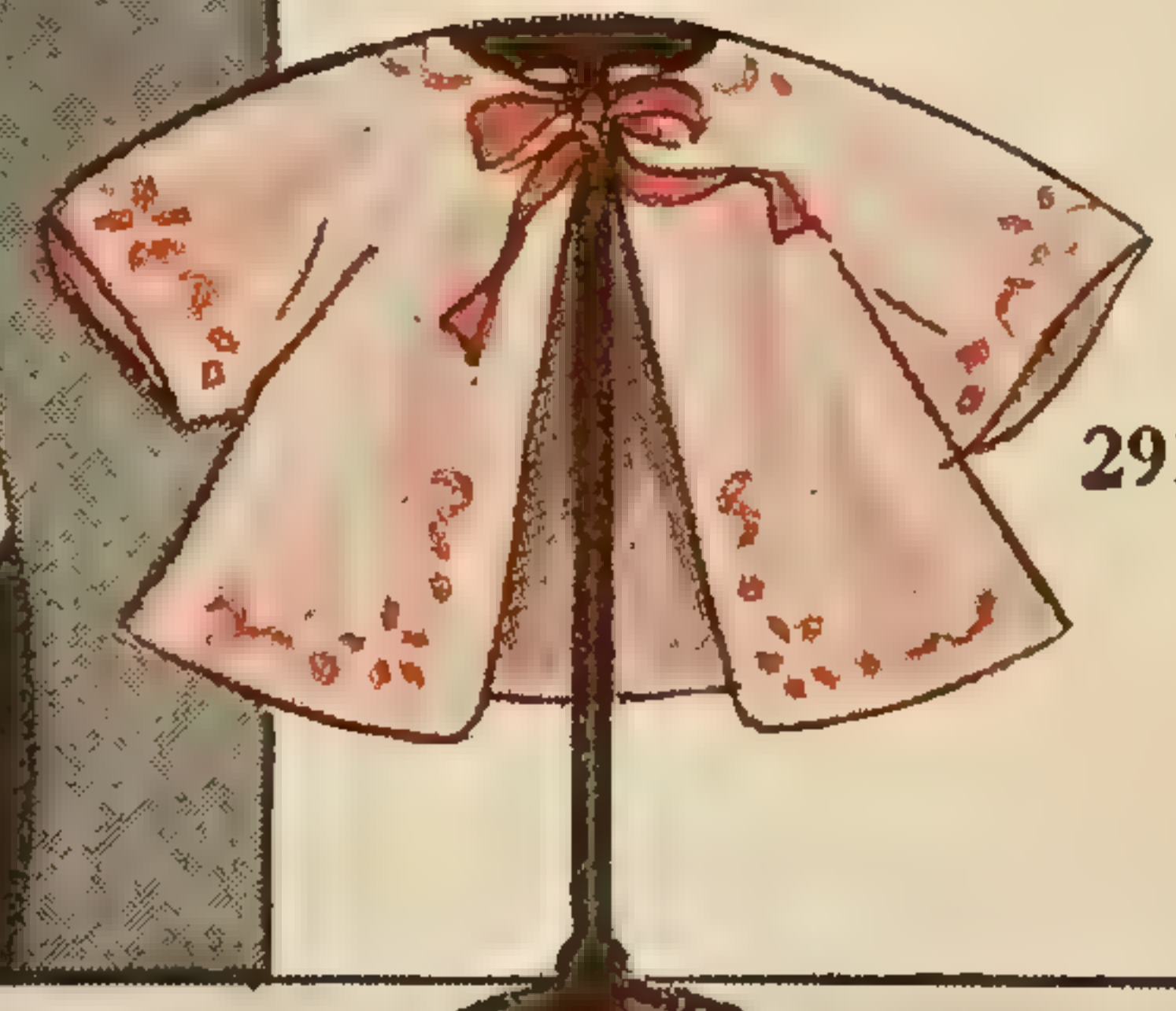


Baby's nightie is easy to put on and sure to keep him toasty warm until morning because it is tied at the neck and feet with a cotton tape or ribbon. 2914.

2914

Even the woolen petticoat—best of all safeguards against winter colds and chills—is good to look at when it is made of soft flannel, featherstitched with light pink or blue. 2914.

A flannel jacket made with wide sleeves and roomy armholes can be put on at a moment's notice when baby needs a little extra warmth. 2914.



2914



Made with dark wool shorts and a cotton or wool jersey blouse the suit at the left is practical enough to please mother and boyish enough to satisfy any ambitious young man of three or four. 3399.

After all, there is no sort of outdoor costume more desirable for the girl of five or six than the double-breasted rough cloth coat with closely buttoned leggings. 664.

There is something decidedly French about the cut and finish of the play dress of figured wool challis, made with short bloomers, and pleats at the center back and front. 2780.

For special occasions, a black or dark colored velvet dress is decidedly becoming when worn with neat collar and cuffs of white linen or silk. 2773.

How to Obtain TOWER MAGAZINE Patterns

Write to TOWER MAGAZINE Pattern Service, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Enclose ten cents in stamps for each pattern ordered, naming the size you wish. Write your name and address plainly.

3399

664

2780

2773



Carol Lombard demonstrates, at the right, the mode in longer tresses. The smartest coiffure of the moment is water-waved hair caught in a roll at a low line on the neck. Above, Miss Lombard shows how the latest millinery edicts make shallow crowns an imperative rule. When shallow crowns meet modishly rolled hair, the result is not chic. The hair above has been re-rolled near the top of the head, without bulges near the rim.



Above Miss Lombard shows the secret of her hair arrangement. The solution of the problem lies in the style of coiffure. Miss Lombard accomplishes this by dividing the roll into two sections, bringing them upward at the side of the head and pinning them very flat. This offers a charming compromise and lends that smart appearance to the hat. Miss Lombard, by the way, is one of the most beautiful of the younger Hollywood actresses.



FIRST AIDS to BEAUTY

Solving Our Readers' Problems of Weight, the Care of the Hair and How to Keep Your Hands Attractive.

By ANN BOYD

MY first answer, this month, is to M. L., of Spencer, Massachusetts, because Miss L. brings up an interesting point. She tells me that she is twenty-one years old, five feet, five inches tall and weighs 125 pounds. There's nothing much wrong with that, is there? Her measurements are good—by which I mean that she is well-proportioned. *But*, and here is the worry, Miss L. says that there is a tendency to stoutness in her family. And she doesn't propose to take on any of this hereditary fat.

Analyzing the case of Miss L., I would say that she doesn't need to diet. She is a good weight, both for health and for appearance—now that fashions do not demand that a girl be abnormally slim. But she does need to watch her food.

What I say to Miss L., I am also saying to the granddaughters, daughters and nieces of fat women. Because fat, whether you like it or not, does seem to run in some families. There are no hard and fast laws about it and I am not going to go deeply into scientific theories; but you can be reasonably sure of one thing. At forty you will be approximately the weight and build of the other members of your family. Certain races are short and stout; others are tall and angular. In America, where most of the races are mixed, the rules aren't so certain. Nevertheless, we may all consult the family album if we wish to find our general physical type.

So if, like Miss L., there is a tendency to stoutness in your family, *watch your food*. A reducing diet may

not be absolutely necessary but you will, if you are wise, eschew the delights of the fatal "second helping." Miss L. should go slow on the long and luscious luncheon, on the snack between meals, on the heavy, happy breakfast. She should get herself a weighing machine, or make it a point to weigh herself once a week, on a machine that she can trust. And she should learn to walk instead of ride and fight off a tendency to relax.

In other and briefer words, Miss L. must not allow herself to grow fat. It is up to her whether she can keep her good figure or whether she will go the way of all flesh.

I HAVE before me a stack of letters inquiring about a good cure for dandruff, which is the curse of the world and one of those annoying defects that we hate to talk about. There are plenty of good preparations on the market which, if rubbed into the scalp, will cure dandruff. Many women hesitate to use them because they feel that this care of the hair will make the hair oily, or will spoil a newly acquired wave or will give the hair an unpleasant medical scent. And so, for some weird reason, they prefer to be worried by dandruff.

As a matter of strict fact, I know from experience that these dandruff cures are not at all messy, that they do their work, that any slight temporary inconvenience is offset by the permanent results. Dandruff seems to be a Winter disease; it is probably aggravated by dry, steam-heated rooms, by heavy, (Continued on page 105)

"Pink tooth brush"



Time to call a halt on *that*!

IT'S no joke, at any age, to find a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. For it always means that your gums are soft . . . "touchy" . . . inclined to bleed; and it sometimes means that gingivitis, Vincent's disease or even pyorrhea are on the way.

Tender, soft foods, hurried eating and too little chewing are the principal causes of weak, tender gums. A slight bleeding warns you that more serious infections may be getting a foothold, and that unless you get after the trouble promptly, you may run the risk of losing the whitest and, outwardly, the soundest teeth!

Strengthen your gums with Ipana and massage

So protect your gums, with Ipana and massage, when and while you clean your teeth. That's the modern way to oral health. To do this is simple and easy. You massage your gums, with Ipana, each time you brush your teeth.

Thousands of dentists recommend this healthy habit. They know the good it does. For Ipana contains ziradol, a preparation professionally well-known for its efficacy in toning and stimulating tender gum tissue.

Massage with Ipana keeps gums firm and sound. It puts the fresh, clean blood to work—sends it coursing through the tiny cells—tones and strengthens the walls of the gums. Soon they become pinker, harder and healthier.

You'll like Ipana. You'll like its taste, and the delightful sensation of cleanliness it leaves in your mouth. And you'll be amazed to see how clean and white it keeps your teeth—how strong and firm it keeps your gums.

Start tonight with Ipana. Get a full-size tube today from the nearest druggist. Money cannot buy a better dentifrice, and that kind of dentifrice, like a good dentist, can never be classed as a luxury!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. Y-11
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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COLOR-MAGIC FOR EVERYTHING IN HOME AND WARDROBE

SO QUICKLY, SO SAFELY,
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Tintex really works wonders! Use it to restore faded color or to give new color to your curtains and drapes... to frocks and finery, to your hose and household linens.

You'll find that Tintex-ing is only a matter of minutes. You tint as you rinse—with results that are always perfect.

There's a Tintex color-range of 33 lovely shades including the six new Paris-sponsored colors—Rust, Royal Blue, Beige, Wine, Turquoise and Seal Brown.

—THE TINTEX GROUP—

Tintex Gray Box—Tints and dyes all materials.

Tintex Blue Box—For lace-trimmed silks—tints the silk, lace remains original color.

Tintex Color Remover—Removes old color from any material so it can be dyed a new color.

Whitex—A bluing for restoring whiteness to all yellowed white materials.

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On sale at drug and notion
counters everywhere

Tintex

TINTS AND DYES

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 97)

up to Iris as you never played before. Now, walk through that homecoming scene again, for me alone; there won't be any recording."

HE waved the monitor and camera experts from their posts and settled hopefully in his chair. "For me alone," he repeated.

Mr. Silverdale disappeared through a door, climbed back through a window, recoiled in surprise as he saw Iris and then prepared to launch his speech.

"And so-and-so, and so-and-so!" yelled Mr. Kwattle for him in theatrical jargon. "Never mind the gab; go into the clench!"

Peter obediently gathered Miss Revere into his arms in his most elegant manner and saluted her somewhere in the vicinity of her nose.

"KISS HER!" shrieked the director. "Remember, you ain't seen her for two years. Crush her to you, you sap, and bear down on those ruby lips!"

The actor tried valiantly while Iris clung to him and helped him all she could, running her hand caressingly along his neck until Mr. Silverdale broke loose, more than a trifle pink under his makeup.

"It's five-thirty," he mumbled. "I—er, have a certain engagement to fill, so you'll pardon me. See you in the morning." And he stalked away with a nonchalance that was a shade too perfect to be real.

Mr. Kwattle looked despairingly at his lovely find. "You can't say I haven't done my best, sweetheart. The guy ain't human, that's all."

"Let him go," faltered Iris. "You've been a brick, J. W., to try to get him interested in me, but I guess it's no use. A girl's got to have some pride, I suppose, so I'll have to stop imitating a doormat. D-do you think there's another woman, J. W.?"

"He'd have that brooding look if there was. No, sweetheart, he's just in harmony with himself, like most of the Hollywood hims of praise."

"Find out for me! I-if there is, you'll have to let me play opposite somebody else."

"But your next picture has been okayed by the head office and we'll have to go through with it. I'm coming over tonight to read you the plot. Be game, baby," soothed Mr. Kwattle, glimpsing the sheen of amethystine tears, "and I'll go after him now and find out for sure."

He caught Peter at the car park and clambered uninvited into the nickel and aluminum showcase on wheels. "Listen, you," he said roughly, "you've been giving us the mackerel eye around the studio for a couple of years now, not mixing with us outside and all that guff, but this time I want cards on the table. Is my little Iris deformed or something that you treat her like she was a waxwork?"

MR. SILVERDALE drove seven-eighths of the way home before answering. "I've never seen a more beautiful girl," he admitted, "but making love to actresses is out. The cost is prohibitive, the postures before the

public are apt to be ridiculous and, judging by the divorce records the sensation is momentary. In other words," said Mr. Silverdale growing irritated, "close your trap and go aim your blonde at somebody else."

"I'll aim something at that beak of yours," hissed the director. "Remember 'The Wages of Gin'? Well, loosen up or I'll take you apart on my own hook. Are you interested in anyone at all?"

"Not particularly. I admire real women, the kind that actually do things, if you know what I mean."

"Don't sling that Greenwich Village patter at me," cautioned J. Wellington. "Women who do things! Believe me, a clean smoke and a facial would kill the half of them!"

"Wrong again, old sock," said Peter, reaching his Tudio bungalow and herding his annoyer inside. "I mean athletic women. Yesterday I saw the Ladies' Badminton Tournament get under way; tonight I'm seeing the Hollywood High girls play a basketball match. It fascinates me, J. W., to see all that poetry of motion and the players don't have to be beautiful. The swish of a brassie in the hands of a supple goddess—ahhhh!"

"But where do you get off to go nuts over sports?" asked Mr. Kwattle, staring around the living room which he never before had entered. "The whole colony is wise that your favorite game is played with a knife and fork."

"Opposites attract, I guess," smiled the actor, "so you see why I can't run a temperature over your Iris. When I first saw her I thought she might be some famous tennis player, but what can she actually do? Why, when we make 'The Greasiest Way' you'll have to use a double in the big scene."

J. Wellington growled an assent, and after a few moments of profitless arguing he stumbled dazedly into the street and across town to the waiting Miss Revere. Used as he was to the eccentricities of Hollywood, which ranged from a dyed pink wolfhound to a motor horn that played "The Rosary," the idea of having a yen for overheated damsels was quite beyond him for, knowing his rotogravure sections, the husky females depicted therein had never incited him to go after them with a net.

"YOU'VE brought bad news," fluttered Iris as her knight errant blundered into her apartment. "Is it a woman?"

"Make it plural," husked Mr. Kwattle, "and then listen to how singular it is. Say, whose picture do you think is on that gilligaloo's desk?"

"Greta? Clara? Norma? Well, whose, then?"

"Helen Wills Moody!"

"Well, she is lovely, but—"

"With Glenna Collett over the mantelpiece, Gertrude Ederle on the wall along with a flock of fencers, runners and skaters, not to mention a statue of Diana, the bare huntress. Women who do things, he calls them, and you might as well realize you're all—why, what are you so frazzled about?"

(Continued on page 108)

First Aids to Beauty

(Continued from page 102)

hot hats and by too little exercise for the scalp.

Once again I must insist that my readers, if they be really sincere, follow all beauty treatments conscientiously. One or two treatments will have no affect at all; even a week of concentration won't help much. If you are inclined to have dandruff, you will have to watch your scalp at all times.

H. J. complains that if she brushes her hair every night, the hair gets oily. A great many girls have the same idea. Here's a little secret about brushing the hair. Always use a long stroke and carry the brush to the very end of the hair. This will do away with that oily texture.

MANY young girls between the ages of fourteen and seventeen complain that they are too stout and want to reduce. If these young girls are abnormally fat, they should consult a physician. But I am a little suspicious about these complaints. I think that many of them arise from sheer vanity. And here is another point: young girls are generally heavy eaters; they go in for sweets, for ice cream sodas and for heavy luncheons. In other words, they are still on their childhood diets. Then, too, they lead active lives and work up tremendous appetites which must be soothed. Many girls who are fat and dumpy when they are young, become slim and graceful when they reach the age of eighteen. Nature provides the extra weight when they need it most.

Now for the older women. Mrs. T. Y. suffers from red, chapped hands. She blames the condition of her hands on housework. And that, my dear Mrs. Y., is nonsense. Most of the soaps used for dishwashing are bland and soothing. Those lovely soaps used for cleaning, which save you hours of hard work, won't hurt your hands if you buy yourself a pair of protecting gloves. Every kitchen should be equipped with a hand lotion and this lotion should be used after every siege of cleaning or washing. Dusting is hard on the hands—much harder than the heaviest washing. So never dust a room without wearing gloves. And, Mrs. Y., do you always rinse your hands carefully after having them in hot water? Do you scrub them thoroughly with a stiff brush after your morning's work?

H. T. J., Hartford, Conn. If your eyes are "in-between," wear greens and soft blues in the daytime. Gray eyes shouldn't look washed out; usually they aren't actually gray but a mixture of gray, blue or hazel. So the colors in your dresses ought to bring out the color in your eyes. With your hair, you would look well in a gay red in the evening or an off-shade of white—something with a hint of rose in it. But stay away from yellow!

Helen, Chicago, Ill. When choosing a perfume, it isn't a question of price but a question of taste—or smell. The so-called "cheap" perfumes aren't really cheap, unless you make them so by applying the scent too heavily. Try rubbing the perfume on your skin; it gives a more agreeable fragrance and it doesn't stain the clothes.

Gwen has "no time" for outdoor sports



YET HER SKIN HAS THE VIBRANT BEAUTY AND FRESHNESS OF A YOUNG ATHLETE

ON a tennis court Gwen's a flop but at a tea-dance she's a shining star. Bridging, partying... Gwen's a little hothouse flower... in everything but her skin! Everyone admires Gwen's complexion—so charmingly fresh, so gloriously smooth. Even under ball-room lights, it glows with radiant "outdoor" tones!

Smart little social butterflies and other city "shut-ins" have discovered in OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder a marvelous way of giving their complexions the priceless sparkle of youth. Thanks to this luxurious powder, wan faces assume a vibrant beauty. Its unique olive oil base (found in no other face powder) warms the skin to natural richness and protects against the ravages of winter winds and biting frost.

Active sportswomen have long sung the praises of OUTDOOR GIRL. Now, business girls and stay-at-homes are welcoming it eagerly, too. If you have not already used OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder, try it today. Its seven shades include *Lido*, a glorious "duo-tone" for all types of complexions, and *Boulevard*, a mellow evening tint. Generous acquaintance packages of this unusual powder are available at the 10c counters of F. W. Woolworth and other prominent chain stores. Larger boxes at 35c and \$1.00 may be had at leading drug and department stores. Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Avenue, New York City.

Other Smart OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Aids in 10-cent Packages (15 cents in Canada)

Lightex Face Powder, in 6 shades; Vanishing Cream; Olive Oil Cream; Cold Cream; Liquefying Cleansing Cream; Lipstick, in 4 shades; Dry Rouge with olive oil, in 7 shades; Lip and Cheek Rouge, in 4 shades; Nail Beautifiers and Cosmetique.



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If your local Woolworth or other chain stores do not happen to have on hand the particular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products you desire, send 10 cents for each one you want and we will forward them to you post-paid... Address Z. B. T. Products Co., 138 Willis Ave., New York City, mentioning product and shade desired.

OUTDOOR GIRL OLIVE OIL Face Powder

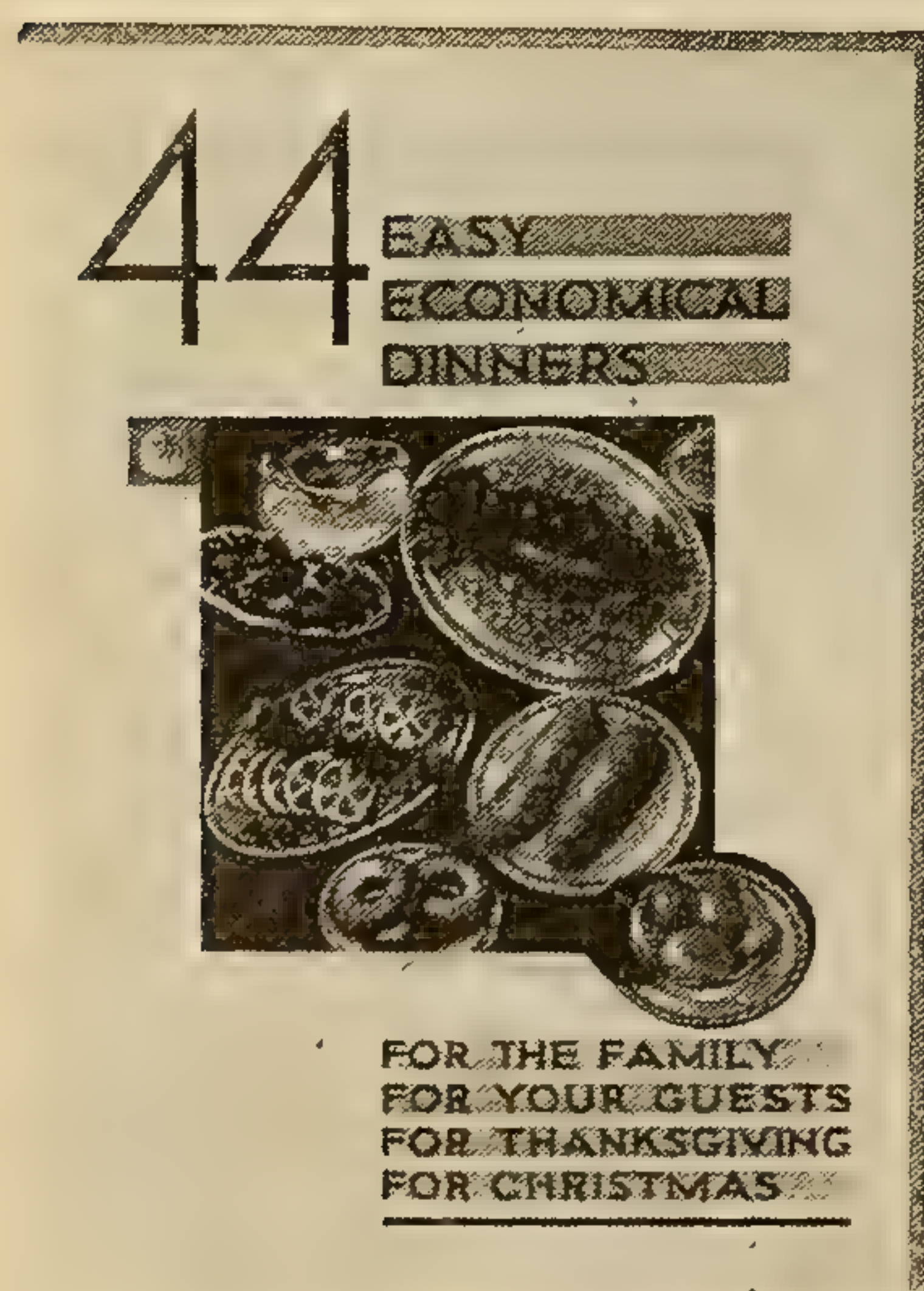
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TOWER BOOKS
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New York

The Girl Who Almost Failed

(Continued from page 95)

during that licking about all she had been asked to play were comedy parts!

That was the deep darkness before the dawn.

Packed up, about to leave Hollywood for New York and a fresh start, Helen Twelvetrees was called upon by one of the few people she had come to know since she had arrived in the west.

He encouraged her to stay. At least until he could see what he could do for her. He took her to an agent whose business it is to know what is going on in the studios, what director needs what kind of a girl for what part, and so on.

The agent took her at once to Pathe Studio. They, more than anyone else, needed good actresses. They gave Helen Twelvetrees a test—and a contract.

The dawn had come and with it skies cleared.

HER first real picture was "Her Man," and in it she proved to all of Hollywood that she could play any kind of a part given her. This one was like nothing she had ever done before. It was what they said she *couldn't* do.

I asked her what memories she had of working in that picture. I expected that she would tell me something of her feelings. That it was grand and glorious to have such a part, that it gave her satisfaction to show Hollywood the mistake it almost made.

But that was not the answer I received. It seems that Helen Twelvetrees thinks of others besides herself first.

"I'll never forget Marjorie Rambeau," she said. "You don't know what it means to work with an actress such as she is. She pulls you along, helps you without ever showing it, lifts you even in scenes where yours is the big part. I found myself doing things I

had never thought of doing. And when thinking about them afterwards I realized that Marjorie Rambeau had pointed me, cue-ed me, pushed me—call it anything you like—and left me so that I could do nothing else but those things. They were better things than I could do by myself, by far. I'll never forget working with a truly great actress."

Knowing and thinking as much of Marjorie Rambeau as I do, you can imagine how that little speech went over with me. I decided for keeps that this Twelvetrees person must be all right, that she belongs.

SHE is now doing the lead in "Millie," that sensational book by Don Clarke. She's going to play a red-hot, fiery girl who just can't be held down.

"And oh, I'm so happy now," she cried. "Everything is right. I haven't a care in the world. Nothing to bother me. Just work and be happy. I feel as though a great big load had been lifted off my shoulders and I'm light and free. I want to kick chandeliers, furniture everything."

But although she raised her arms above her head as she said this, quiet, blue-eyed Helen Twelvetrees made no move to kick the furniture. But I know what she meant.

It is seldom in Hollywood that stars raise themselves to heights without first having gone through a long period of hopelessness. It is like iron being tested in fire and coming out pure steel. Chaplin went through it, so did Ruth Chatterton, Dick Arlen, Charlie Farrell, Jack Gilbert, Joan Crawford. All of them have been down into the depths of despair and climbed back. They shook off the dreary chapter of their lives and went on to fame and happiness. I think it will be so with Helen Twelvetrees.

Travelogue: Hollywood

(Continued from page 31)

Are they unhappy about it, daddy? Not perceptibly, Rollo.

Then I should look upon it as a most satisfactory condition, huh, daddy?

Yes, I believe one might empirically consider it such, Rollo.

And you think such a situation might obtain if I were to go out there, daddy?

I HOPE to tell you, Rollo.

And I will experience none of those other conditions that I have been led

to anticipate so delightedly such as nocturnal yip-yip up in the Beverly Hills?

In a word, no.

So it's a long and fond farewell to all my hopes and dreams?

Precisely.

Then I have but one thing to say in closing, daddy.

Say it, Rollo, my son.

Tahel with it, daddy.

Okay, Rollo.

J. P. McEvoy

The Famous Humorist, Author of "Show Girl," "Show Girl in Hollywood" and many other successful novels and theatrical offerings, writes exclusively in the motion picture field for

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE

Guide to the Best Films

(Continued from page 8)

bound for the other world. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love give fine performances. *Warners.*

The Office Wife. Taken from Faith Baldwin's current magazine serial. It is the time-worn plot of the busy business man, the faithful and decorative secretary and the charming wife who philanders when opportunity permits. Dorothy Mackaill heads a splendid cast with Lewis Stone as the employer and Natalie Moorehead as the wife. *Warners.*

Old English. Another of those matchless character studies by George Arliss. A sketchy drama of a gay, gallant old reprobate who has lived far beyond his time. Mr. Arliss is brilliant, the drama rather pale. Still, you will want to see the star. *Warners.*

Hell's Angels. Cost its maker three million, three years and the lives of several stunt aviators. The war scenes in the air are great but the drama is pitiful. Not very well acted, either. Still, it has its thrills in the clouds. *United Artists.*

Moby Dick. John Barrymores' newest talkie version of Herman Melville's priceless old sea yarn, once done by Jack as a silent film called "The Sea Beast." Joan Bennett now has the rôle that made Dolores Costello both famous and Mrs. Barrymore. *Warners.*

Raffles. Another mystery thriller, somewhat along the lines of "Bulldog Drummond." Ronald Colman is delightful as Raffles—so, too, is Kay Francis, who supplies the heart interest of the film. *United Artists.*

1930 Screen Review

(Continued from page 85)

the roof in "Feet First."

Best Enunciation and Diction: Maureen O'Sullivan, imported from Ireland.

Loveliest Dancing Moment When Marilyn Miller toe dances in "Sally."

Best Song of the Single Year: Jeanette MacDonald singing "Beyond the Blue Horizon" in "Monte Carlo." Other excellent musical numbers of the film year: "It Happened in Monterey" in "The King of Jazz"; "The Kiss Waltz" in "Dancing Sweeties"; "My Future Just Passed," sung by Buddy Rogers in "Safety in Numbers."

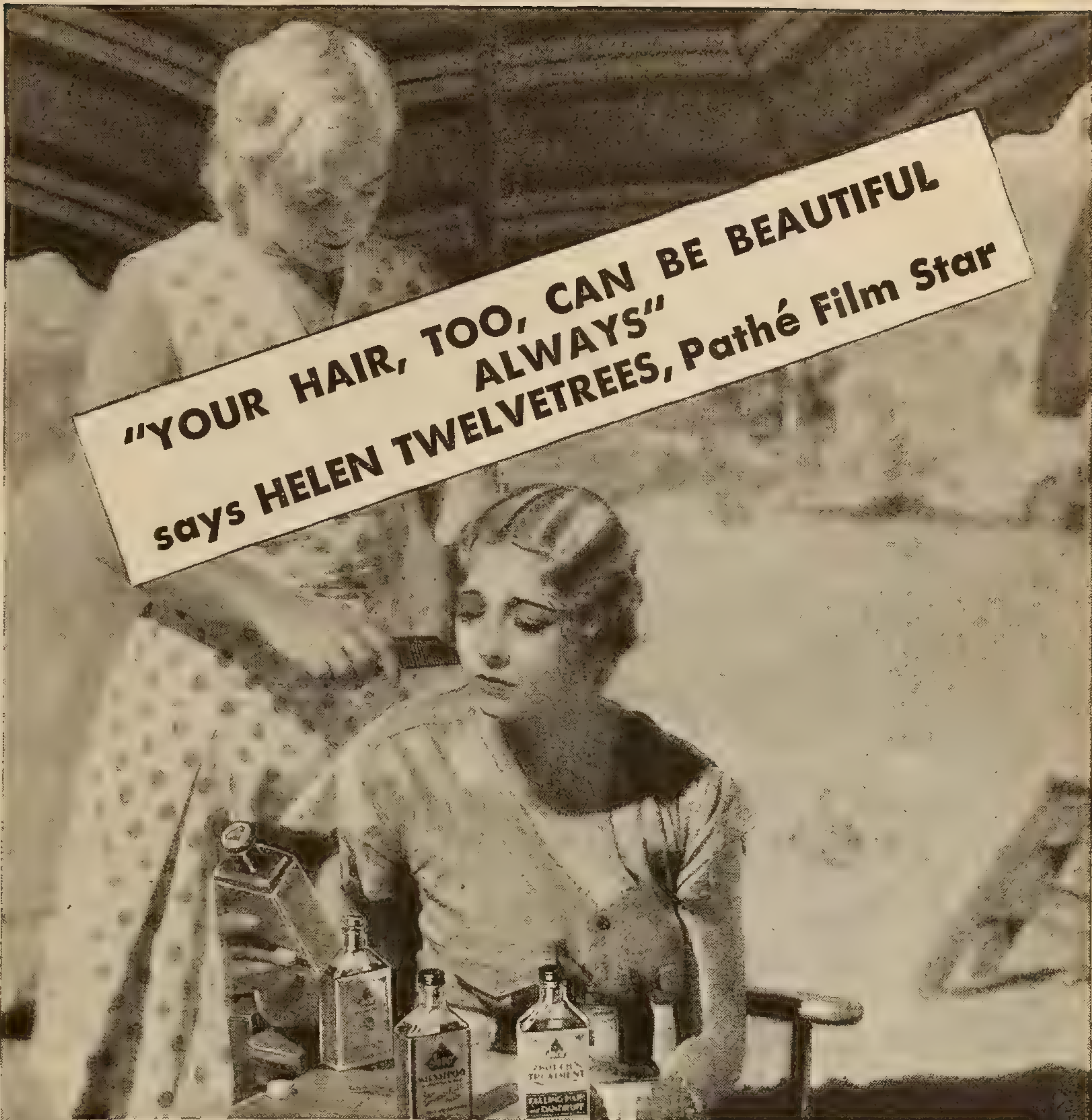
Most Potent Love Scene: The *diva* and the minister confess their love in "Romance."

Best Instance of Sound and Song Recording: John McCormack's "Song o' My Heart."

Best Examples of Color Photography: The Indian girls ride through the mountain pass in "Whoopee." This was done by the Technicolor process.

Greatest Single Scene of the Year: The worried Lincoln, in shawl and night shirt, keeps a lonely vigil in the White House. This, of course, was in "Abraham Lincoln."

Most Tragic Event of 1930: Death of Lon Chaney.



"YOUR HAIR, TOO, CAN BE BEAUTIFUL ALWAYS"
says HELEN TWELVETREES, Pathé Film Star

Here is the PRICELESS SECRET

"KEEPING her hair in perfect condition—at all times—under all conditions—is probably the greatest difficulty of a screen actress on location."—says Helen Twelvetrees, Pathe Film Star. "In fact, I think the proper care of her hair is every woman's greatest problem, no matter what her vocation."

This intimate photograph shows Helen Twelvetrees keeping her hair always ready—even for a close-up—in the heat and dust of the Arizona desert. She does it with Jo-cur Beauty Aids for the Hair—like thousands of other women whose beautiful hair is the envy of all their friends.

Everyone of these four marvelous preparations should be on YOUR dressing table. Each of them can be used quickly and easily at home. Each represents the very utmost in quality—regardless of price. And, each can be obtained in generous sizes at your 5 and 10 cent store. Larger sizes at your druggist.

First—Jo-cur Hot Oil Treatment. The same treatment recommended by leading beauty experts. It not only corrects dandruff and scalp disorders, but gives new life, youth and elasticity to the hair itself.

Then—Jo-cur Shampoo Concentrate. Lathers luxuriously and leaves your hair lustrous, fluffy and so easy to finger-wave.

Next—Jo-cur Wave-Set. Gives you a beautiful, natural-looking wave that stays that way. More women use Jo-cur Wave-Set than any other waving liquid.

Finally—Jo-cur Brilliantine. The finishing touch to a perfect coiffure. Gives your hair the sparkle and sheen that brings out its true loveliness.

Stop at the nearest 5 and 10 or your druggist today and see how simple it is to keep your hair always lovely with Jo-cur Beauty Aids. Once you have tried them you will never be without them again.



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Beauty Aids
for the Hair

CURRAN LABORATORIES, Inc.
485 East 133rd Street, New York, N. Y.

He Learned About Swimmin' From Her

(Continued from page 104)

"More, more!"

"More, my eye," said Mr. Kwattle fearfully. "I won't give you the chance to go into an emotional song and dance à la Madame X., because my nerves ain't what they used to be. Forget this guy and his steeple-chasers. Now, about the new picture, 'The Greasiest Way'—it's all about a debutante who has to swim back from a speedboat and it makes a new woman of her, for what does she do but become a kind of mermaid. Novel, hey?"

"Very," said Iris, her eyes ashimmer. "Ooooooo, J. W., I feel all in a whirl!"

"Column yourself, sweetheart; never mind if it is your last picture with that restive Romeo. Now, the blow-off comes when the heroine enters the big swimming race across the point from Redondo to San Pedro, and we ring in on the real event because it's being held a week from Wednesday. We'll get shots of the crowds at the start and finish, free for nothing, and I'm surprised my middle name ain't Moses or McKenzie."

"And what must I do?"

"To make it look genuine I want you to wade into the water with the rest of the swimmers, then we'll pull you out, speed ahead to San Pedro and shoot you climbing up the dock ladder to be greeted by Peter. He'll meet the real winner later on, too, because he's hipped on the subject and it's a new sort of publicity. We'll want some action shots, too, but we'll just dub in some views of a stunt woman about your size doing her stuff. You don't mind being all greased up for the sake of Art?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake let me alone," pouted Miss Revere, apparently on the verge of hysterics. "It doesn't sound like much of a part for an actress, if you ask me. I might drown; on the other hand I might—"her voice trailed into a melodious hum as she looked at Mr. Kwattle without seeing him.

"Read that last line over again," he requested.

"It's just a favorite one of yours," she told him. "You know, the one that stands for a lot—and so-and-so, and so-and-so."

THE russet curve of Redondo Beach lay glistening in the heat, dappled with gayly colored dressing tents and the bluish-black figures of the lady contestants in the annual race to San Pedro, while a heavy fringe of spectators milled curiously about, making loud remarks on the idiosyncrasies of the human form.

A little aloof, at the northernmost end of the line, the trembling Iris in a lavender bathing suit, was being earnestly smeared with grease by a couple of Epicture handy men as Mr. Kwattle beamed encouragement. The day before, at Santa Monica Bay, she had pluckily jumped from a motor launch to escape the villain's advances, and had been picked up in a state of collapse, sobbing her way back to normalcy on the director's shoulder.

"Don't be nervous, sweetheart," he chuckled. "We'll take you out after

you've swum fifty feet, and remember, you're the first player that's done anything like this. Maybe it'll get us the college trade, who can tell? Hurry, now, they're getting ready! Throw your head back and try to look like an aristocrat going to the guillotine, because that self-sacrifice stuff will make the audience pull for you. Away you go!"

A revolver cracked, and simultaneously the long line of sixty damsels walked waist deep into the Pacific, dived through the first comber and came up swimming strongly. A sound truck and two cameras recorded Miss Revere as she left the beach; then another, braced in a dory rowed by Mr. Kwattle carried on the work as she emerged from the water.

"Swell," cheered the director. "Now, give me that smile of determination I had you practicing all yesterday. That's it! Keep going . . . a little further . . . ah, now we've got you blocked against the bonafide background! You can come out now."

Iris, head down, continued to swim like a seal.

"You hear me?" shouted Mr. Kwattle uneasily.

"I'm not coming out for a while."

"But you pretty nearly drowned yesterday, and the way you choked made me feel like a murderer. Come out, I'm telling you."

MISS REVERE rolled over on her back and laughed at him through a mask of vaseline. "I thought it was a pretty good performance," she tinkled. "You forget that I'm an actress, J. W."

"You must be something else besides," said Mr. Kwattle, admiring the piston-like perfection of her back stroke.

"Just lady swimming champion of Virginia two years ago, that's all. That's what brought me to Hollywood in the first place, but they sized me up as just another bathing girl."

"But listen, sweetheart, you're out of practice."

"I've done it twice already this week in the evenings."

"Ain't that comical," said J. Wellington without enthusiasm. "But what about me? Do I have to raise a crop of blisters because you want to make Peter's heart beat faster?" His eye fell on a grinning cameraman. "Here, you, grab hold of these oars."

"Oars hell," said the other like the true holder of a union card. "I'm a cinematographer, but it ought to be pie for you. Directors are most adaptable, from what I've heard around the studio."

"Shut up," ordered Iris, spouting a little plume of water. "Both of you, understand? There's some chocolate and beef tea in that thermos kit I hid under the seat, and all you have to do is feed me when I signal." And once more she rolled smoothly through a deep green hollow, leaving a little wake of churning white.

The miles wore on as resistlessly as the skin of Mr. Kwattle's hands wore off, and bit by bit the field dwindled

to a stubborn few with Miss Revere well up. Point Firmin was reached and still the lithe young body slipped dolphin-like through the sea.

BACK on a San Pedro dock Mr. Silverdale, trim and cool in double-breasted cream linen, postured elegantly before an admiring crowd, wondering why he couldn't keep his mind on the business in hand. A small voice kept telling him that Iris was as lovely as the flower she was named after, that it was too bad she wasn't athletic, that the winner would probably be a lumpy individual in comparison, that . . . he swung sharply as an excited murmur came from the onlookers.

A small, bobbing, white cap had come into sight, and Peter again went into conference with himself. Here, undoubtedly, came the winner, and what was it he had planned to say? Ah, yes! "I am proud to congratulate a woman who does things." The cameras would catch his right profile and the effect would be very neat. Then he would say . . . by the time he had decided the cap had grown to a resolute little face and a pair of rounded arms.

Then came the welcoming rush of eager officials to help the victor up the long ladder, while the prudent Peter waited in his camera and microphone ringed space. There was a burst of cheering, the sound of some none too gentle backslapping, and suddenly an unkempt, slippery young woman was helped forward. A tousled radio man popped up, proffering the mike in the manner of a vestal virgin. "Don't say 'Hello, folks,'" he begged.

"Hello," said Iris wearily, but she failed to add 'folks,' for Mr. Silverdale, the only person on the dock for her, was much too distinguè to come under that label. "D-do you like me better now?"

"You!" gasped Peter, his speech taking flight and leaving him mentally marooned. "You did this?"

"Uh-huh. Just to show you that I was more than a puppet."

"Darling!" chanted Mr. Silverdale while the recording men leered joyfully at their lucky break. "How perfect you are! I've always thought you were the most gorgeous girl, and now—well, will you . . . will you? . . ."

"Just a second," said Iris unsteadily. "I'm not sure whether I'm so fond of actors. What can they actually do? Stand around and smirk and pretend to be something they're not, that's all."

The patron of the sports grew crimson around the gills. "Not always," he blurted. "I'm through pretending, honey," and with a swift movement he drew Iris tightly against the immaculate cream linen.

"Never mind the gab!" husked a bleary voice as Mr. Kwattle drooped painfully into the circle. "What stiffs you actors are—KISS HER! I'll give you the lines: 'Dolling, will you marry me tomorrow?', and so-and-so and so-and-so—KEEP KISSING HER!!—and so-and-so—what's that! She will? You're happy? And so am I, because you learned about swimmin' from her."

Dollar Thoughts

(Continued from page 99)

ing him as a "fighter"? I don't like it! Give us back the wistful-eyed Gary of "Shop-Worn Angel"; the dashing romantic Gary of "Only the Brave"; and the hard-boiled dough-boy of "A Man From Wyoming."

(Mrs.) L. H. Earnhardt,
625 E. Bank Street.

Wants "Beau Brummell"

Los Angeles, Calif.

I am sure that there are vast numbers of the theater-goers, who are waiting and hoping for John Barrymore to make a "talkie" of "Beau Brummell," one of his greatest silent pictures. There is a current of delicious humor, a levity of romance, satire, with an equal balance of pathos and tragedy in "Beau Brummell." It will meet with instant success, I am sure. Who can ever forget that last scene between John Barrymore as the Beau, and Alec B. Francis as Mortimer, when Barrymore, mentally ill, old, tottering, drooling, imagines he is entertaining his lady-love—and in the stress of the excitement of his hallucination dies?

Wilmon B. Menard,
2617 Roseview Avenue.

Slighting the Old Favorites

Pittsfield, Mass.

We have been losing a lot of sleep lately trying to solve a deep problem. Why, oh why, must we continue to see the best stars in inferior pictures, while actors and actresses of whom we know nothing and for whom we care less are seen in noticeably good shows? We are not averse to seeing new people, but is it necessary to ruin our favorites in so doing? An actor no sooner rises above the Hollywood horizon and climbs to the medium of popularity than he starts on the starry path which ends in oblivion, as the result of the colorless parts in which he plays. Just what is the advantage in this continual rotating of stars?

Emily Jean Amirdale,
472 West Street.

That London Bridge

San Antonio, Texas

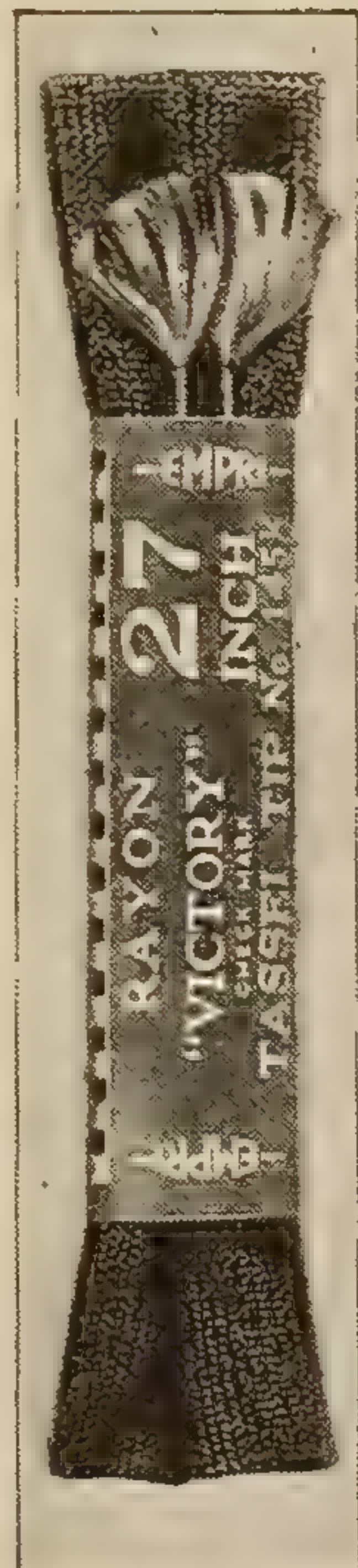
Here's a cautious Scot down in Texas who likes your excellent publication, and who not only reads all the text carefully, but also takes a good glint at the "pictures." Consequently he has observed that Ken Chamberlain, the illustrator of "The Hollywood Boulevardier," by Herb Howe, slipped up on his showing of the bridge that Charlie Chaplin played under when a boy. The drawing shown is "A bridge in London" but, if this wandering Scot knows his large cities of the world, it is most certainly not London Bridge which is shown—but rather "The Tower Bridge in London"—which I fear Chaplin never played under.

J. B. Macfarlane,
147 E. Baylor Street.

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Reviews the Important New Films
Every Month for NEW MOVIE--Turn
to Page 84 and read his Review of
1930

"And what do you think DAD liked best?"



WHEN all the packages were opened and Dad took stock of his Christmas gifts, he thought with comfort of the twelve pairs of shoe laces—six for his black shoes, six for his brown. Brother liked his too. He is forever forgetting to buy new laces. Mother and Sis were just as pleased—with tasseled laces of fine rayon in shades that are just right.

Here's a very thoughtful gift to add to your Christmas shopping list. And you can buy the famous EMPRI laces in all wanted lengths and colors. "The VICTORY TIPS are part of the lace—they can't come off."

Look for the label

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Shoelaces
for Dad
6 pr. @ 5¢ = 30¢
for Mother
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Almost Too Much of a Lady

(Continued from page 29)

an actress. In talent, she is manifold.

She springs from the earth, grimy with the debris of life. Heart hungry from the miseries of countless generations; the culmination of ages of sorrow. She is earthy, deep, fundamental. She makes the heart roll in the throat. Even the most blasé must admit that she comes as close to high talent as the screen will allow.

ODDLY enough, I consider Ruth Chatterton's struggle the hardest.

If anything, she has been too comfortable and snug in Broadway roses. Garbo lives much to herself. Ruth Chatterton is the boon companion of superficial wise-crackers. She is surrounded by as many people not worth knowing as the most illiterate director. During the Summer, she lives in Malibu, in the great open spaces, where one can hear what goes on in the next house. Film players are more like bees than eagles. They get lonely for the drone of their own kind.

Every move Miss Chatterton makes on the screen is timed to perfection. Garbo knows what to do without

knowing in the least why she knows.

This is fundamental in all great art. Both women get the same results by entirely different methods.

Garbo has one great advantage as an actress. She came out of the soil.

The life stories of most great actresses read alike.

Bernhardt and Nell Gwyn, windblown wastrels of poverty and passion. Rachel, the daughter of gypsy Jews, born in a wayside inn.

THE publicity writer for Paramount says: "The phenomenon of Ruth Chatterton, gathered from the French Bourbons, officials of the Church of England, early American farmers."

A farmer, of course, on a publicity tree, must be early American. Probably a French Bourbon blown across the Atlantic.

Walter Chatterton was "the son of wealthy parents. He dabbled in art, music, architecture, and the sheer joy of living with equal enthusiasm." I quote further—"Her paternal grandparents introduced Ruth to the lure of luxury at a tender age. They lived in

an exclusive New York hotel where their grandchild was entertained in state, one week-end each month.

"Lunch at Sherry's, matinees, and formal dinner parties were always included in these New York visits. Ruth loved it all. She adored the beautifully gowned and jeweled women, the candle-light dinners, the opera and the carriage rides down Fifth Avenue.

"She was inordinately indulged on these excursions, and returned to her country home with such gifts as fur coats, party frocks, and, upon one occasion, a Shetland pony."

And while all this was happening there was an uncouth peasant girl in Sweden lathering wrinkled and sunburned faces, who was destined to become, in the opinion of those who are not Ruth Chatterton fans, the greatest film actress of her day.

Ruth Chatterton had all the above to live down.

HENRY MILLER, if not the biggest influence in Ruth Chatterton's life, at least brought her the greatest opportunity.

She was about sixteen when it came to her. She had had, at one time, about two years experience in stock. After finishing in "The Fight," in the cast of which was Milton Sills and Zelda Sears, she tried her luck in New York.

Gilbert, the son of Henry Miller, was casting for "The Rainbow" while his father was in England.

He gave the young girl a part in the play which was to open at the Bijou Theatre, a fact which Miss Chatterton did not know. When she discovered where the play was to open, she told Gilbert Miller that she would not appear unless it was opened elsewhere.

Henry Miller returned from England and engaged the young woman because, believe it or not, he liked her voice over the telephone.

The day following the opening of "The Rainbow," Henry Miller presented the girl with a contract, which included an increase in salary each year and a share in the profits as well. Verily, there was a God in Israel—for Ruth Chatterton.

Miss Chatterton carried the contract about for two weeks before signing it.

After a successful run in this play, she appeared in "Daddy Long Legs," which, along with "Come Out of the Kitchen," was her greatest success.

YEARs later, while looking for a leading man to appear with her in the musical comedy, "The Magnolia Lady," she met a blond young Englishman who was playing in "Havoc." His name was Ralph Forbes. Eleven weeks later, early winter in 1924, she married him.

At the pinnacle of her stage career, she refused \$300,000 a year for six pictures. This offer was made by the Selznick Corporation. A unit was to be formed, and her films were to be shown in the towns in which she appeared on the stage. Her hours were to be from nine till four, with no film work on matinee days.

Of all the fantastic film offers, this is among the most weird. The trans-

(Continued on page 117)



Ruth Chatterton and her husband, Ralph Forbes. Miss Chatterton met Mr. Forbes, a young actor just over from England, when looking for a leading man to appear with her. She married him some weeks later.

Says Benny Rubin

(Continued from page 39)

Rubin. Later it developed that he had been asked over for an *hors d'œuvre* or two and finding no one at home, had been unable to leave, what with the telephone ringing every minute, the iceman, the gas inspector, the plumber, the milkman, and people who wanted to look at the house. Benny Rubin's heart has always been ruled by his head, and so he even gave up his rooms in an expensive hotel to stay and look after things.

"Who are you?" I asked, putting him on the defensive.

"Madcap Benny Rubin, Master of Ceremonies," he told me.

"What's your name?" For a full minute Mr. Rubin seemed at a loss, and then he smiled. It has won his audience. It didn't win me.

"ARE you funny?" I persisted.

"No."

"What's the idea of the smart crack?"

"I'm funny that way," he told me. By that time I had wormed my way into the living-room, and Mr. Rubin was showing me with pardonable pride his collection of bridge lamps and bottle tops.

"Are you in pictures?" I asked, holding the cap of a Cliquot bottle near the window to get the light on it.

"Yes."

"What's your vocation? And if you say the last two weeks in August, I'll go home."

"Yes," Mr. Rubin told me, earnestly.

"What are your favorite rôles?"

"Cinnamon," he said with the simplicity of a child.

"How much is your salary? You're a liar."

"So am I."

"Let's go for a walk," I suggested and we started to, only the light hurt Mr. Rubin's eyes so we had to turn back.

"Would you wear socks with holes in them?" I asked, hoping to bring things on an equal footing.

"I do."

"How much is two and two?"

"I don't remember."

"Do you smoke, Mr. Rubin?"

"Yes or yes."

"And in what hand would you hold a cigarette if there were any?"

"I could tell better blindfolded," he

confessed. Later he told me that he only endorsed on Thursdays, and only worked this out by a cheerful budget system.

"DO you cut your own hair?"

"No, just my salary," he said. And we both had a good laugh. There is nothing like a good laugh to relieve the tension.

"Did you ever go to school?"

"You're a liar," Mr. Rubin said but in such a nice way that no one could take offense, I'm sure.

"Who was that lady I saw you walking down the street with?"

"Smile when you say that."

We had finished looking over the collection of bottle tops. Mr. Rubin offered to send to the drug store for more but I wouldn't hear of it. "I'd just as soon look at bridge lamps," I said. And by his expression, I could tell he was pleased.

"What are your favorite books?"

"Go East, Young Man, Go West. But I like dogs better."

"If you were at Montmartre, would you drink tea from a saucer?"

"I swear I didn't think anybody saw me," he said. We waited for a few minutes until he composed himself.

"What is your favorite theme song?"

"Pick me up and lay me down in dear old Dixieland. Once over lightly."

"Have you ever been turned down by any other insurance company?" But Mr. Rubin refused to answer and to relieve the situation I didn't insist.

"What is your method of evading collectors?"

"I'm not in favor of changing present styles," he said with more firmness than I had thought him capable of.

"DO you ever hear from home?"

"Not a dollar."

"Who killed Cock Robin?" I asked at my wits' end.

"Douglas Fairbanks."

"It's a wonder you knew."

"What size hat do you wear?"

"7 1/4."

"What size before entering pictures?"

"Who killed Cock Robin?" he replied.

"I didn't know," I confessed. "Do you?"

"6 7/8."

(Continued on page 119)



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Striking Personality Stories of
the Prominent New Screen Hits
of Hollywood—

NEXT MONTH we present LEWIS AYRES
As seen by DICK HYLAND

The Financial Diary of Irene Rich

(Continued from page 49)

Cecil De Mille again. Two days later she won her second small part in "Bound in Morocco," starring Douglas Fairbanks. This engagement lasted to May 31st, for the troupe went on desert location to Oxnard.

"Location was my joy," Miss Rich sighed. "It meant steady pay and for a few days, anyway, ended the awful strain of job hunting and wondering where the next dollar would come from."

June held up nicely. Irene annexed \$118. June 26th and 27th netted her five dollars per as an extra in Marie Dressler's picture, "Spy Annie." Yes, Marie dabbled in the movies in the earlier days.

It was in July or August that her real opportunity came a-running.

"I queried the Famous Players studio as usual," she reminisced. "I remember I thought I was quite the gorgeous one in a white dress, a purple hat and a purple parasol. The casting office droned 'nothing today,' and I moved on ready for another two or three mile walk, when someone cried:

"Look at that girl. She's just the type. Who is she?"

"That was Frank Keenan. I was introduced to him and we had a talk, with the result I got the part. Through his generous interest in me I met Dustin Farnum, and that began a series of introductions which led to real parts, but I wasn't out of the woods yet. Not by many a dreary day nor many a long search for work.

"I PLAYED my first lead with Dustin—let me see," consulting the little black book. "Here it is, October 30th, 1918—in 'A Man in the Open.' It lasted most of November and finished on the 22nd. I made \$262.50 that month. And then I didn't work again until January 25th of the following year! The anxiety of two months without earning a cent! Of trying to get a job but meeting with the discouraging dismissal: 'Nothing today. Maybe the end of the week.' All your savings going to the butcher, the grocer, the landlord, and you just hanging on to happy-days hope by your teeth." She wasn't smiling now.

But the end of January picked up and Irene earned some badly needed money—\$75 to be exact.

Nineteen hundred and nineteen was destined to scare the wolf quite a distance from the Rich door. In February she made \$150. Yes, after a year of bucking the movies, Irene was beginning to be known at the studios. Beginning to be liked. Competition was keen, as always, but it wasn't quite so specialized as it is today with the talkies here. Fortunately, Miss Rich had more than ambition. She had personality, poise and a degree of charm. The camera caught this when she managed to maneuver within range, and what the camera approves the producers usually okeh—eventually.

In March she earned her biggest salary since launching herself into the topsy-turvy celluloids. She totaled \$725 for the month, almost half as much as the entire total for 1918. She had two good engagements in March. The first,

as William Farnum's lead in "Wolves of the Night."

"I MET William through Dustin," she explained.

She also appeared with the late Olive Thomas in "The Spite Bride." Now comes a particularly interesting item. William Farnum starred in the original screen version of Zane Grey's much-filmed Western romance, "The Lone Star Ranger." This was in April, 1919, and Irene heroined for him.

May seesawed to \$500, and in August, slightly more than a year and a half after she invaded the studios, Irene met the man destined to be among her staunchest friends in the profession—Will Rogers.

Rogers had been signed by Samuel Goldwyn to star in a series of pictures at the Culver City lot that has since



Wallace Beery is considered the best aviator among the screen celebrities—and that's no mere publicity yarn. Here he is shown with his new eight-seated plane, which he can fly like any other expert.

become the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Peggy Wood, Broadway musical comedy star, was brought West to play opposite Will. She made one picture with him and returned to New York. Rogers, however, was slated to go into immediate production in "Water, Water, Everywhere." He needed a certain type of leading woman, a wholesome type who looked natural in gingham and calicoes and who could wander through rural scenes without seeming to be flaming youth trying hard to vacation.

IRENE stormed the Goldwyn lot at the crucial moment and was spotted by Will. He talked to her. He liked her. He figured her a natural for his lead. He battled to have her signed for the part. He had to battle. She didn't impress the Goldwyn powers. But Will, as was and as is his custom, got what he wanted. Irene went to work in "Water, Water, Everywhere." The two became friends. Rogers likes a scrapper and the Rich qualified.

A curious feature of this affiliation was its threat to jeopardize Miss Rich's future. Directors got to classifying her as a "calico type." They decided she couldn't wear clothes, because they had never seen her wear attractive frocks in pictures. Verily, pitfalls masquerade in darn funny guises in the flickers.

It was much later that she stumbled into the style plate category. Much later that evening she attended a theatrical program at the Writers' Club gowned very smartly.

"Good gracious," greeted an astounded director she knew. "You look marvelous."

Irene took a bow.

"I didn't know you could wear clothes!" The discovery nearly floored him.

Miss Rich never played the social game. An actress should. She should be seen. That's one reason Hollywood opening nights are so gala. Players hope producers may get ideas when they see them face to face. Be that as it is, as a result of her Writers' Club appearance, the word got around that Irene Rich could wear clothes. Nothing was done about it, for the little black book shows that in October, 1919, she worked only \$41.67 worth. Quite a setback from the \$916.67 of the preceding month, but characteristic of a financial movie life.

IN November, we see Miss Rich playing opposite Will Rogers again in "The Strange Boarder." More gingham and calicoes. She went from this to a Clarence Badger offering and earned for the month the magnificent total of \$1,041.67. December held up beautifully, for a change. There were retakes on the Rogers' picture, a rôle with George Beban in "One Man in a Million," a few other jobs and a monthly money accumulation of \$1,019.04. Christmas was jubilee day in the Rich home that year.

In January, she had another calico lead opposite Will Rogers in "Just Call Me Jim," and a week's work in

the overlapping Beban film. A good month—\$946. The Rogers' picture lasted all of February for a grand smash of \$1,000. Will took his time even in those hurry-up days! In March and April, Irene made a number of pictures on the Goldwyn lot, and on May 25th she celebrated her first contract. Goldwyn signed her for a flat \$250 a week until March of the following year. No more trudging around to the studios now. A steady income and a chance to save. Which she did. Irene knew the value of money. The little black book announces: "Have made on one-year contract \$11,500."

After this, Miss Rich seesawed from \$2,000 to \$100 a week. The exasperating anxiety of never knowing whether a month would be good, bad or indifferent induced her to accept a Warner contract at \$500 a week.

It is interesting to observe that Warners loaned her to play a prominent rôle supporting Mary Pickford in "Rosita." Four years earlier, Irene had tasted her first kleig war paint as an extra in Mary's "Stella Maris."

Miss Rich's contract expired in February, 1923. A little later Warners signed her again, this time as a star and to a five-year contract beginning at \$1,035 a week, jumping in 1925 to \$1,285, to \$1,535 in another year, and soaring to \$2,500 in 1927. The contract expired July, 1928, and the option was forgotten by mutual consent.

In 1929 Miss Rich averaged \$1,500 a week. She sustained this figure—and a charming figure, too—most of the present year, but if free lance work isn't steady she doesn't fret. Not any more. She's independent, her children are independent, and her mother likewise. The movies gave Irene a living and a fortune. She likes them. She always will.

And the little black book has a few pages left. . . .

How Hollywood Entertains

(Continued from page 81)

talking about reducing and diets—and spoils the conversation.

Coffee was served on the terrace at the back of the house.

Altogether it was a delightful affair and one that gave intimacy and an at-home feeling to a few very close friends. Sometimes that's nicer than any formal affair can be, don't you think? And sometimes it's nice to have a few chums and relatives in for lunch and do it just this way.

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Watch NEW MOVIE'S popular department—

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The NEW Kissproof INDELIBLE Lipstick



(Left) Lipstick—Black and red enamel swivel case, 75c. Black and gold case, 50c. (Right) Lip and Cheek Rouge—purse size, red and black enamel vanity with mirror, 50c.

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Reminiscences of Maurice Costello

(Continued from page 92)

somebody wanted to save money on the axle, so they made it out of yellow pine. There was a swivel worked on a turnstile to turn the windmill. I rehearsed and we timed it. Bing Thompson—he got his name Bing from the way he would say that word, (Helene, my daughter, named him that)—was directing.

"I grabbed the girl from the platform. She weighed a hundred and thirty. Just as we were descending, with me holding onto the windmill, the axle twisted. It was a drop of twenty-five feet. Somebody yelled, 'Get Cos out of that!' And I yelled back, 'H—, get the girl out!'"

"We did dangerous stunts in those days, and we never dreamed of having doubles. I therefore liked rehearsals for dramatic scenes, but not for stunts. Indeed nobody rehearsed stunts, then. They just did them. But a director named San Luce came along, and in course of a Western, due to his demanding a rehearsal of a scene, I got a shot in the back.

"We had chases in all the pictures. We did one called 'He Tried on the Handcuffs.' Pat Hartigan was in it and so was Ralph Ince. Of course, we had a chase, and the public joined in as we ran down the street. We didn't care, as long as we got a crowd. We got all smashed up in the chases—but we were all young and didn't give a darn. It was a lot of fun in those days, and yet everybody did his work. There weren't any laggards."

I REMINDED Maurice that he got no credit for his work on the screen.

"No, that's so," he said. "The public called me Dimples, and I got a lot of

fan mail addressed that way. I told Commodore Blackton, that I would have to go back to the theater unless he let my identity be known, as people were demanding my name. A Mr. Kennedy of the old Biograph—not Joseph P. Kennedy—stood out against actors' names going on the screen. I guess he thought it would turn the players heroes. The important companies—including Biograph, Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig, Essanay and Kalem stood together on everything. Finally I had my way."

I asked the actor about his leading ladies.

"Florence Turner and I were together two or three years, until finally my name went up on the screen. Then they gave each of us our own company. They would put all the young leading ladies in my company to train, after which they would get their own companies. Florence was lovely.

"Mary Fuller was a dear. I used to kid the life out of her. She was a dreamy person—would stand gazing upward for minutes at a time. Mary's real name was Claire Fuller, which she changed to Mary when she did a series called 'What Happened to Mary.'

"I T WAS I who got Flora Finch into comedies with Bunny. But that was after a funny happening at the studio before I knew her.

"Flora had been on the stage, but was out work. I'll never forget the first day Flora came to the studio. She was to play in a comedy with me. I had been looking for a leading lady, and Van Dyke Brooks came to my dressing room and said, 'I've got a new leading woman for you.' I noticed all the gang stand around as I came

across the lot. The boys came around, hammers in hand. They said, 'That new leading woman of yours is a dream!' I said, 'Where is she? Is she tall?' They said, 'She is there in that dressing room making up'. I noticed they kept on standing around.

"Brooks called, 'Oh, Miss Finch, are you made up?' But she didn't look out, but just put her hand out with her script book. The boys used all sorts of ruses to get her to show her face in the door. It was raining, and I was standing waiting. Suddenly she put her head out of the door. Flora is a smart woman, but nobody said she was beautiful. Far from it. I gave one look, and gasped. I think she knew about the joke, anyway, she was a good sport about it. She had a fine sense of humor.

"After we had finished, she stayed around the lot. In the meantime John Bunny had come to the studio and was working steadily.

"I was always clowning, and so when I spoke to Blackton about keeping Miss Finch on, he said, 'Are you joking? Where would we find parts for her to play?' But I kept after them to put her on steadily, with the \$15 guarantee, and at the end of six weeks I succeeded.

"Bunny hadn't been doing anything for a while and one day I saw him standing outside the studio. Flora stood talking to somebody, close to Bunny. An idea flashed into my head, and I said to myself, 'What a foil she will be for Bunny!' I called Blackton over and he laughed. I said, 'Doesn't that combination look funny?' I said, 'Match up those two.'

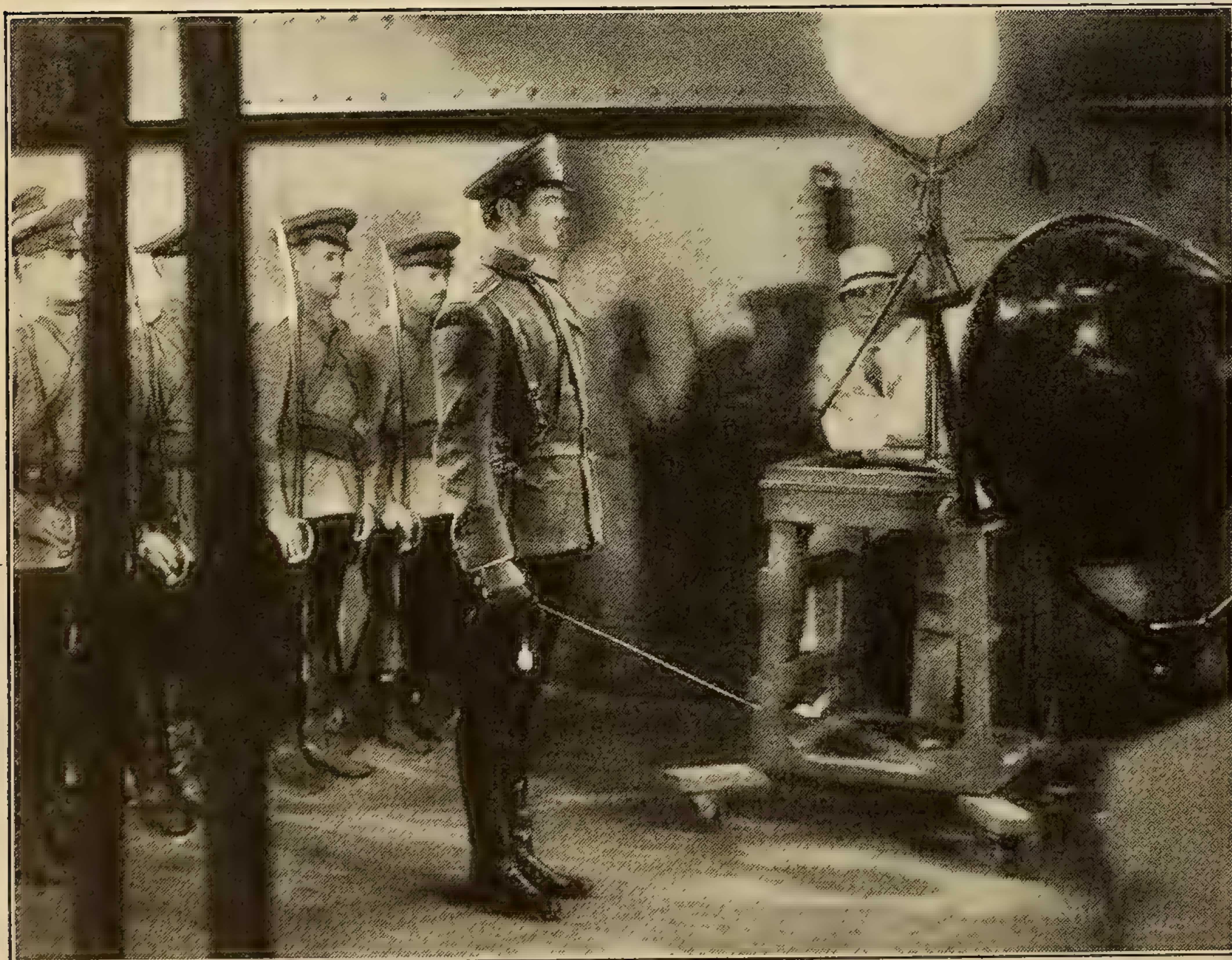
"Sure enough the brain department, as we called the scenario division, planned some stories for the pair. Eddie Montaigne wrote the first story, I believe. The first couple of stories weren't so hot, either, but later, the two scored. But Bunny died."

I ASKED him about Lillian Walker. "Oh, she was a protégée of mine, too. She was from the stage. She had been a chorus girl in a company I had played in, and she was a beautiful girl."

A lot of stars started at Vitagraph. "Anita Stewart was a kid around there," declared Cos. "Her sister, Lucille, was married to Ralph Ince. Anita was a lovely child. Norma Talmadge started with me. She was the sweetest little thing in the world. There were altogether six or seven young girls at the studio.

"I called to Commodore Blackton the first time I saw Norma and said, 'There's a kid that will make a dandy some time.' She had a strong face and I spotted it. I think the first bit she did was with me when I was playing Sidney Carton in 'A Tale of Two Cities.' Then they were going to let her out. I happened to go down to Smith's office—one of my leading ladies was leaving me, I think Mary Fuller—and I wanted to see about a new lead.

"By this time Norma was about seventeen or eighteen. Smith had what he called a rogues' gallery with a lot of postcard photographs of players on his wall. I told him I wanted a leading woman. He said, 'Let's see,' pointing to the pictures. There was Norma's picture with the rest. He said, 'I'm



Lawrence Tibbett and his "army" face the big lights for a scene of Metro-Goldwyn's "New Moon." Charles Dorian, assistant to the director, is observing the military effect with a calculating eye.

going to let Norma go.' 'Too bad,' I said. 'Well,' he declared 'She had a good opportunity and she didn't ring.' I said, 'You are making the mistake of your life. I want Norma to play the lead in my next picture.' He said, 'Don't let your success run away with you. You usually get your way, and I suppose you'll have it now, but this is one time you are wrong.'

"We were to start Monday. You know in those days, if we said we would start, we started. I called Norma aside. I said, 'Go up to my room and on my desk you will find a manuscript. Take it and don't say anything to anybody. Go home and read it. You are going to be my leading lady.'

"Oh, Cossy!" she exclaimed excitedly.

"I said, 'I'll take you across my knee if you don't make good.'

"We started the picture and Norma played my lead. The story was 'Eliza and Bill,' from the Costermonger song.

"When we finished the film, we went in to see it. When the governor—Smith—saw anything that pleased him, he would whistle 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' He began to whistle it as he watched the film. Norma not only held her job, but got a raise.

"Peg Talmadge, the girls' mother, used to come down and work in pictures sometimes, too. Constance would come after school and get \$5 for playing a small part once in a while. I had Constance in mind for a part and I told Peg I would give her a chance. I said, 'But she is too young yet.'

"I went on a trip around the world in 1912, and when I came back they gave me a two-reel story called 'The Moonstone of Fez.' It was located in Egypt. I gave Constance the lead and Eulalie Jensen played her mother. Constance wasn't nearly as good as Norma. I had more trouble teaching her to act.

"MABEL NORMAND was at Vitagraph, too. She played leads with me. She was always playing tricks on people, but you couldn't get mad at her, because she was so good hearted. She was lovely and very athletic and not afraid of anything.

"Norma, Mabel, Constance and Dorothy Kelly went about together. They were little rascals. They would sneak off and we never knew where to find them.

"Helene and Dolores, my daughters, were at the studio too. Dolores used to play with me as a child while Helene acted Mary Charlton as a child. Mary was my leading lady for a while, you know.

"Leah Baird was once my lead, also. She was very smart. And there was Arline Pretty, very beautiful. Kate Price was there at the time, and Mary Maurice, who played my mother. People used to think she really was my mother.

"Helene had better opportunities than Dolores—and how she could troup! Dolores was timid, but when she cut loose she could go. Helene was a little clown. Where they made a mistake in Hollywood is that they never gave her a chance to play comedy. She should have been given the kind of parts Bebe Daniels had. Helene came first to the studio. She played with me in a half-reel thing called 'Old Sweethearts of Mine.'

"My wife was working at the studio. I gave her the name of Georgia Maurice. My real name is Maurice George Washington Costello. I am Irish and
(Continued on page 120)

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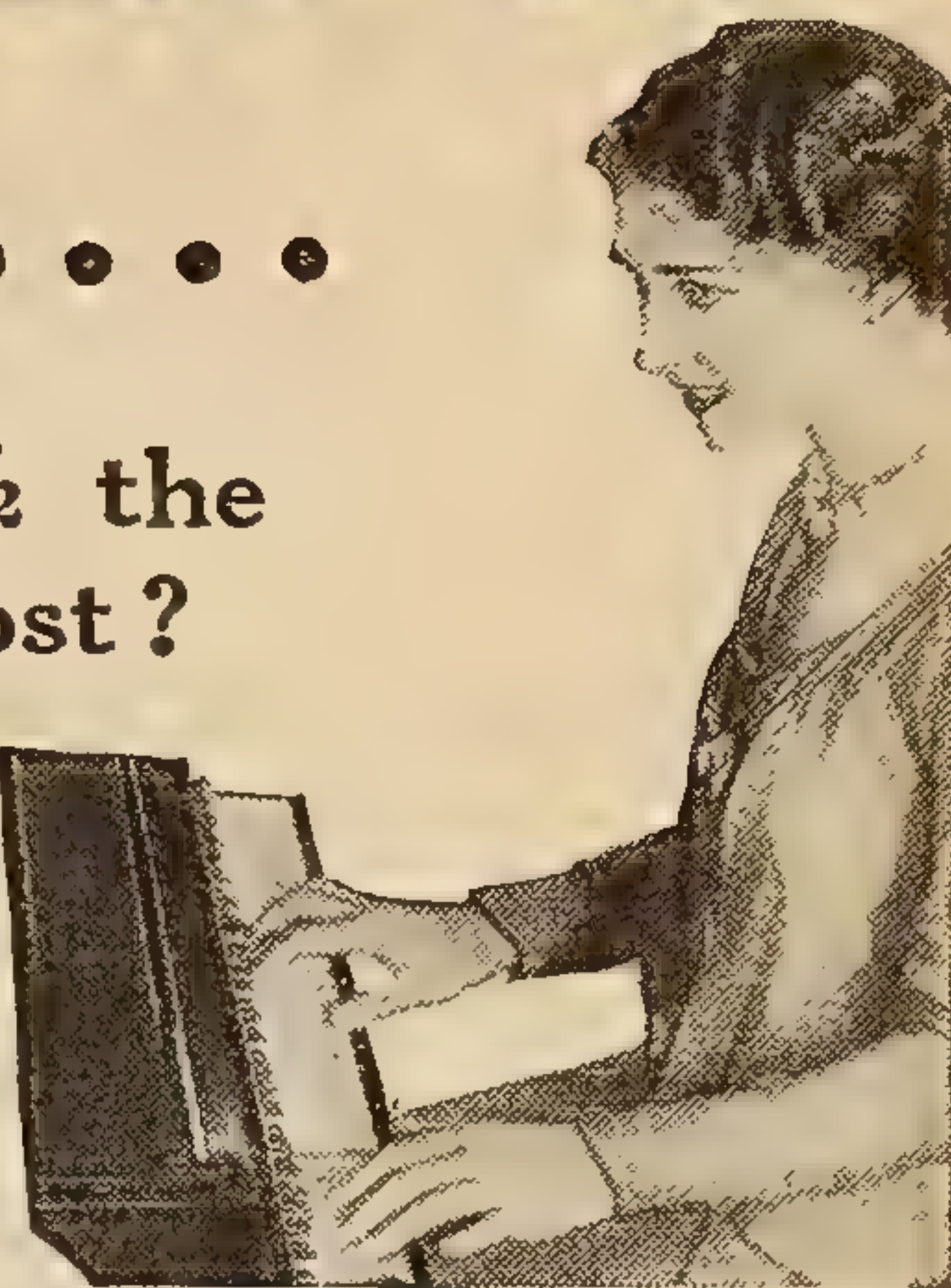
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Hollywood's Own Cooking Page

For a Sunday night supper, how about Eggs Chasseur, à la Nancy Carroll—or muffins as made and served by Leila Hyams? The famous stars are giving us their favorite recipes for New Movie readers. There is a favorite recipe every month on Hollywood's Own Cooking Page. It's on page 96 in this issue.

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How January Is Written in the Stars

(Continued from page 51)

which are divided like the calendar year into twelve parts. These parts are called signs—hence, the expression, "Twelve Signs of the Zodiac." Now, when a planet comes into a sign, its influence is modified according to the characteristics of that sign. The sun, for example, is still the sun, whether it is in Aries or in Scorpio; it still gives life, health, vitality, strength; but the way it does its work is influenced greatly by the fact that Aries is a highly mental sign and Scorpio a highly physical one. So when I say



Joan Marsh wearing a dance frock in the new shade of antique ivory, which flatters both blondes and brunettes alike. The dress is designed in the slenderizing princess manner. Tracings of bead work and appliqued flowers form the adornments while a flounce, extending from the knees to floor, boasts of a width of many yards at the bottom.

that the Sun, which influences our character, was in the sign of Capricorn when you were born I mean that your character is likely to be molded to a great extent by the prevailing characteristics of that sign.

IF you read the box which goes with this article you will discover the dominant characteristics which are found in most Capricorn people. Generally speaking, you may expect to find these strengths and weaknesses in your own make-up. But in your case, I have been fortunate enough to know not only the month in which you were born, but the year and the day and even the hour, so I have been able to tell you how your horoscope has been modified by the influence of planets other than the sun—for example Venus and Neptune and Mercury. At least, I *think* I know your exact date, although with a woman, you can never be sure! Anyway, the information I am giving you is based on that date, and if it doesn't seem to fit you in every particular, you have only yourself to blame!

Now, perhaps you would like to know a few more personal matters. How about love? Well, you seem to be all right on that point right now. But look out for 1932 and 1933. You may not suffer yourself during this period through anyone you love, but if you don't watch yourself, you may cause sufferings to someone who loves you. On the other hand, if you get through this difficult period successfully—as you can, if you will—you will not be under such bad conditions for love for another twenty-one years.

As for your general peace of mind. I see that it will be threatened during a good part of 1931 by disorganizing and depressing vibrations. But don't let that worry you. The main thing is to know about such conditions in advance and to realize that they are caused by temporary movements of the planets whose effects will soon pass. Like all Capricorn people, you are easily cast down, and suffer from fears of the future which are seldom realized. You must learn not to cross bridges, the plans for which have not yet been draughted by the architects.

YOU especially should not look forward to the future with foreboding; for after all is said and done, the outstanding feature of your horoscope is that the last half of your life will be much more successful than the first. I don't mean that you haven't been successful so far. What I mean is that you are now due to become more successful—to climb heights of which you have hardly dared to dream. Whether the talking screen is the instrument designed to give you this opportunity, I do not know, but I should say that it would be something to do with your voice. Capricorn is one of the musical signs and with the Sun and Mercury in conjunction in that sign—as they are in your chart—you should win fame in some sort of musical endeavor.

Take comfort as well as warning, my dear Bebe, from what I am telling you in these pages. You cannot escape your stars! I had occasion not long ago to draw up a written horoscope of your fellow star, William Haines. I didn't even know his name at the time I drew the horoscope, but afterward, when I did know I read it over to see how closely he had fulfilled his destiny.

I was forcibly reminded by the first phrase which struck my eye of Bill Haines' introduction to the movies. (You remember how he was stopped on the street by a theatrical agent, when he was making his rounds as a bond salesman, and shipped forthwith to Hollywood for his first part in the pictures.) The phrase read: "*You just naturally attract good fortune.*" I had a similar experience once before with Tom Mix—only the phrase in his case read: "Many successful actors, also *those who make a study of vibrations as expressed through motion*, have horoscopes like yours." William Haines and good fortune! Tom Mix and motion! And both of them, Bebe, were born under Capricorn, your sign!

BUT I do not have to go outside your own chart to give you an amazing example of the way astrology searches out the truth about every detail of our lives. When I was drawing your horoscope for this article, I said to my secretary. "This young woman ought to go to Spain. She has Jupiter and Venus in Sagittarius, and Sagittarius rules Spain and all Spanish things."

"Well," replied my secretary, "I don't know whether Miss Daniels has ever been to Spain, but she certainly ought to be interested in Spanish things. Her mother is a Spaniard—and Bebe herself speaks the language like a native."

You see, young woman, you can't escape your stars!

IF YOU ARE A CAPRICORN CHILD

Many a famous man has been born under your sign, and women too! Among the men, Lloyd George, W. E. Gladstone, Sir Issac Newton, Rudyard Kipling, Admiral George Dewey, and Woodrow Wilson; among the women, Joan of Arc, Carmen Sylva and Mrs. Calvin Coolidge.

Your planetary colors are maroon, purple, violet, green, black, brown, ash-gray and indigo; your flowers, the holly, the poppy and the flax; your jewels, the garnet, the moss agate, the onyx, the lodestone and all unpolished blue and black gems; your ruling planet is the celestial teacher, Saturn; and the symbol of your sign—don't laugh, because he is a very ambitious, industrious and persevering animal—is the Goat!

Almost Too Much of a Lady

(Continued from page 110)

porting of a director and his entire company to await the whims of an actress would have been rather an expensive item.

Though unselfishly urged by Henry Miller, his charming young leading lady did not accept the offer.

The years were to take their toll of misfortune. Miller was to die; she was to have a quarrel with the Shuberts, which, among other things, caused her to turn her eyes in the direction of Hollywood—and at much less money than \$300,000 per year.

Her first screen test upon arriving in Hollywood was made for Joseph Von Sternberg's "Docks of New York." The director did not think her suited for the rôle opposite George Bancroft.

Emil Jannings saw the test later while looking for a leading woman to appear with him in "Sins of the Fathers." He selected her immediately. She made good at once.

A Paramount contract was offered at once.

MISS CHATTERTON is said to be that most futile of humans, a leader in the social life of Hollywood. Among her intimates are named Elsie Janis, Irving Berlin, and his wife, Louis (Butterfly) Bromfield and his wife, Lois Wilson, Fay Bainter, Clive Brook, and Guthrie McClintock. Truly a broad and comprehensive group for a lady who is "equipped with a remarkable knowledge of music, literature, art, science, and the gift of rendering effortless entertainment."

According to "Who's Who in America," Ruth Chatterton is thirty-seven years of age. She is tireless in energy and has executive capacity of a high order. Likewise she is the only woman on earth who ever made a sensational and sustained success in films in middle life.

She knows the stage and the business of acting as few men or women know it in the world. In conversation, as well as in her work, she has a keen dramatic and emotional sense of story values.

She has, within the realms of the drama, a wide knowledge. If she ever gave up screen and stage, she could undoubtedly become as excellent a director as she is an actress.

She contributes a great deal to every film in which she appears. If the stories are sometimes tawdry she is more or less blameless. Business must triumph.

Some of her biggest commercial successes have been directed by Dorothy Arzner. It is common knowledge that Miss Chatterton would be well able to direct herself—and probably does—a great deal.

It may still be possible for Miss Chatterton to surpass Garbo as the supreme screen actress. If so, her producers will need to select something less sentimental and tawdry than most of her films, and something less socially banal than domestic scenes with Clive Brook.

At her very best, she will always have a very serious rival in Greta Garbo, the Swedish peasant girl. For, as an artist, Miss Chatterton has been too well cultivated by the Broadway harrows of civilization.

Greta Garbo is virgin soil.

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Fallen Idols

(Continued from page 37)

Doug, with Chaplin, Mary, Valentino, Mabel Normand, Bill Hart, Tom Mix.

They haven't much chance, these young stars. Hollywood has been conventionalized. Every star must please the club ladies or be smacked on the wrist by Schoolmaster Hays. The stars themselves are partly to blame. They all want to be ladies and gentlemen of society, doing the correct thing. If they don't make themselves over, they are made over by their directors.

It takes a stronger individual to hold out in Hollywood today than when the motto of the town was "Be Yourself." Garbo is the only figure of heroic mold to match the old gods and goddesses. Defiantly intrenched in her own personality, she is a type without specializing. Indifferent and taciturn, fascinating if not likable, she will not last as long as Mary. I doubt if any new star will. The idol business has deflated along with other lines.

RATED in earning power Chevalier is the leading male favorite of the new stars. His cinematic ascension has enabled him to charge twenty thousand dollars a week for caroling a couple of times a day. His triumph is almost exclusively personality. It's hardly worth the trouble naming the characters he plays; it's always Chevalier you see. The Frenchman is frisking the francs abroad as well as at home. He's harvesting while the sun shines and it won't have to shine very long for this haymaker to clean up all there is.

Lawrence Tibbet bounded on with the roar of a lion that sank to the bleat of a lamb in the sticks. He's a specialist without being a type. Charm without

voice will go further toward making an idol than voice without charm.

Valentino always yearned to play a cowboy, contending it was the most romantic of all characters. In this he shared the American sentiment. One or more cowboys we've always had with us. The strong silent man is a stock idol. Gary Cooper is the logical contender for the pedestal once held by Bill Hart, later by Tom Mix. Gary is slowly emerging into a character that has its appeal to both men and women. He's due for a considerable run if he has a fair break in stories.

CLARA BOW has been Paramount's little slavey. Being a reliable breadwinner, she's been left to shift by herself. The producers figured she didn't need stories any more than clothes. Why spend any money on Clara? Give her an old bathing suit or a pair of sailor pants and leave her alone with the Navy. She has the ideas, why bother a scenario writer? If Clara were not the most popular of the flappers she'd have passed out with the rest of them some time ago. Clara is to this generation what Mary was to us kiddies. How kiddie ideals do change! But Clara cannot continue the years that Mary has, any more than Garbo can.

MARY holds the endurance record because she is something more than an actress—something more, did I say?—a darned sight more. She's a battler and business genius. Any old skinflint who tries to foreclose on Mary had better remember his first-aid kit.

Norma Talmadge is the only other feminine star who can compare with

Mary for longevity. Norma married Joseph Schenck, business genius and film rajah.

Business, not art, makes the best pedestal in Hollywood. Every star who has stayed a star had to become a producer or marry one. The politics of Hollywood are complex and the business methods wily. Stars are not all paid according to their earning power. Some receiving eight thousand a week do not bring in as much as others getting three thousand. You have to be as good a performer in the business office as on the screen if you get what's coming to you.

Studios are factories. A producer is an executive who O. K.'s or N. G.'s the broth of many cooks. Even if he has some creative talent he has to spread it over many productions.

One great picture will make a star as "The Four Horsemen" made Valentino, "The Miracle Man" Betty Compson, "The Birth of a Nation" Mae Marsh and Henry B. Walthall. Good pictures keep a star going. A poor actor may star a long time in good pictures but a great actor will get the Gates Ajar after a few poor ones.

In Hollywood they believe good pictures are accidents. Thus Lady Luck is the patron deity.

Not every star has succeeded in being his own producer. Not every star has creative talent and business ability.

WHEN Mary, Doug and Charlie broke away from the big companies to make their own pictures they were considered Reds. They were forced to fight for their lives. The combine controlled the distributing network by which pictures are wholesaled to exhibitors. Mary, Doug and Charlie—the United Artists—had to establish their own exchange offices throughout the country and hire salesmen. This necessitated the raising of immense capital. No sooner had this been accomplished than the big companies started buying up theaters, thus getting control of the retail market as well.

"The business is getting so complicated," Mary said a little wearily, when I lunched with her several years ago. "First we had to organize studio production, then establish our own exchanges, and now we are compelled to build theaters to insure first-runs for our pictures."

We were lunching in the studio bungalow. Mary sat at the head of the table, Doug on her right; the other places were taken by directors, scenario writers, supervisors, production managers, publicity men. It was a business conference with refreshments.

Turning to Doug, Mary said, "How many billboards have you contracted for in New York for the opening of your picture?"

Doug was too hungry to recollect. He thought about sixty.

"That's not enough," Mary said. "I have taken a hundred and fifty for my picture. I think billboard advertising very important."

I give you the billboard incident as a cue to the riddle: How many talents must a star have to be her own producer?



Doug Fairbanks is an enthusiastic golfer and between scenes of "Reaching for the Moon" he recently entertained several noted golfers. In the picture, front row, left to right: Mrs. Stuart Hanley, Glenna Collett, national women's champion, Mr. Fairbanks, Bernice Wall. Back row, left to right, Mrs. Ruth Brown Park, Virginia Van Wie, Leo Diegel and Edmund Goulding, Mr. Fairbanks' director. Both Doug and Mr. Goulding are amateur golfers of note. Recently Doug won first prize in the actors' division of the motion picture tournament.

CAN you blame Mary if she is tired of Hollywood? Confronted with the new talkie problems, she probably regarded the stage as a pleasant rest cure—until her old spirit of combat returned.

Doug was ready to quit a long time ago. He's shrewd in business, but he doesn't like it. Furthermore he is a philosopher. He has been known to ask, "What's the use of it all?" In moods of despondency he has paced the lot shouting soliloquies worthy of Hamlet. Doug has done his Hollywood stunt. He's not the gentleman to spend his life at one little task, even though it be as worthy as carving the Lord's Prayer on the head of a pin.

Chaplin, too, is bored, not with being Chaplin but with being just a Hollywood Chaplin. He works when he feels like it and each picture takes longer.

Norma Talmadge confesses she only works to keep from being bored.

When these idols pass will there be others as great to fill their thrones? I don't think so . . . not idols of equal magnitude.

* * *

BESIDES the Talkie there have been other rents in the Hollywood illusion. In the beginning heroes were as heroic as they appeared on the screen. The public did not know they lived earthily. Mary was adored before her name and address were known.

Then publicity descended like a bolt from Jove, angered perhaps by the usurpation of Olympus. The illumination was not as flattering as screen lighting. We discovered that all heroines were not as pure as they photographed, that dare-devils had doubles and some little saints were devils without doubles.

The counter-attempts of the Olympians to keep up the illusion in the face

of revelation only made for skepticism. Stars were suspected of being worse than they are.

But human beings must worship. They have worshiped sticks and stones and gods invisible. The heart is lonely and craves to love. In Rome it was necessary to place a bronze sandal over the foot of Michelangelo's plaster model of Christ. It was being destroyed by kisses.

Pagan idolatry was an outgrowth of human necessity. Voltaire is often quoted saying if there had not been a God it would have been necessary to invent one. Even with one, people must have their human heroes to canonize.

IN the past there were kings, as well as gods, to excite the reverent imagination. Democracy took these away, along with the pomp and glitter that entrances the human serf. Life is dull without some sort of circus. The Caesars, knowing this, made Rome a center of lavish gayety.

Today Hollywood radiates its glamour through a drab, prosaic world. The luxury, adulations and mad revelry in which its nobles are supposed to dwell has excited the awe and envy of real royalty whose racket has all but broken down.

Hollywood is The Big Idea. As long as it can keep its searchlights blaring it will be a sort of Mecca for worldly imagination.

It is still doing a flourishing business in idols, but it no longer holds a corner on this essential commodity. The air is filled with mystic voices from the sirens of radioland. Will the invisible deities win you away from the optical illusions? Perhaps there is room for still more Lares and Penates by the hearthside . . . More but not as big.

Says Benny Rubin

(Continued from page 111)

Seeing that we were on dangerous ground, I asked him if he liked vegetables.

"I didn't know," he told me. "I'm a stranger here."

"When do you make your next picture?"

"You flatterer."

"It is?"

"No, you do."

AND then I asked the standard question that all interviewers must ask sooner or later. "Were you ever in jail?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I haven't killed you yet."

"I catch on," I said. "Goodbye."

"Good luck."

"I'll need it," I admitted.

"You've got it. You're still alive."

We both heaved a sigh of relief that the interview was over and started in to have some fun. Some people dropped in and seeing they'd made a mistake, joined us for a while. But we soon got tired of that and decided that we would all go to another place that one of the girls knew about. After we piled into the car, some in the rumble seat and others on foot, the girl whose name was Kate and a perfect peach, Scotch-Irish,

remembered that she didn't know the address, so we stayed where we were.

"However did you happen to be in Buster Gilbert, Junior's house?" I asked Mr. Rubin.

"This isn't his house," he said flatly and as he seemed pretty sure of himself I demanded to know whose house it was. I don't believe in letting the tropics break down all the barriers.

"Well, I've forgotten her name," he told me. "But she came here from New York to write dialogue for the talkies and happened to mention something about her art. We haven't seen her for quite a while. They are investigating."

"Who is investigating?"

"Don't pretend you don't know."

"I've stood enough," I said.

"If you think you have," Mr. Rubin whined. "How about Me? I am a comedian and I was born in Boston."

"It's the Hollywood of the North," I told him.

"You said it," he answered somewhat appeased.

After that we made scrambled eggs with bacon and a man with a ukulele sang almost like Frank Crummit or Ukulele Ike.

Sometimes I'd almost like to be a writer myself.



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Reminiscences of Maurice Costello

(Continued from page 115)

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Spanish, and my family goes back to King John. We have a coat of arms.

"Edith Storey was with us, too. Couldn't she throw a rope and ride a horse! She is living on Long Island now. She was a sweet girl, but she never married.

"Dorothy Kelly married an automobile dealer in New York and had twins. Wally Van is out here in Hollywood now. Jimmie Morrison was there, too. Jimmie is writing now.

"I SECURED Harry Morey his first real opportunity. They had kept him playing judges and police and parts like that that didn't get him anywhere. I had a convict story, and I said to the

director that here was a chance to give Morey his opportunity. He did the part well and afterward became a leading man.

"Carlyle Blackwell was with us, too. He is married now and wealthy, living in Constantinople, I believe.

"Anders Randolph, who died a few weeks ago out here, was on the lot painting pictures. I said to myself, 'There is a great type for a part I have in my picture.' He said, 'What can I do? I can't act.' But I persuaded him. He said, 'Well, if you take as much interest in me as you do in others, I'll take a chance.' I said, 'Well, you don't suppose I want my picture ruined, do you?' He made good."



Helene and Dolores Costello, in the days when their daddy, the famous Maurice Costello, was the idol of old Vitagraph.

The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 68)

those first loves in every man's and woman's life never quite disappear from consciousness.

OF course, it isn't possible for the average girl who wants to be beautiful to go around dressed up in the style of Isabella D'Este or Mary Stuart. But Vilma should suggest to anyone's mind that sheeplike conformity to some fashion conceived by a distant dress-maker is a mistake. One of the most frequent and most deadly of all beauty mistakes.

Vilma, on the screen, could achieve the picturesque, the pictorial and decorative, because of period costumes. But the average girl or woman can at least strive for these things. She can study her type, her coloring, her good points. It is no longer necessary for every girl to look exactly like every other girl, to sink individuality in a stupid mass formation. If a fan is decorative, suitable and a girl knows how to do things with it, why abandon the fan because the terrific fad for fans no longer exists?

It should not be difficult to get a lovely effect with clothes.

Just the other day, at the tennis matches, I saw Corinne Griffith in sport things, yet they were soft and lovely and flattering. Perfectly correct for such an occasion, too. The suit was of the softest, white knit wool, so meshed that it gave almost the appearance of lace. The long sweater had a softly rolled collar, that softened the neck. No severity. You never see Corinne at any time that there isn't something soft and delicate about her clothes. Laces, drifting chiffons, dainty little capes, flowing sleeves, gleaming chiffon velvets. Her sport clothes are always of some soft shade of blue or rose or pale yellow—never the more startling note that creeps into so many outfits.

The woman or girl who wants a lovely effect should never attempt to be a bizarre fashion plate. Men never know what fashion is, anyhow. Of course there are always certain fundamental fashion notes. But once those are regarded, the screen beauties develop individual style. Griffith does. Gloria Swanson does.

THERE are, of course, screen beauties who have developed an effect that is almost entirely clothes. No, that sounds unjust. I should rather say that they have used clothes as an artist uses paint, to create a beautiful picture. It may not be beauty in its true sense, but it is certainly art. A modern art which, as I said in my first article, is opening beauty up as a goal for all women.

It is easy to speak of being well-dressed. Often women comment upon it merely as a matter of money. That is far from the truth. Dressing that

creates beauty requires a flair, cultivated and educated taste—which should be easy nowadays, with the many fine shops and, above all, the screen—much time and thought and an unfailing eye.

Lilyan Tashman is the best example of beauty in decoration, or clothes, that the screen has produced.

She subordinates herself to her clothes and yet by some miracle you never think of her clothes. She produces a perfect whole. Her extreme thoughtfulness is always apparent, both on and off the screen. Perfection of grooming and perfection in detail are essential and there Lilyan is unfailing. Every smallest detail from her shoe buckles to her hat crown are in harmony. Her bag, handkerchief, scarf, stockings, gloves, jewelry, cigarette case and holder, are always exactly right. I know that her lingerie, her garters, girdle, are all molded for each costume, to give it the best fit.

There is never a hair out of place. Her make-up is exquisite, and done to go with the lights—artificial or real. Her hands are perfectly cared for and she doesn't go in for those horribly ugly red, pointed nails. And Lil never loses her pose. If you happen to catch her in the garden in the morning, wearing linen coveralls, the picture is just as complete. Every detail is as accurate as it is when she goes to a ball at the Embassy.

THERE are many women who might be decoratively beautiful in this fashion, but it takes infinite pains and thought. Lil, as a matter of fact, spends much less money on her clothes than you might imagine. Of course, she has some wonderful furs and gowns. But I have seen her lunching at the Biltmore when she presented a fashion picture that stood out like a lighthouse and had her whisper to me that she picked the dress up for \$29.50. It was the carefully selected accessories and the grooming that counted.

To go back to Vilma Banky, the second thing that makes her so lovely is expression.

She has the sweetest expression I have ever seen. With Vilma, it's natural. She is a sweet person, with kind and lovely thoughts going on inside her pretty blonde head. That shows in her face. If you will stop and think a moment you will agree that no woman ever looks lovely with a cross or bored expression.

It may sound a trifle trite and Victorian to suggest that a sweet expression is sometimes a great asset to a woman and can be cultivated. But it happens to be true.

Chatterton is another lovely woman. Ruth is so completely a personality, her amazing charm, her cultivated intellect, her genius as an actress, are all so molded into one irresistible woman, that

(Continued on page 122)

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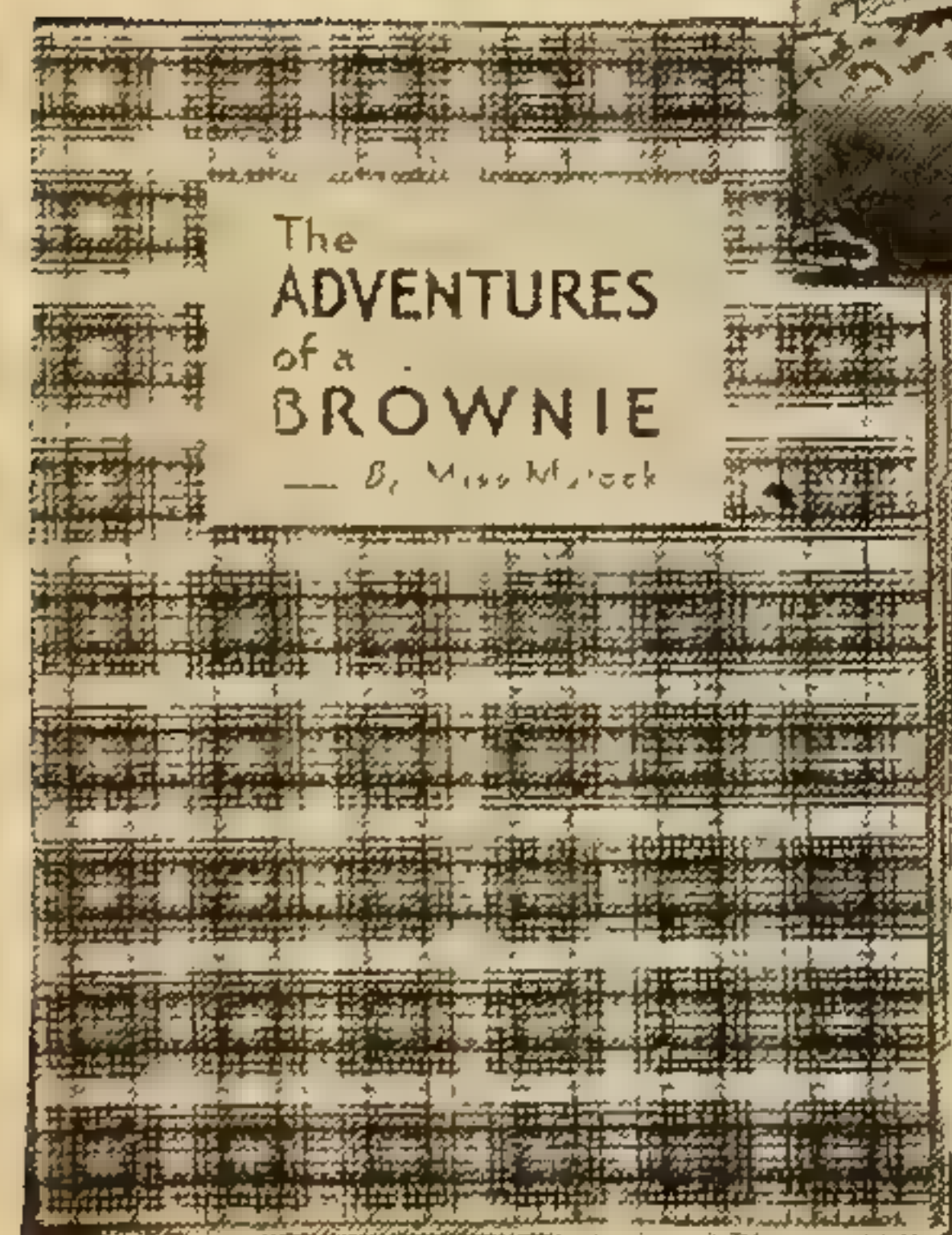
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SCREEN BEAUTY next month.

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The Screen's Search for Beauty

(Continued from page 121)

it is difficult to think of her as physically beautiful or not beautiful. I don't believe it can be done. She is an example of that beauty which is a result of many things—beauty of personality, let us call it. Her allure is as much a matter of her character, her interest in life, the brilliant give and take of her mind as it is of her physical loveliness.

RUTH CHATTERTON, like the famous Ninon de Lenclos, has developed complete charm, far beyond the physical. She doesn't care and doesn't need to care about her looks. She is like a fascinating book, whose contents are sure to hold and to please, whether bound in priceless vellum or yellow paper.

She can be lovely. She has an exquisitely shaped head. Her eyes are full of light. Her nose is impudent. Her mouth passionate, her chin strong.

Chatterton is the product of breeding and education and contact and character. And she knows, as every woman of thirty should know, how to weld those things together into something vital and beautiful. So, you see, we have another school of beauty—the beauty of personality which encompasses many things.

Dolores Costello is another lovely woman. **Leila Hyams**, **Loretta Young**, **Catherine Dale Owen**, **Alice Joyce**—are all lovely.

And there are many other classifications of beauty. Next month I want to analyze for you the beauty of **Clara Bow**—which I refuse to concede as mere sex appeal. And then there is sheer prettiness—like **Marion Davies** and **June Collyer** and **Billie Dove**.

Bow is the modern. I think I can show you why—and why she is, in her way, beautiful.



Ramon Novarro is happy these days. Isn't he directing himself? That's enough to make any actor happy. This picture was made while Ramon was directing himself in the Spanish and French versions of "The Singer of Seville." Mr. Novarro still has a director for his English versions.

Mother

(Continued from page 34)

You know. One night I come home from the studio. All day they talk to me. My husband, even, who is also a director in German pictures, he thinks I should do it. He feels they should not hold me back from the great career they talk about. I am crying.

"Maria—she is only four—comes. 'Mama, cry here', she says. And I put my head on her little shoulder and cry and cry. When I have stopped and she holds out her little dress and says proudly, 'See, my mama makes it all wet on my shoulder.' Then she looks at me and says 'They talk to you more about America, one sees that.'

"I said yes. So she goes to the telephone, so little, and she calls up Mr. Von Sternberg at his hotel. She likes him much. She says, 'Is it right that my mama should go to America and will she come back soon?' He told her yes, and said how great things awaited me across the ocean. She comes back and says, 'Mama, you must go to America. I will wait here. You will come back soon and I will be a good girl. Only before you go, you must buy me a little doggie. Then I will think about him and not be so lonesome for you.'

"THE day I left everybody cried but Maria. She had her new doggie, a little white Sealyham, so cute. She looks at the nurse, and the servants—who are kind enough to love me—and her papa and grandmama, all crying. Then she dances to me and says 'You must all stop crying. What is this? She comes back! Soon she comes back. How proud we shall be, no?'

"If, that last moment, she had said 'Stay here, mama,' I would have stayed. Oh, yes. No one could have made me go then. So I come, for six months only.

"Now I go back for six months. Maybe I come again. I have said so. Unless Maria asks me to stay. All the time I am here we make phonograph records for each other. At night I do not go out to parties. I am very lonely. I sit and play over and over those little records, where my Maria talks to me. She has learned some English words now and she says them in the records.

"When you are a mother everything becomes clearer to you. My mother—she was a very good mother. Very careful. My father, he was an army officer. So, of course, he was killed early in the war. Mother thought she must be everything to us. Always she made me study English, French, music—to make something of myself. Sometimes I grew so angry. Why is that? I felt she—bossed me too much. 'Do not take cold'; 'come practice your music'; 'here is your English teacher.' I grew so cross.

"The minute my baby was born I understood all. I loved my mother much more than I had ever loved her before. She wished to come with me.

But a mother cannot be spared. My baby—my husband—my sister and her children. All revolves in this world around the mother. Is that not so?

"THEN, too, I have two babies, really. My husband, he is very young. Men are younger than women. I have told Maria when I leave always she must sit with her papa while he eats dinner, always she must be at the door to greet him. While I am away, who else has he but his little one? She will do it. No one in all the world understands me like she does.

"We are so close. If somebody does wrong or forgets in the house she will say, 'Mama, next time you tell me and I write it down.' She cannot write, but she says that. She knows what to get for me, what I need. No one understands so well. Like an angel.

"This Summer they have taken her to the North Sea. When she saw the ocean she runs down and stands by it and holds out her little arms and sings songs to me across the water. She thinks maybe I can hear. Maybe—I can.

"It is not easy to be a mother and an actress. I wish now to have another baby. But that means, for me, two years out of my work. Why not? But once you are in the thing, it is like a squirrel cage. So hard to get out. I love my work, too."

I told her what I thought of her work.

"That is kind," she said. "Most of it is Mr. Von Sternberg. The actress is part, the director is part. Fifty-fifty, as you say. You must give to him much credit. Without him I could not do it. I know. When I am working it is not so bad.

"I HAVE a house in Beverly Hills. When I first arrive I see all those sweet, lovely little houses. So clean, so pretty. I say, 'I must have one, I must have one.' But never again. A home is no home alone. I am afraid. I get a little dog, then a great big dog. I have my German maid. But—I am afraid and lonely. I play the radio. I write letters. I listen to my records. But no home is home without a child.

"Next time, I work in New York. Then I can get on the boat after each picture—and be home quickly. That will be all right. Only four days. Then I will be happy. Now—it is nice I am a success. I am grateful if it should be so. But—Maria is my happiness. I go to her."

I think in time Maria will be very proud of her mother.

When she is older she will be glad that she could make her baby sacrifice.

She will be proud to be the daughter of so great an artist as Marlene Dietrich. That's a lot. It's a wonderful thing for a little girl to be proud of a fine mother who is also a great actress.

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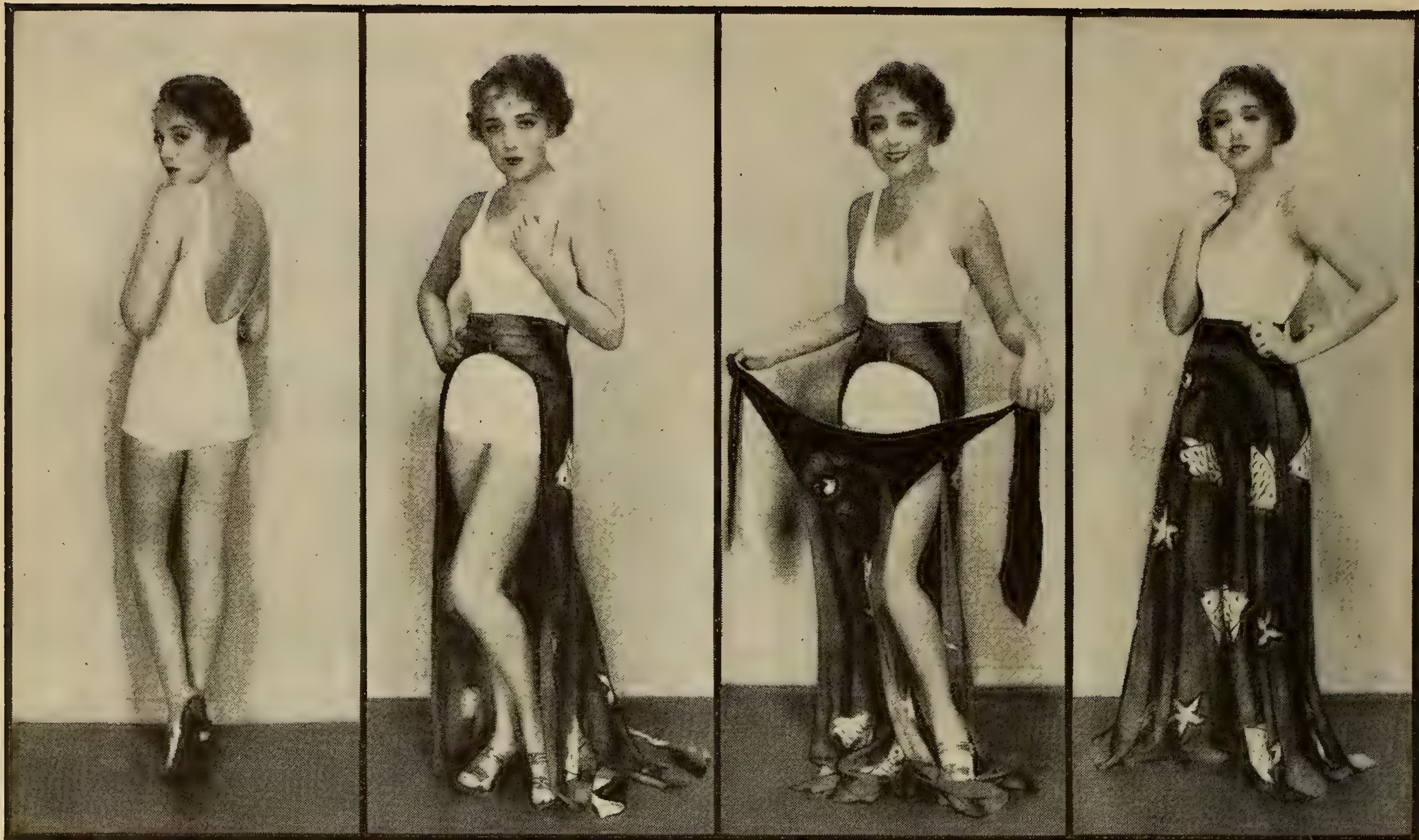
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Here's an attractive item for the beach next Summer. Bebe Daniels offers her idea of a bathing suit that can be transformed into beach pajamas. At the left, Miss Daniels shows her simple, one-piece, backless suit of white jersey. This is ideal for real swimming. Second, she fastens part of the pajamas around her waist like a train. The material is heavy flat crepe, dyed several shades of gray in a batik design, and painted with rose fish and sea urchins. In the third picture, the pajamas begin to assume form. The front overlaps with the back and ties with a large bow, while the sides remain open to permit of easy movement. Fourth, the pajamas are complete.

The Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 88)

"It wasn't ever necessary to punish Will," said Mrs. Powell. "It wouldn't have done any good anyway. You had to reason with him. He was very obedient, if he understood a thing. But you had to explain all the whys and wherefores. Then, if it looked logical to him, he would do it without any trouble. If it didn't he'd convince you you were wrong. That was another reason I thought he'd make a good lawyer. He was so reasonable."

She heaved a little sigh. Even now that her son is one of the great movie stars, I think Mrs. Powell remembers her dreams of seeing him administer justice from the bench.

It seems to me that Bill has run true to form in all the predictions of his childhood. His character fundamentals are about the same.

"There was one thing about Will that was different from most other children I have seen," said Mrs. Powell. "He could always amuse himself."

Give him a box of blocks when he was quite small and he was good for a whole morning. He didn't want anyone else to build houses or arrange them for him. In fact, he rather resented interference. Apparently he had ideas of his own that must be carried out. He was never depending on anyone else in order to be happy and well occupied. Later pencil and paper,

books and pictures took the place of blocks.

WILLIAM POWELL is still like that. He doesn't mind being alone. If he has enough books, he is perfectly happy and contented. Not all the time, of course. He likes a bit of whoopee as well as the next man, and is a most convivial and entertaining companion. But he is a real book lover. When he comes into my library at Malibu, he touches the volumes gently, examines the bindings, picks out a few and peeps into them, reading a paragraph or two. Also, he is one of the few people who borrow books who always return them.

This summer I saw him stretched out in the sun, hour after hour, alone, with a big stack of books piled on a table beside him. They were never allowed to touch the sand.

"Was he always careful of books as he is now? I asked his mother.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I remember how he cried one time when a book he liked and had read a dozen times was chewed up by a neighbor's dog. He took wonderful care of his books. But then, he took wonderful care of all his things. His room was always neat, his clothes always hung up where they belonged. He folded his pajamas every morning. He could never be happy if anything

was in disorder around him. So different from my grandson, Bill's little boy."

Baseball and sand lot football interested Bill Powell in his grammar-school days. But athletics never became a strong passion with him. He liked talk, reading, people too much. Athletics seemed slightly a waste of time. His friends were usually older boys who were too big for him to play with but not too smart for him to talk to.

IT is an awful thing to admit, and I will say in all fairness that he shows no signs of it now, but in school Will was "teacher's pet."

His first battles were fought at school because the boys used to call him that in a manner not too polite.

"I was in a tough spot and didn't know it," he told me. "I made companions of my teachers and profs because I liked them. They always talked about things that were interesting. I wasn't trying to ease myself into their good graces in order to get better marks in school. In fact, I flunked several courses in high school even though the profs were my pals. I just liked to hear them talk."

When the Powell family left Pittsburgh for Kansas City, Bill was ready to enter high school. Professor Smith, of the 6th Ward School, Pittsburgh, wrote a letter to the teachers who would

take him in charge in the new school. His mother still treasures that letter. In it, Professor Smith recommended Bill to the special attention of his high school teachers as a boy of unusually brilliant mind and active brain. It wasn't his conduct which was acclaimed, but his eager mental ability.

There is an unsolved mystery connected with another memento which reposes in that cedar chest. It is a shaving mirror—Bill's first gift to his father. On it is written—From Will. Xmas, 1901. The mirror was on the Christmas tree. No one knew where Bill earned the money to buy it. No one knows to this day. When I questioned him, Bill began to talk about the Einstein theory.

Maybe that's a skeleton in Bill's youthful closet.

ALL his vacations were spent on his grandmother's farm, in West Middlesex, Pennsylvania. Upon his arrival, the farm was turned over to this favorite grandson, by a grandmother devoted to her husband's namesake. Through the farm ran a little stream, with many deep pools. The boy swam, dived, ran wild for the entire summer. It built up his health, which was not too robust. And he spent long afternoon hours swinging in the hammock, singing to himself, and reading. Ideal days. Every kid should have some experience in the country.

William Powell graduated from grammar school when he was thirteen.

At fourteen, he entered the Kansas City High School.

For four years, he was a "leading citizen" of that institution. He wrote for and edited the school paper and annuals. He was yell leader at one time and sang in the glee club. He took part in all the school activities and held various offices.

Ralph Barton, now famous all over the world for his drawings, was in High School at that same time. He was the paper's cartoonist for three years.

When he left, it was a bitter blow to the artistic triumphs of the sheet. In desperation, Bill decided he could draw cartoons. And did. They weren't as good as Barton's, but they got by all right.

Because he was going to be a lawyer—that having been decided in his cradle and planned for every hour since—Bill took some high school course in public speaking. It was a subject he loved and in which he did remarkably well. His speaking voice was unusual, he had a dramatic flair for intriguing and holding his audiences.

The professor suggested immediately that he ought to try out for the school play, which was the big event of the year, held just before the Christmas vacation.

IN his junior and senior years, William Powell played the lead in those plays. Played them, so everyone tells me, remarkably well. A natural-born actor.

Right there, everything was settled. That was what he wanted to do. Acting was his real ambition. There was something he would like to do.

Also, acting was a quick road to fame and fortune. He saw himself taking New York by storm, rising to heights of greatness, thrilling vast audiences who applauded his genius and showered him with rich rewards.

Though he had never been backstage of a theater, knew no actors, had no connections of any kind with the stage life, he felt that he must and could succeed.

To be a lawyer meant four long years at Kansas University, where he was about to be enrolled. Two or three more for a law degree. He'd be an old man before he was allowed to practice!

Whereas it was strictly necessary for him to be able to support a wife in the shortest possible time. Why, he and Edith had been waiting now, ever since their sophomore year! They had

(Continued on page 127)

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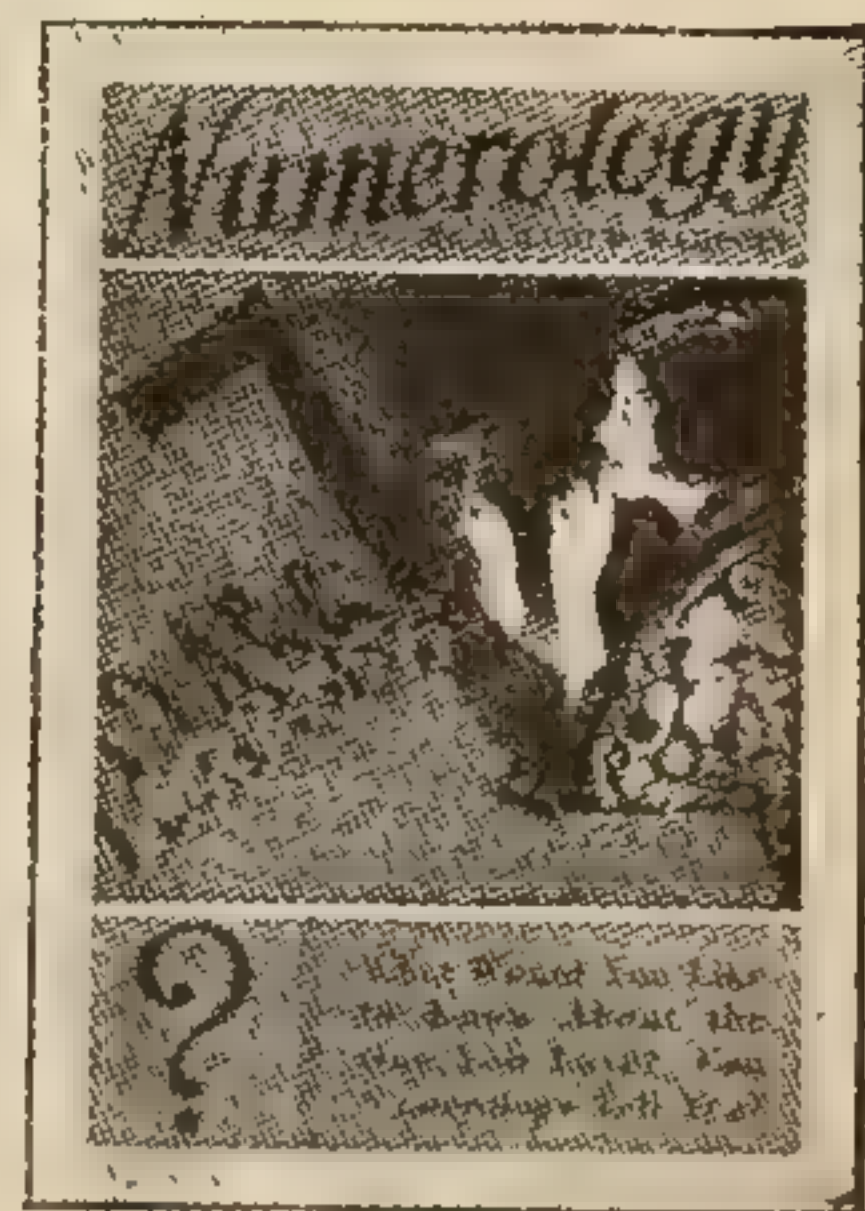
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The blackboard with its K tells the story. The two Kays—Kay Francis and Kay Johnson—are both featured in William De Mille's new Metro-Goldwyn film, "The Passion Flower."



The covered wagon train puts on its make-up for a big scene of Zane Gray's "The Fighting Caravans." Property men are piling huge stacks of freight on the early Western wagons for a close-up. The real pioneers didn't have it quite so easy.

The Hollywood Boulevardier

(Continued from page 58)

gulped three plates of *minestrone*, kissed my old Italian honey good-bye and leaped a train for Chevalier's home town, stopping off in Dijon on the way for a sustaining mess of the fat, creamy shelled *escargots* Bourgogne.

Paris—Valentino's pictures show continuously in Paris. On the anniversary of his death a mass was said in the church of the Trinity. At this moment he is appearing in "The Black Eagle" in the Boulevard des Italiens directly across from Lon Chaney in "Thunder."

Chaney Was Italian—Chaney, too, had Italian blood. On my arrival in Hollywood ten years ago Lon invited me to his four-room bungalow for a spaghetti dinner which he cooked himself. A monster of evil on the screen he was actually the most domestic and home-loving of men. He liked to cook and make things for the house. Wood-carving was a hobby. I remember he showed me that night an ash-stand carved in the form of a butler. It was his only burst of pride during the evening.

CONTRARY to press reports, Lon Chaney's last sickness was not due to torturing himself into gruesome shapes. He himself declared emphatically it was the result of an oatmeal "snowstorm" in which he was obliged

to work for a scene. The cereal dust settled in his throat, jellied on his lungs.

ONE of the American-made song-and-dance film revues was hissed off the screen by Parisian fans because they couldn't understand its English. Imagine what they would have done if they had understood. Exhibitors have a lot of nerve showing English talkies on the grand boulevards. Fancy yourself sitting through an evening of French when you know very well you are dazed by a menu.

Perils of the Talkies—The Pantheon Cinema on the left bank caters to the American colony with talkies in the original Hollywood tongue. I saw "Bulldog Drummond" there for the first time. It got snorts but not for its English. I wonder how it got all those floral notices at home.

Silent pictures were suffering a slow decline but these talkies show signs of a galloping malady that requires immediate action. Producers have tried everything—new writers, new actors, new directors—everything except new producers. Maybe a little change upstairs would help. Mass production of pictures doesn't seem to work in the long run as with Fords.

The Paris Stage Revues—While Parisians object to English from the

screen they don't mind it in their revues. Of course, you don't go to a revue to hear. I sat all night through a dress rehearsal at the Casino de Paris. I don't know why they called it a dress rehearsal. The only costume I noted was the work of a sick oyster. The rest were talcum.

All the principal players were American and Josephine Baker, the star, is an American negress. Josie came to Paris several years ago. Josie shook and shouted herself to glory. Josie was the colored fireworks. Then she married a count. Josie became a countess. (Take that Marquise Swanson and you, too, Princess Negri!) For three years the countess has been studying voice, dancing and dramatic art. The countess is no longer the "cullud" fireworks. At least it seemed to me that Art had affected her arsenal. It is possible, of course, that she did not let go at the rehearsal. I sat by her between numbers and I must say she is gracious, humble, refined—too refined ever to mess 'round like befog.

I recall what Stepin Fetchit said: that colored folk are no good when they go to imitatin' white folk. Step stuck to his color on the screen but he seems to have gone sort of white in temperament. Now he's gone the way of all such—vaudeville.

French Prosperity—France is the most prosperous country in the world

today. (Practically no unemployment until I arrived). But a fatal blow has been struck. Peggy Joyce has up and left the country flat. Says she is tired of France, tired of men, tired of herself and of the world in general. Says she is going to Hollywood to join the spielers. Well, that's one way of ending it all.

OVER in Prague the populace went wild and cleaned up on the talkies, taking pot shots at the screen. I am happy to report that Greta Garbo and Al Jolson escaped unscathed. The demonstration was against German talkers, not only because they are bad but because the Czechs are mad at the Germans. Perhaps the talkies will solve the problem of civilizing warfare. When we get sore at another nation, we can shoot them in effigy.

Cheers for Renee Adoree—The best news I have had from Hollywood is that Renee Adoree is back from the sanatorium. Stars like to have Renee support them because she has a way of making them look great without ever grabbing much credit herself.

I thought of Renee as I wandered Sunday morning among the wagons of a little street fair now circling the Lion de Belfort in the Place Denfert-Rochereau. The performers were cooking dejeuners in their wagons.

Puffs of smoke emerged from tiny chimneys, giving fragrance to the autumn air. At the small lace-curtained windows an occasional geranium beamed. And by the door of one wagon there was a cage of canaries twittering off a flip little ditty.

Renee de la Fuente, of French and Spanish parentage, spent her childhood in just such a wagon, traveling all over Europe with her parents in a little French circus. At kindergarten age she was a bareback rider with her sister. When they came out of the ring they would quickly slip into overalls and rush back with dust pans and brooms to police up after the horses. Sometimes they travelled without their parents who put them "in bond" with a circus. Sometimes there were tears in Renee's eyes when she threw kisses to the audience; she had just been beaten by the manager, who used a horse whip.

Out of such a life the human heart emerges either pretty hard or very tender. I think Renee of the circus wagons is superior to other actresses in portraying sympathetic warmth and womanly compassion.

Let's get together and give her a big yell at the box office.

Those Luckless Ones—The finest characters in Hollywood are the luckless ones. I suppose that is true of life everywhere. (Reminds me I'm always being called a lucky devil. Must put a stop to it.)

I have just received a letter from George Stewart, who grew up in the studios along with his sisters, Anita and Lucille Lee Stewart.

Gallant and handsome George was sheiking up on success when illness intervened. He's just coming out of a four years' rest cure. Judging by his letter I fear the four years have made a confirmed thinker of him or—worse—a writer.

The Mystery of William Powell

(Continued from page 125)

been in love for what seemed centuries.

Edith was a pretty, blond girl, and she was Bill's first love. It was serious, right from the start. No playing around. They "went together" for four entire years of high school, and when William graduated considered themselves officially engaged. He was eighteen. She was sixteen.

These things young Powell pondered deeply during the summer vacation after his graduation, with honors, from High School.

WORKING in the clerical department of the Kansas City Telephone Company, Bill thought deeply.

With a bitter loathing, he hated his work at a desk. Everything in him rebelled, not placidly, but actively and violently, against regular hours, routine work, the same faces, same surroundings day after day. If he went to college, he'd have to work there summers. He'd have to spend the best years of his life slaving to learn law. And he didn't want to learn law. He wanted to act.

One year in New York, he'd be a success, and he and Edith could marry.

So he decided to write to his Aunt.

She was really his great aunt. A very, very rich great aunt. The matriarch of the Powell family.

But Bill knew that already the family had made many drains upon her. Already she had financed many a Powell project.

He was different. And he sat down and composed a twenty-three page letter to prove to her that he was the flower of the Powell family, clean, honest, hard working. He tried to impress upon her the fact that she would be denying the American theater a great genius if she didn't send Bill money enough to go to New York. The letter was a masterpiece.

It asked for money to pay a year's tuition at the Sargent School of Dramatic Art, and fifty dollars a month for that year. Within five years, William Powell would return to her that money with interest. And she would forever be glad and proud that she had helped him to attain great heights in dramatic art and bring glory and renown to the name of Powell.

He read the letter to his mother. He read it to Edith.

Then, with prayer and trembling, he put a stamp on it, dropped it in the mail box, and sat down at his desk in the telephone company to await the answer which, to his youthful vision, meant life or death, happiness or despair.

(To be continued in the next issue)



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TOWER BOOKS
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Keeping in Condition

(Continued from page 65)

arrives at the same place if you play it straight."

Why?

To keep your body in first-class condition, really first-class condition, you've got to think sanely, live abstemiously, and forego self-indulgence. You've got to discipline yourself and submit to discipline. Keeping in good shape is self-discipline, believe me. Don't I remember the New Year's Eve when I went to bed at ten o'clock to be in shape for the New Year's Day football game at Pasadena while all the world was frolicking about me? Don't I remember being in *Paris* for the first time in my life before the Olympic Games in 1924 and not being allowed even one little glass of wine nor one peep at the Montmartre?

Diet, regularity of sleep hours and exercise, are part of keeping in condition.

It's a regime that forces you to learn self-control and self-command.

Doug knows that better than anybody. He has worked it out to a science.

THERE is no fake about the stunts Doug does on the screen.

He *does* 'em and take it from one who has played some football in his day against Pittsburgh, Alabama and all Pacific Coast teams, scared Paddock in the hundred, played on an Olympic team and pitched for a college ball club, those stunts are a handful. I've seen champions of many kinds try to follow Fairbanks and get lost by the wayside, including that world's champion all-around athlete, Fred Thompson.

Good physical condition is absolutely necessary for Fairbanks pictures.

BUT Fairbanks claims that every man would do his job fifty percent better if he felt that same condition was **NECESSARY** for him. He'll wallop me for saying that.

Now, conceding that the ideal of a healthy body, a conditioned body, forces sane living, and creates certain mental traits of the best type, as Doug says it does, what follows.

"If your body is in good shape," said Doug the other day, when he and I and Eddie Goulding and Chuck Lewis had just finished a set of 'Doug,' "you feel well and you can do good work. Concentration is easier. You can stick to a job and see it through. Your mind is held back by an out-of-condition body that gets tired easily. Your mind is clouded if it's pulled off the subject by aching muscles, burning eyes, tired back. True, a lot of great men have done marvels in spite of physical handicaps. But how do we know what greater marvels they might have done had they had health and condition?"

I'VE heard Doug say the best heritage you can give a child is a healthy body. "Start them off with a good body and it will be easier to teach them to think," he said. "That's the aim of all primary education—to teach a child to think."

Remember one thing. Douglas Fairbanks isn't only an actor.

He produces his own pictures, which means that he runs a business with an investment of several million dollars a year.

The costs of production, the expenses of a picture, the selection of story, its construction, casting, all the voluminous details of making special feature pictures are upon his shoulders. Besides that, he often writes his own stories. Elton Thomas, the author's name seen on a number of his pictures, is really his nom de plume. Then, there is the acting, the stunts, the special training for such features as the whip work in "Don Q." and the sword play in "The Three Musketeers."

Yet he never seems tired. I've never

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Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lewis Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Reginald Denny
Jack Dougherty
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Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
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Raymond Keane
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Laura La Plante
George Lewis
Jeanette Loff
Ken Maynard
Mary Nolan
Mary Philbin
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Joseph Schildkraut
Glenn Tryon
Lupe Velez
Barbara Worth

Samuel Goldwyn, 7210 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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Walter Byron

Ronald Colman
Lily Damita

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Alberston
Luana Alcaniz
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Rex Bell
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El Brendel
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Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Victor McLaglen
Lois Moran
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Maureen O'Sullivan
Paul Page
David Rollins
Nick Stuart
John Wayne
Marjorie White

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

John Barrymore
Noah Beery
Joe Brown
Dolores Costello
Claudia Dell
Louise Fazenda
James Hall
Winnie Lightner
Lotti Loder

Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
Marian Nixon
Walter Pidgeon
Lois Wilson
Grant Withers

Pathé Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
James Gleason

Ann Harding
Eddie Quillan
Fred Scott
Helen Twelvetrees.

First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Lloyd Hughes

Doris Kenyon
Lila Lee
Jack Mulhall
Vivienne Segal
Thelma Todd
Loretta Young

United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Don Alvarado
Joan Bennett
Charles Chaplin
Dolores del Rio
Douglas Fairbanks
Al Jolson

Chester Morris
Mary Pickford
Gloria Swanson
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

William Collier, Jr.
Ralph Graves
Jack Holt
Margaret Livingston

Jacqueline Logan
Dorothy Revier
Alice White

RKO Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

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